THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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JULY 3, 1915 — 5cts. THE COPY

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Stories and Articles by OWEN WISTER, NORMAN DUNCAN, JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE
WOODS HUTCHINSON, PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE, CORINNE LOWE, EDWIN LEFÈVRE

WELCH WEEK

"The National Drink"

July 2-9

You have heard of "The National Drink," you have seen the Welch advertising, you have been reminded that "grape juice has arrived"—but have *you* tried Welch's?

Is *your* family using it?

Have *you* made the acquaintance of this beverage of Nature that not only tastes good but is wholesome and refreshing? Have you discovered the difference between just "grape juice" and *Welch's?*

To make new friends and to show new uses to old friends we have arranged to make July 2–9 a Welch Week with the leading druggists, grocers and confectioners.

We suggest Welch's for that occasion you have planned for the coming week.

Welch's will be prominently displayed by many thousand retailers. Look for the display in your favorite store and have a safe and sane celebration in your home by using at least one quart of Welch's.

What you can do with one quart of

Welch's

"The National Drink"

WELCH'S STRAIGHT

One quart of Welch's serves eight people. Use 4-ounce glasses. Serve cold.

WELCH LEMONADE

To each quart of rather sweet lemonade add one-half pint of Welch's. One quart of Welch's makes sufficient to serve twenty.

WELCH HI-BALL

Use 8-ounce glasses, half fill with Welch's, add lump of ice and complete with plain or charged water. One quart Welch's serves eight. Order Welch Hi-Ball at your club.

WELCH PUNCH

This punch is a favorite everywhere. Take the juice of six lemons and two oranges, two quarts of water, two cups of sugar and one quart of Welch's. Makes four quarts.

Thousands upon thousands of families will use a quart of Welch's this year for their *good cheer* Fourth of July beverage

Where to serve Welch's

At the Porch Party—at the Picnic—on the Auto Trip—for the Sunday Night Luncheon—at the Children's Party—Welch's solves the beverage question.

Have you tried Welch's for breakfast? A small glass before or with the breakfast helps to start the day right. It affords "fruit nutrition in fluid form."

Buy "Welch Jr." at the fountain

"Welch Jr." is the 4-ounce individual bottle that holds just enough for one. Order "Welch Jr." at the fountain and when you travel. It is your guarantee of purity, quality and satisfaction. It's fine for picnics and for the "kiddies," too.

Look for the special Welch window displays in your dealer's windows. Write for our new booklet, "Marion Harland's 99 Selected Recipes."

One quart

The Welch Grape Juice Company

Westfield, New York

Canadian Plant . . . St. Catharines, Ont.

THE NEW RELIANCE

7 JEWEL THIN MODEL $3

Ingersoll

"Ingersoll" on a watch is intended to tell Its quality, service and low price as well.

—Mother Goose up-to-date.

Some have the idea that *Ingersoll* means the Dollar Watch only, and others that *Ingersoll* has evolved away from the Dollar Watch.

The fact is that the Dollar Watch is the *Typical Ingersoll;* three-quarters of the whole Ingersoll strength is there; it is the keystone; the same great, distinct, original economic watch of the everyday user.

But surplus strength growing from the Dollar Watch has gradually—in 23 years—developed, one after another, more refined and beautiful models.

First the Eclipse at $1.50; then the girls' small model, and later the men's small Junior, both $2.00; each waited its turn till the last was firmly established with sales of 1,000 to 2,500 a day.

So Ingersoll means Dollar Watch *more* than ever, and it means the same comparative value—the greatest—in all models to which the Ingersoll name and system of making and selling have been attached.

AND NOW! The new $3.00 *Jeweled "Reliance"* comes to the Ingersoll Family as the most startling event in the watch-world for many years.

THE NEW $3.00 JEWELED WATCH

The Ingersoll Reliance is a thin model watch of extreme accuracy. Its movement, jeweled with seven jewels, is of the solid, bridge model type of construction such as is used in the finest watches—and heretofore confined to expensive timekeepers only. Every Reliance watch is *timed and tested in its case* at the factory and is fully guaranteed.

In solid nickel cases, your choice of plain or engine-turned patterns, $3.00.

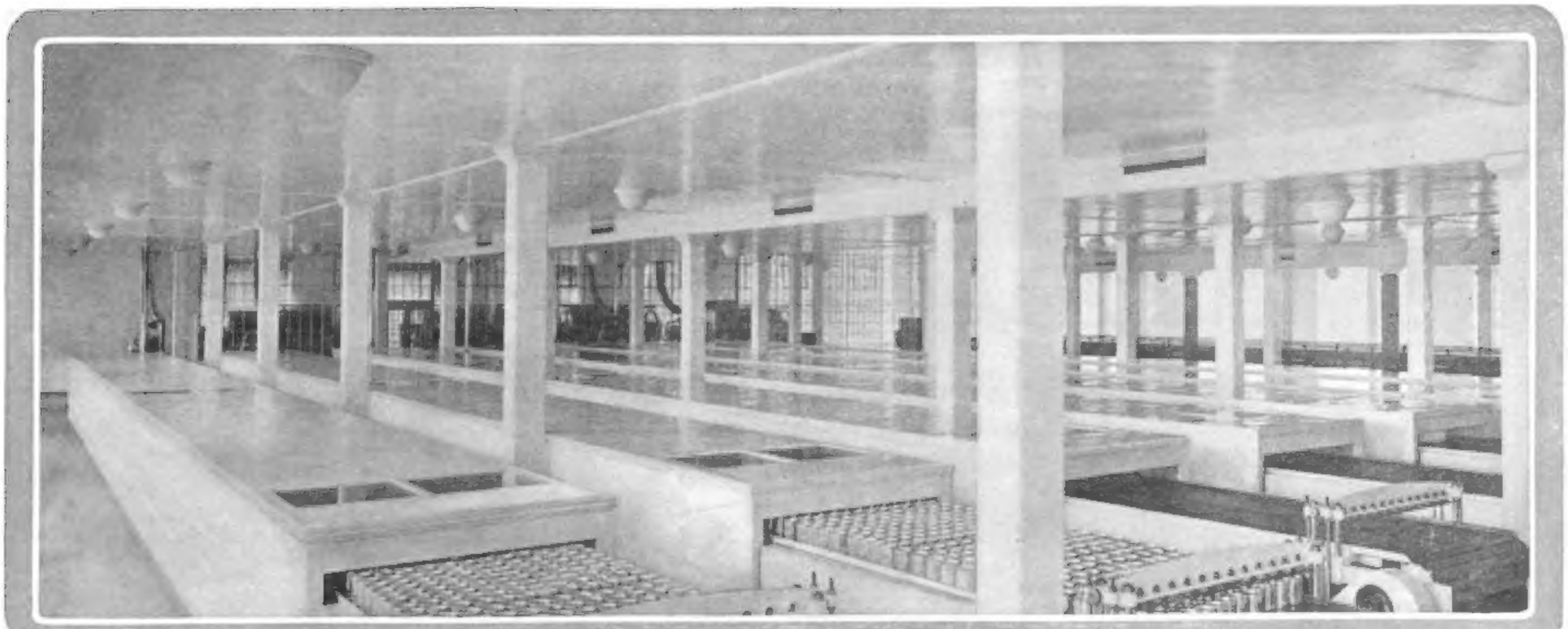
THE 1915 NEW DOLLAR WATCH

A smaller, thinner, neater watch, with all the well-known Ingersoll accuracy and sturdiness—that is the new 1915 Yankee. It cost over $50,000 to make these improvements, it meant changes in machinery and methods, but the result has been well worth while.

This new model is on sale in over 60,000 stores throughout the United States and Canada. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

The name "Ingersoll" is on the dial of every Ingersoll Watch. Look for it.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York



Why Crisco is Pure

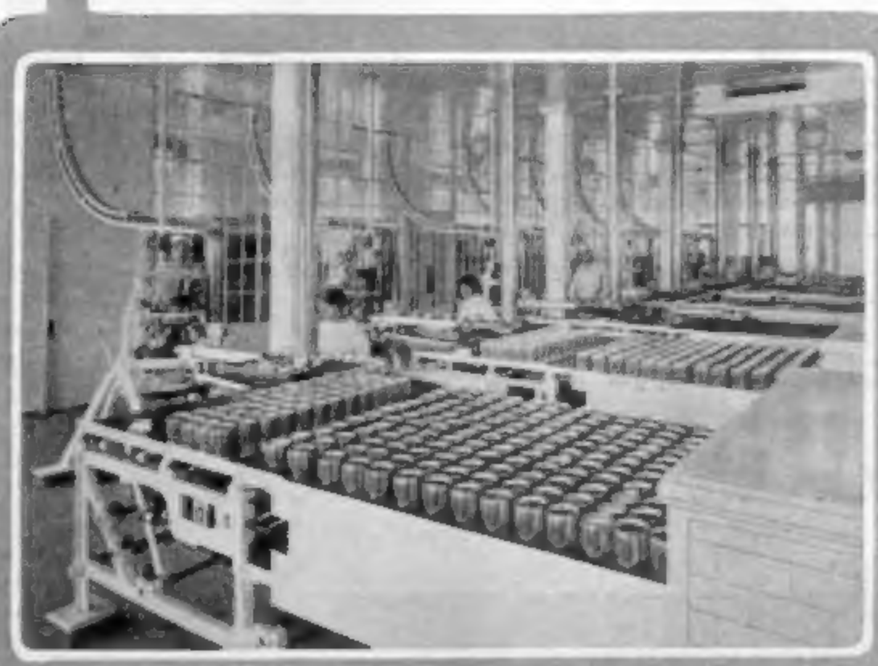
IT IS a wonderful building—that in which Crisco is packed. From start to finish Crisco is never touched by hand, and never comes into contact with anything which might have germs or the least bit of dust or dirt.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

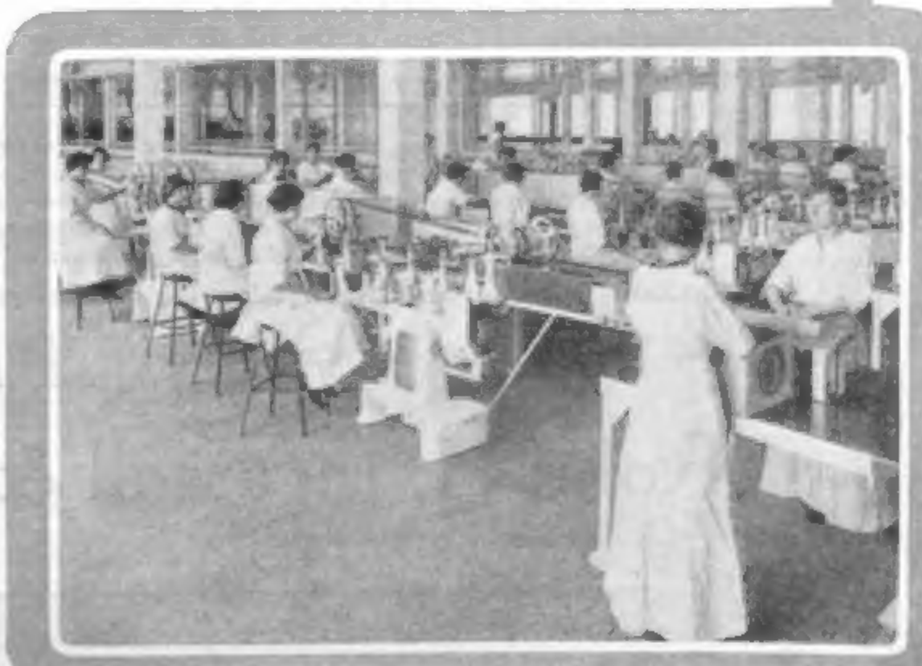
The vast rooms are walled with glass and flooded by sunlight.
All machinery is nickeled or enameled. Piping is of aluminum.
The cans into which Crisco is to be filled come new and shining—
yet are thoroughly cleaned with powerful vacuum cleaners.

Floors are of terrazzo, kept spotless. Every pillar is white and glistening. Storage boxes and tables are coated with heavy white enamel. Employees are dressed in white suits which are changed daily.

The very air that enters the factory is passed through hundreds of fine water sprays—so that all dust is washed down into a tank and carried off—while the sweetened, freshened, purified air passes on into the packing room.



If you want to know more about Crisco and the conditions under which it is prepared, send for the "Calendar of Dinners." This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes gathered and carefully tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address Department K-7, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing five 2-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes is free.



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The Pentecost of Calamity

By OWEN WISTER

Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the
countless host.
—EMERSON.

BY VARIOUS influences and agents the Past is summoned before us, more vivid than a dream. The process seems as magical as those whereof we read in fairy legends, where circles are drawn, wands waved, mystic syllables pronounced. Adjured by these rites, voices speak, or forms and faces shape themselves from nothing. So, through certain influences, not magical at all, our brains are made to flash with visions of other days. Is there among us one to whom this experience is unknown? For whom no particular strain of music, or no special perfume, is linked with an inveterate association? Music and perfumes are among the most potent of these evocatory agents; but many more exist, such as words, sounds, handwriting. Thus almost always, at the name of the town Cologne, the banks of the golden stream, the German Rhine, sweep into my sight as first I saw them long ago; and from a steamer's deck I watch again, and again count, a train composed of twenty-one locomotives, moving ominous and sinister on their new errand. That was July 19, 1870. France had declared war on Prussia that day. Mobilization was beginning before my eyes. I was ten.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Pentecostal Procession in Bavaria

Dates and anniversaries also perform the same office as music and perfumes. This is the ninth of June. This day, last year, I was in the heart of Germany. The beautiful, peaceful scene is plain yet. It seems as if I never could forget it or cease to love it. Often last June I thought how different the sights I was then seeing were from those twenty-one locomotives rolling their heavy threat along the banks of the Rhine. And, for the mere curiosity of it, I looked in my German diary to find if I had recorded anything on last June ninth that should be worth repeating on this June ninth.

Well, at the end of the day's jotted routine were the following sentences: "I am constantly more impressed with the Germans. They are a massive, ongoing, steady race. Some unifying slow fire is at work in them. This can be felt, somehow." Such was my American impression, innocent altogether, deeply innocent, and ignorant of what the slow fire was going to become. So were the rustic peasants and the other humbler subjects of the Empire who gave me this daily impression: they were innocent and ignorant too. Therefore is the German tragedy deeper even than the Belgian.

On June twenty-eighth I was still in the heart of Germany, but at another beautiful place, where further signs of Germany's great thrift, order and competence had met me at every turn. It was a Sunday, cloudless and hot, with the mountains full of odors from the pines. After two hours of strolling I reëntered our hotel to find a group of travelers before the bulletin board. Here we read in silence the news of a political assassination. The silence was prolonged, not because this news touched any of us nationally but because any such crime must touch and shock all thoughtful persons.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Goethe and Gutenberg Monuments at Frankfurt

At last the silence was broken by an old German traveler, who said: "That is the match which will set all Europe in a blaze." We did not know who he was. None of our party ever knew. On the next morning this party took its untroubled way toward France, a party of innocent, ignorant Americans, in whose minds lingered no thought of the old German's remark. That evening we slept in Rheims. Our windows opened opposite the quiet cathedral. It towered far above them into the night and sky, its presence filling our rooms with a serene and grave benediction. Just to see it from one's pillow gave to one's thoughts the quality of prayer.

Two days later I took my leave of it by sitting for a silent hour alone beneath its solemn nave. I can never be too glad that I bade it this good-by. Not long afterward we recollected the old German's remark, for suddenly it came true. He had known whereof he spoke. On August 1, 1914, Europe fell to pieces; and during August, 1915, in a few weeks from today, the anniversaries will begin—public anniversaries and private. These, like perfumes, like music, will waken legions of visions. The days of the calendar, succeeding one another, will ring in the memories of hundreds and thousands like bells. Each date will invest its day and the sun or the rain thereof with special, pregnant relation to the bereft and the mourning of many faiths and languages. Thus all Europe will be tolling with memorial knells inaudible, yet which in those ears that hear them will sound louder than any noise of shrapnel or calamity.

Calamity, like those far-off locomotives on the Rhine, has again rolled out of Germany on her neighbors. Yet this very Calamity it is that has given me back my faith in my own country. It was Germany at peace which shook my faith; and I must tell you of that peaceful, beautiful Germany in which I rejoiced for so many days, and of how I envied it. Then, perhaps, among some other things I hope you will see, you will see that it is Germany who is, in truth, the deepest tragedy of this war.

The Germany at peace that I saw during May and June, 1914, was, in the first place, a constant pleasure to the eye, a constant repose to the body and mind. Look where you might, beauty was in some form to be seen, given its chance by the intelligence of man—not defaced, but made the most of; and, whether in towns or in the country, a harmonious spectacle was the rule. I thought of our landscape, littered with rubbish and careless fences and stumps of trees, hideous with glaring advertisements; of the rusty junk lying about our farms and towns and wayside stations; and of the disfigured Palisades along the Hudson River. America was ugly and shabby—made so by Americans; Germany was swept and garnished—made so by Germans.

In Nauheim the admirable courtyard of the bathhouses was matched by the admirable system within. The convenience and the architecture were equally good. For every hour of the invalid's day the secret of his well-being seemed to have been thought out. On one side of the

group and court of baths ran the chief street, shady and well-kempt, with its hotels and its very entertaining shops; on the other side spread a park. This was a truly gracious little region, embowered in trees, with spaces and walks and flowers all near at hand, yet nothing crowded. The park sloped upward to a terrace and casino, with tables for sitting out to eat and drink and hear the band, and with a concert hall and theater for the evening. Herein comedies and little operas and music, both serious and light, were played.

Nothing was far from anything; the baths, the doctors, the hotels, the music, the tennis courts, the lake, the golf links—all were fitted into a scheme laid out with marvelous capability. Various hills and forests, a little more distant, provided walks for those robust enough to take them, while longer excursions in carriages or motor cars over miles of excellent roads were all mapped out and tariffed in a terse but comprehensive guidebook. Such was living at Nauheim. Dying, I feel sure, was equally well arranged; it was never allowed to obtrude itself on living.

Each day began with an early hour of routine, walking and water drinking before breakfast, amid surroundings equally well planned—an arcade inclosing a large level space, with an expanse of water, a band playing, flowers growing in the open, cut flowers for sale in the arcade, and comfortable seats where the doctor permitted pausing, but no permanent settling down. Thus went the whole day. Everything was well planned and everything worked. I thought of America, where so many things look beautiful on paper and so few things work, because nobody keeps the rules. I thought of our college elective system, by which every boy was free to study what best fitted him for his career, and nearly every boy did study what he could most easily pass examinations in. There was no elective system in Nauheim. Everybody kept the rules. There was no breakdown, no failure.

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A German Church Service in Poland

A Pleasant, Well-Ordered Life

MOREOVER, the civility of the various ministrants to the invalid, from the eminent professor-doctor down through hotel porters and bath attendants to the elevator boy, was well-nigh perfect. If you asked for something out of the routine, either it was permitted or it was satisfactorily explained why it could not be permitted. Whether at the bank, the bookshop, the hotel, the railway station or in the street, your questions were not merely understood—the Germans knew the answers to them. And every day the street was charming with fresh flowers and fresh fruit in abundance at many corners and booths—cherries, strawberries, plums, apricots, grapes, both cheap and good, as here they never are. But the great luxury, the great repose, was that each person fitted his job, did it well, took it seriously. After the American way of taking it as a joke, particularly when you fumble it, this German way was almost enough to cure a sick man without further treatment.

This serenity of living was not got up for the stranger; it was not to meet his market that a complex and artificial ease had been constructed, bearing no relation to what lay beyond its limits. That sort of thing is to be found among ourselves in isolated spots, though far less perfect and far more expensive. Nauheim was merely a blossom on the general tree. It was when I began my walks in the country and found everywhere a corresponding, ordered excellence, and came to talk more and more with the native peasants and to notice the men, women and children, that the scheme of Germany grew impressive to me.

So had it not been in 1870, as I looked back on my early impressions, reading them now in my maturer judgment's light. So had it not been even in 1882 and 1883, when I had again seen the country. We various invalids of Nauheim presently began to compare notes. All of us were going about the country, among the gardens and the farms, or across the plain through the fruit trees to little Friedberg on its hill—an old castle, a steep village, a clean Teutonic gem, dropped perfect out of the Middle Ages into the present, yet perfectly keeping up with the present. Many of the peasants in the plain, men and women, were of those who brought their flowers and produce to sell in Nauheim—humble people, poor in what you call worldly goods, but seemingly very few of them poor in the great essential possession.

We invalids compared notes and found ourselves all of one mind. Ten or twelve of us were, at the several hotels, acquaintances at home; everyone had been struck with the contentment in the German face. Contentment! Among the old and young of both sexes this was the dominating note, the great essential possession. The question arose: What is the best sign that a government is doing well by its people—is agreeing with its people, so to speak? None of us were quite so sure as we used to be that our native formula, "Of the people, by the people, for the people," is the universal ultimate truth.

Twice two is four, wherever you go; this is as certain in Berlin as it is at Washington or in the cannibal islands. But, until mankind grows uniform, can government be treated as you treat mathematics? Until mankind grows uniform, will any form of government be likely to fit the whole world like a glove? So long as mankind continues as various as men's digestions, better to look at government as if it were a sort of diet or treatment. How is the government agreeing with its people? This is the question to ask in each country. And what is the surest sign? Could any sign be surer than the general expression, the composite face of the people themselves? This goes deeper than skyscrapers and other material aspects.

I had sailed away from skyscrapers and limited expreases; from farmers sowing crops wastefully; from houses burned through carelessness; from forests burned through carelessness; from heaps of fruit rotting on the ground in one place and hundreds of men hungry in another place. I had sailed away from the city face and the country face of America, and neither one was the face of content. They looked driven, unpeaceful, dissatisfied. The hasty American was not looking after his country himself, and nobody was there to make him look after it while he rushed about climbing, climbing—and to what? A higher skyscraper. It was very restful to come to a place where the spirit of man was in stable equilibrium; where man's lot was in stable equilibrium; where never a schoolboy had been told he might become President and every schoolboy knew he could not be Emperor.

The students on a walking holiday from their universities often wandered singing through Nauheim. Somewhat Tyrolese in get-up, sometimes with odd, Byronic collars, too much open at the neck, they wore their knapsacks and the caps that showed their guild. They came generally in the early morning while the invalids were strolling at the Sprudel. The sound of their young voices singing in part-chorus would be heard, growing near, passing close, then dying away melodiously among the trees. A single little sharp discord vibrated through all this German harmony one day when I learned that in the Empire more children committed suicide than in any other country.

But soon this discord was lost amid the massive Teutonic polyphony of well-being. Of this well-being knowledge was enlarged by excursions to various towns. To Worms, for instance, that we might see the famous Luther Monument. Part of the journey thither lay through a fine forest. This the city of Frankfurt-am-Main owns and has forested for seven hundred years; using the wood all the time, but so wisely that the supply has maintained itself against the demand. I thought of our own forests, looted and leveled, and of ourselves boasting our glorious future while we obliterated that future's resources. Frankfurt was there to teach us better, had we chosen to learn.

The Home of the Courteous Conductor

IN FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN was born one of the three supreme poets since Greece and Rome—Goethe—from whom I shall quote more than once; but Frankfurt has present glories that I saw. It is one of many beautifully governed German cities. I grew even fond of its Union Station, since through this gate I entered so often the pleasures and edifications of the town. The trains were a symbol of the whole Empire. About a mile north of Nauheim the railroad passes under a bridge and curves out of sight. The four-fifteen was apt to be my express to Frankfurt. I would stand on the platform, watch in hand, looking northward for my train. At four-eleven the bridge was invariably an empty hole. Invariably at four-twelve the engine filled the hole; then the train glided in quietly, and smoothly glided on, almost punctual to the second. So did the other trains.

The conductors were officials of disciplined courtesy and informed minds. They appeared at the door of your compartment, erect, requesting your ticket in an established formula. If you asked them something they told you correctly and with a Teutonic adequacy that was grave, but not gruff. Once only in a score of journeys did I encounter bad manners. Now I should never choose these admirable conductors for companions, but as conductors they were superior to the engaging fellow citizen who took my ticket down in Georgia and, when I asked did his train usually make its scheduled connection at Yemassee Junction, cried out with contagious mirth:

"My Lawd, suh, 'most nevah!"

In these German trains another little discord jarred with some regularity: the German passengers they brought from Berlin, or were taking back to Berlin, were of a heavy impenetrable rudeness—quite another breed than the kindly Hessians of Frankfurt.

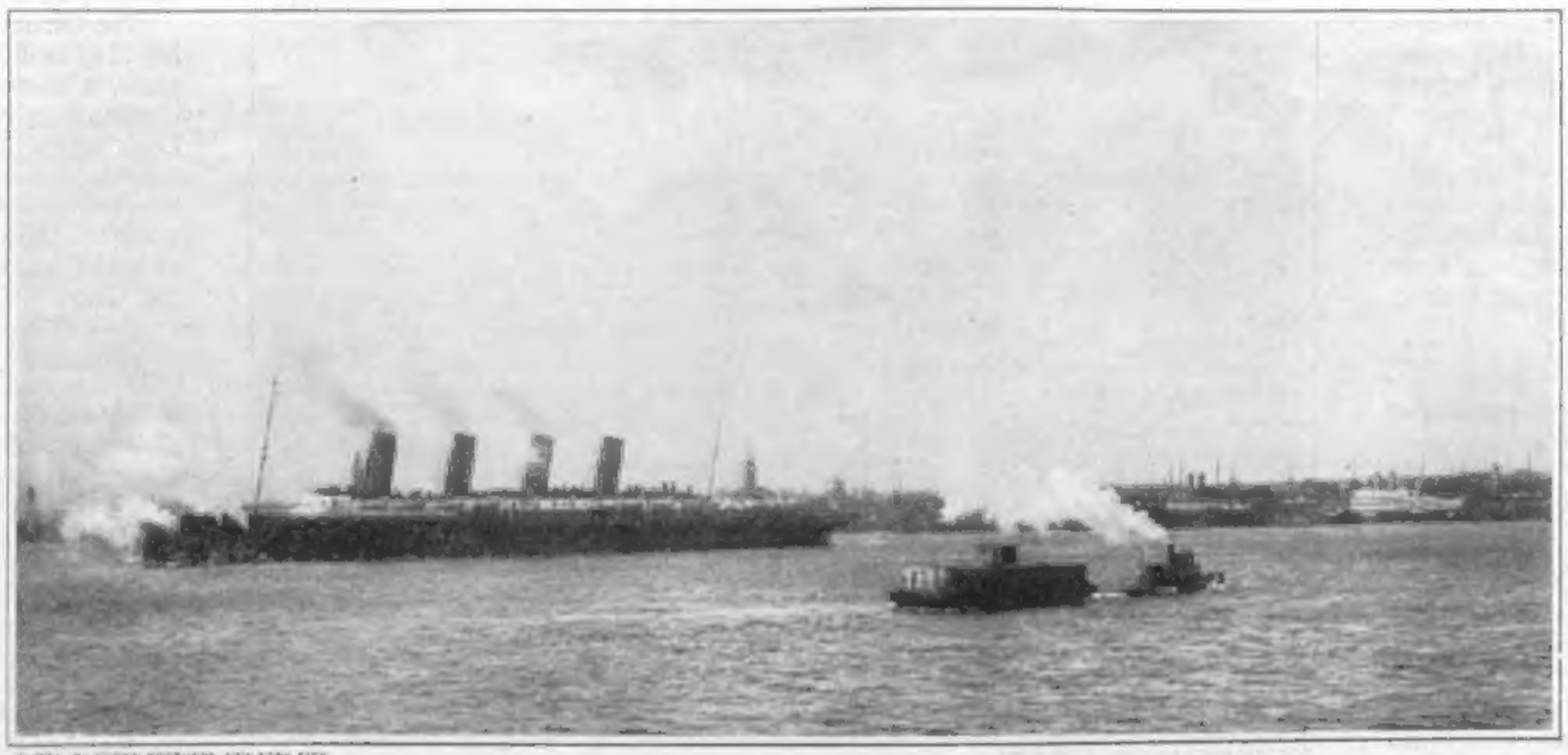

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Lusitania Sailing From New York

We know the saying of a floor—that it is so clean "you could eat your dinner off it." All the streets of Frankfurt, that I saw, were clean like this. The system of street cars was lucid—and blessedly noiseless!—and their conductors informed with the same adequate gravity I have already noted.

I found that I developed a special affection for Route 19, because this took me from the station to the opera house. But all routes took one to and through aspects of municipal perfection at which one stared with envy as one thought of home.

Oh, yes! Frankfurt is a name to me compact with memories—memories of clean streets; of streets full of by-passers who could direct you when you asked your way; of streets empty of beggars, empty of all signs of desolate, drunken or idle poverty; of streets bordered by substantial stone dwellings, with fragrant gardens; of excellent shops; the streets full of prosperous movement and bustle; an absence of rags, a presence of good stout clothes; a people of contented faces, whether they talked or were silent—the same firm and broad contentment, like a tree deep-rooted, in the city face that was in the country face.

These burghers, these Frankfurters, seemed to be going about their business with a sort of solid yet placid energy, well and deliberately aimed, that would hit the mark at once without wasting powder. It was very different and very superior to the ill-arranged and hectic haste of New York and Chicago; here nobody seemed driven as though by invisible furies—the German business mind was not out of breath.

Such are my memories of Frankfurt at work. Frankfurt at leisure was to be seen in its Palm Garden. This was the town's place of general recreation; large, various, beautifully and intelligently planned; with space for babies to roll in safety, and there were the babies rolling, and their nurses; with courts for tennis, and thither I saw adolescent Frankfurt strolling in flannels and short skirts after business hours; with benches where sat the more elderly, taking the air and gazing at the games or the flowers or the pleasant trees; with paths more sequestered that wound among bowers, convenient for sweethearts—but I did not see any, because I forbore to look. A central building held tropic plants and basins, and large rooms for bad weather, I suppose, with a restaurant; but on this fine day the music played and we dined outside.

An entrance fee, very small, served to make you respect the Palm Garden, since humanity seldom respects what it pays nothing for. Most unexpected show of all in this Palm Garden were the flowers under glass. I had erroneously supposed that any German scheme of color would be heavy, and possibly garish. Never had I beheld more exquisite subtlety on so extended a scale of arrangement. One walked through aisle after aisle of roses and other blooms in these greenhouses—everywhere was the same delicate sense and feeling; the same, in fact, in these flower schemes that one finds in German lyric verse, and in the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz.

It was in the opera house—Frankfurt has a fine and commodious one—that my whole impression of Germany's glory culminated. The performances drew their light from no Melbas or Carusos, or other meteors, but from a fixed constellation, now and then enriched by some visitor; it was teamwork of drilled and even excellence, singers, chorus, orchestra and scenery unitedly equal to the occasion, in operas old and new, an immense sweep of repertory, with an audience to match—an accustomed audience, to whom music was traditional food, music having always grown hereabout plenteously, indigenously, so that they took it as naturally as they took their Rhine wine, paying for it as moderately, going to hear it in rather plain clothes, as a rule—men in day dress, women in high-neck; not an audience that had to put on its diamonds in order to listen conspicuously to a costly and not comprehended exotic.

The difference between hearing opera where it grows and hearing it in New York is the difference between eating strawberries warm from their vines in June and strawberries in January that have come a thousand miles by freight. Where opera grows, it is the blend of native music, singers and listeners that gives a ripe flavor of a warmth which Fifth Avenue can never purchase.

(Continued on Page 26)

BATTLE ROYAL

By Norman Duncan

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

With the Cliffs of the Coast in View the Castaways Came to a Breach of Water

FROM the deck of the sealing schooner Gaff and Gun the crew watched the floe come down with the wind from the North Atlantic wastes. It was an ugly prospect. There was wreck in it. The short day was nearly done and the first snow of the gale was in the air; but there was still light enough abroad for the slow, momentous spectacle. In the northeast, whence the wind was jumping in gusts, it was blue-black, with cold and snow and stormy cloud. In the west, however, the weather was serene—a red sun, not yet covered up by the gale, glowing brilliantly through a long crimson slash, with edges of yellow fire. In this streaming light, charged with sunset color, the crew of the Gaff and Gun, grouped forward, watched the ice come down.

The Gaff and Gun hailed from Tumbleton Tickle, of Notre Dame Bay. She was a Newfoundlander of the old days; and she had put out in those old times, with a Tumbleton crew, to the drift ice for seals. It was April weather now—warm days, with the sun out and work to do, and nights mellowing to a tolerable temperature. There was no grave hardship for Tumbleton men in April weather of a favorable turn. They were used to wintering out. The Gaff and Gun had fished the floes off the Horse Islands, had glimpsed the Cape Norman Light, had beaten out to the Funks, and had found the fat in White Bay. The slaughter was over, the hold was full, and the decks were still foul with blood and the drip of the pelts. And the Gaff and Gun had been caught napping by a northeast gale.

Flutter here, flutter there, drive her north, drive her south—there was no getting out.

It was too late. The Gaff and Gun was trapped. With her canvas stowed away, the schooner floated idly beside the inshore floe. She was caught there, helplessly, in a great lake of quiet, black water, rippling now to the touch of a rising wind. To leeward, beyond the horizon, the ice was jammed against the cliffs of the coast. It was stationary and immovable. To the north and south the lighter pans of the approaching floe, running in advance of the wind, were already closing into contact with the western barrier. Presently the floes would come together. There would be the devil to pay then! All that remained to be disclosed to the crew of the Gaff and Gun was the extent of the catastrophe. It would probably be complete. Precisely what was to become of the schooner was for the moment the sport of conjecture.

"Ecod!" the skipper declared. "There's still a glimmer o' hope for the bones o' the ol' girl!"

It might turn out to be a gentle closing in of the ice. In that event the gigantic pans of the pack, in adjusting themselves to the insuperable resistance of the shoreward floe, might leave the Gaff and Gun, uninjured by so much as a scratch, floating free in a fortunate gap of open water. In a soft, slow crush, moreover, a sunken pan, slipping under the hull of the schooner, might lift her delicately out of peril, and leave her canted high and dry, there to await the pleasure of fortune.

It was agreed, however, that the ice would crush the Gaff and Gun to little splinters when the floes came together, and drop her to the bottom next day or next week, when the fields went abroad in a change of the wind. What actually happened was disaster beyond all those speculations.

Uncle Billy Tuft grunted "Hut!" and turned away. He was an old man and wise—a pious, taciturn old Newfoundlander; and he was bent and wrinkled, and blear-eyed with age and foul weather.

"I isn't got too much spring t' me legs no more," he would say; "but I'm a hale ol' feller, with a stout heart, ecod! an' able for me labor—never you mind about that, me b'y!"

And that was true; old as he was—not even Uncle Billy himself could vouch for the number of his years—he was as hard as a knot, and as fit for rough work on the ice, for killing and hauling and hardship, in blizzard or blinding sunlight, as any occasion had hitherto required him to be.

Perhaps the years—as the years will, according to their sinister power—had deprived old Uncle Billy of a good measure of his strength and agility; but he had won from them abundantly a sound substitute of cunning—the lore of the ice fields.

"I'll be fair past me labor," he would say, "when 'tis proved I can't do it."

Now, having measured the approach of the floe with a knowing old eye, having surveyed the shoreward pack, having listened in a flush of amazement to the unconcerned chatter of the crew, and having measured once more the speed of the ice coming down with the wind, the old man turned, grim and silent, and shuffled toward the forecastle. There was a laugh.

"Uncle Billy, b'y," said the skipper, grinning, "you isn't goin' t' eat again, is you?"

"Aye, sir," Uncle Billy answered, his gray brows lifted in surprise. "Why not, Skipper John?"

"'Tis the third time below."

"Think o' that now!"

"You'll have your ol' hulk under water, Uncle Billy."

Uncle Billy pushed back his cap to scratch his head.

"Well, no, sir," he replied gravely. "I 'low I got a little more stowage room, sir, an' I was 'lowin' t' make a load of it, with a sip o' tea an' a small mess o' fried pork."

"'Tis t' be a cold night," said the skipper, melting with affection for the old man.

"Mm-m!" Uncle Billy agreed.

"Brew yourself a nice kettle o' tea, Uncle Billy, t' warm them ol' in'ards."

"An' fry a small mess o' pork, Skipper John?"

"A mess o' pork too, Uncle Billy."

"In a tight place at the ice, sir," Uncle Billy drawled, indicating his stomach, "I never knowed no harm t' come t' nobody from havin' a dipper o' hot tea an' a small mess o' fried pork in the long pocket."

"You take your time," said the skipper.

"Mm-m!" said Uncle Billy.

"I'll give you a hail when the ice closes in."

"Mm-m!"

It was to be a wreck. Skipper John had already taken precautions against undue misfortune. There was grub on the shoreward floe. With the grub and the dunnage of the crew there was a vast hospitable heap of birch billets. All this was well inland of the edge of the ice. The impact would disturb the floe. It would not, however, damage the grub and the firewood. They were too well sequestered from the crush and grind and folding of the packs.

Candlestick Cove lay over the horizon in the darkening west. With the Gaff and Gun gone down, the crew would wait for dawn there on the ice, in the comfortable warmth of a big birch fire, and brew tea and yarn, and pipe a song or two. In the morning the men would foot it heartily for the cottages of Candlestick Cove.

There was loss in prospect. Nobody on deck, however, could descry any considerable peril. The loss was inevitable. Why not, then, turn a cheerful face to the misfortune? To be sure, a change of the wind would send the ice abroad. It was something to be feared. In a veering of the gale the plight of the crew of the Gaff and Gun would be bitterly grave. Blowing off shore, the wind would sweep the ice to sea—scatter it broadcast over the remote and untraveled North Atlantic water. The men would take to the big pans and there remain, adrift and helpless, until starvation should put an end to the horror of their state, or the ice, broken into fragments by the sea and dissolving underfoot, should leave them to drown.

A violent switch of the wind to the west was not fairly to be counted a contingency of the situation. The wind was steady—fast rising, too, to the pitch and determined direction of a big blow from the northeast.

"A little picnic on the ice t'night, lads," the skipper declared, to confirm the heartiness of the men, "an' a constitutional t' Candlestick Cove in the mornin'!"

Five Starving, Furious Wretches Fighting in a Delirium, and Every Man for Himself

In the forecastle, all this while, the veteran old Billy Tuft, who had come alive through more desperately tight squeezes than he could recall without industriously reflecting, was making the most of a vital, immediate opportunity to warm his old bones and comfort and prepare his stomach. He was not in the least perturbed as he munched his bread, and ground his meat, and sipped his hot tea; but he mumbled a little amiably to himself, as old, old men will when alone, and dreamed vacantly at times, sitting very still, infinitely abstracted from all the concerns of the moment, in the way of the aged. Whatever was in his worn old mind, it was least of all, it seemed, that the Gaff and Gun would presently be wavering a last course to the bottom of the sea.

When the skipper warned him that the ice was close in, old Uncle Billy shouted: "Jus' a jiffy, Skipper John!"

In no haste whatsoever, then, Uncle Billy swallowed the last of his dipper of tea, to make sure of the sugar, and crammed his mouth with bread and pork, and wiped his thin, gray beard with an air of complete and pleasant repletion—cargo all stowed now and the hatches down, ready for any weather.

The bag of hard-tack on the forecastle table caught his eye. He scowled, in a muse of uncertainty, as old men will who stumble over trifles, and all at once thrust his claw into the bag, his old mind determined, and filled his jacket pocket. It did not occur to him that the hard-tack would be some provision against the last assault of hunger. What he thought was that the hard-tack would be something to nibble in the wakeful hours toward dawn.

When he buttoned his jacket the bread in the pocket incommoded Uncle Billy; and for a moment—a fateful moment, as it turned out—he was on the point of throwing it away in a fit of aged impatience.

"Well, now, no," he thought; "I'll maybe want t' nibble it in the night."

Uncle Billy shuffled up the ladder then, into the wind and snow and dark, with five cakes of hard bread stowed away in his jacket pocket.

It was pitch dark when the floes came together. The black wind was charged with suffocating snow. It was full of merciless frost too—this burst of wild northeast weather. The lights of the Gaff and Gun were lost in the thick gale. Morning would disclose the fate of the abandoned schooner. Landed on the shoreward floe, to escape the tumult and upheaval of the impact of the two vast fields of ice, the crew was gathered close about a roaring, red birch fire, which flamed and crackled and spat and hissed, and brightly illuminated, warm and yellow, a narrow circle of the pack, through which the snow streamed in a swirling, melting cloud. It was a comfortable, secure place, to be sure; a picnic—a constitutional to Candlestick.

"Candlestick Cove t'-morrow night, lads," said the skipper, "for them that's fit an' able for the trudge."

"Mm-m!" said old Billy Tuft.

"You feelin' fit an' able, Uncle Billy?"

"Mm-m!"

What happened then was a manifestation of the lofty indifference of wind and ice to the peace and lives of sealing crews. It was the incredible. The driven floe encountered the solid opposition of the shoreward pack. It had come lumbering down under the brisk whip of the wind. Within the hour—the wind rising fast—it had gathered incredible speed.

It was now a stupendously vast, close-packed mass, of an incalculable weight, advancing with incalculable momentum. The edge of the shoreward floe was crushed to a frosty powder. Inland of this the ice crumpled up. Both floes began to buckle under the slow pressure. Near the roaring birch fire great pans lifted themselves out of the press—ghostly shapes, dripping a rush of water—wavered in the night and fell back in fragments.

With this convulsion there was a tumult—the swish of the wind, the scream of the pack, the explosion of the lesser pans.

Presently the pan on which the crew of the Gaff and Gun had taken refuge—where the men hugged the fire, standing appalled in the warm glow for the moment by the crash and writhing of the ice—presently this great pan developed a weakness under the strain. It cracked in two. The halves lifted from the middle; then, slowly, hardly perceptibly at first, then all at once swiftly, to a perpendicular, whence in a moment, having flung off the crew of the Gaff and Gun, they fell flat and shattered, and the surrounding ice closed in with a rush. The roaring birch fire, and the grub and the dunnage of the crew, had meantime dropped into the sea, with most of the crew of the Gaff and Gun. After that, to the break of dawn, it was pitch dark on the quiet floes.

Old Billy Tuft, mildly surprised if not gravely interested to find himself alive after the fury of the convulsion, slept the night through, snug in the dry lee of the hummock at the base of which his old hulk had by miraculous chance been tenderly deposited. It was no great feat of endurance—life had long ago innured old Billy Tuft to hardship of that sort and degree; and precisely as the labor of years had innured him to hardship, so, too, had the weight of years deprived him of a lively interest in what had happened last and what was to happen next.

The old man was apathetic with age; events had lost the heat of their importance, and his sleep was not disturbed by a feverish curiosity concerning the disclosures and fate of the morning.

"A small snooze," he thought, "won't do no real harm."

At dawn, before the rosy light was far spread, he bethought himself, with a grateful little start, of the bread in his jacket pocket.

"I'll nibble a bit o' breakfast," thought he.

Nibble a bit? Well—no. Life had taught the old man the perfect mastery of economy. His hand came empty out of the jacket pocket.

"Anyhow," he determined, "I isn't so wonderful peckish."

Broad day brought five other survivors to old Billy Tuft's company. Not one of them could describe the incident of his escape. There was an interval for which they could not account. Each began the tale of his experience in the same way, at a point subsequent to the upheaval of the pan:

"Well, lads, I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden I found myself lyin' ——"

And soon, in silence, they set out over the floe toward Candlestick Cove. The wind had fallen flat; there was no snow; and the April sun fell hot on the glistening white field. Billy Tuft urged haste and hard labor to escape from the pack. A breeze, rising from the west, would cut them off.

"A ol' feller like me," said he, "don't put no trust in no wind." In this he expressed the wisdom of his years.

These six men were all from Tumbleton Tickle. They were born and had lived their lives there, without the interruption of any contact with the world to the south. It is a simple, pious community of fisherfolk. They were not vicious men. They were mild men—bucolic rather than bellicose. They were friends. And they had come close in a common catastrophe of wreck and death.

Every man's power, moreover, was intimately known to the others. Nobody disputed, for example, that Tom Bald was physically the best man among them. Bald had long ago demonstrated that. It was known, too, that Sandy Lee was less than Dan Luff—that Jacob Ingils would outlast David Rumm. Whatever, indeed, one man may learn of another by being bred with him was known to these six men, each of the other.

It was not important; no vital advantage or disadvantage was involved—not yet.

It was an amiable progress toward shore. When old Billy Tuft lagged behind they waited for him; and when young Sandy Lee must sit down to rest or tumble in his tracks they patiently rested with him and heartened him with praise—for none would overreach or abandon the others. It was not the code. The code was to "stand by!"

Past noon there was a puff of wind from shore, which blew higher—and fell away, and blew again, with a fixed purpose to continue as the day drew on. Even so, they kept together; and, with twilight falling thick, and the cliffs of the coast in view against the fading western sky, the six castaways came exhausted to a breach of water which the departing pack had opened against their escape.

There was a bitter laugh.

"Shipped out, lads!"

"Mm-m!" said Billy Tuft.

"Anything t' eat, Uncle Billy?"

"Mm-m!"

This was taken for a negative. The question had been jocose. Why should old Billy Tuft have anything to eat? The men dropped to the ice to rest. Meantime the pack moved slowly out to sea.

Three days later the floe had run far out to sea with the offshore wind, and was idling south in the slow drift of the Labrador Current. It was clear weather. The days were warm with sunshine. At night there was no considerable frost. By this time the floe was scattered. There was no wind to herd and drive the ice. In every direction, to the deep blue circle of the horizon, the sea, spread thick with glistening pans and little hummocks, appeared in changing, widening lakes and lanes of blue-black water. In the midst of this the castaways were marooned on a flat pan of ice; and the area of the pan, secure and commodious at first, was all the while sensibly dwindling in the heave of the sea—fragments breaking free and dawdling away.

Ultimately the pan would rot and disintegrate in the sun and running sea.

Billy Tuft still had the five cakes of hard bread in his jacket pocket. In the beginning he might have nibbled them away in the dark. Now, however, the opportunity was gone—somebody was always awake; and desperate hunger is suspicious and alert. Perhaps—even had he been able to accomplish the thing in secret—the old man would not have nibbled.

At any rate, withdrawn into the deep abstraction of age and capable of patient self-restraint, as old age is, he kept his counsel. In the end he would have to share the bread; and a long life of narrow chances had taught him that, in the extremity of hunger they were then approaching, the division would be a critically delicate affair. For the moment he would not precipitate the uncertain issue.

There was heart in the crew. It exhibited itself in bantering, hilarious, bald talk:

"Ecod! Now in a pinch I'm a very good cannibal!"

"You like it raw, Tom?"

"I says a thankful grace, David, b'y, an' takes it as it comes."

A laugh broke out.

"Uncle Billy, now—he's safe enough."

"Mm-m!" said Uncle Billy.

"Nobody hankers for a ol' codger like he."

"Mm-m!" said Uncle Billy.

"Now young Sandy Lee, there—well now, Sandy Lee, you're a fat, tasty-lookin' ——"

Sandy Lee flashed into wrath.

"You keep your eyes off me!" he snarled.

"I was thinkin' my jaws ——"

"You isn't goin' t' set no teeth in me!"

Taking this raillery in earnest and resenting it in wrathful terror, with his lips drawn, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing, his body tense, Sandy Lee cut a comical figure no doubt; but nobody laughed.

It was the first note of discord. It was a revelation. And the effect of it was momentous. It divided the group, hitherto with friendly, common interests, into antagonistic individuals.

It was every man for himself now, and the devil take the hindmost! Imagination, too, was awakened. They were not thirsty—the frozen snow on the surface of the pan sufficed for drink; but they were famishing and would be ravenous. There would be no cannibalism—oh, no; nothing of the sort! Yet—come to think of it, now what would happen anyhow?

In consequence of the disturbing incident the men were presently morose, troubled, distrustful.

There was small chance of escape. No craft would pick them up—that was sure. A change of the wind might gather the floe together again and drive it inshore; but the wind was down. What little puffs were blowing in that spell of fine weather were running out to sea.

When the men huddled up—like a litter of pups—for warmth and snatches of sleep that night there was no good-humored scuffling as before for the warmer places, but some inimical snarls and a good deal of ill-tempered pushing. And, awakened at last to the rose-and-white beauty of the morning, they were sullen and irritable. The philosophy of the situation was determined: It was every man for himself! They were in no temper for the arrangement of a difference of opinion.

Only old Billy Tuft was placid; and his gentle acquiescence in the harsh fate of them all was merely the apathy of old age. He sat on his lean haunches, with his lean arms about his lean knees and his old head down. It took old Billy Tuft a long, long time to make up his slow, tired old mind about the disposition of the hard bread in his jacket pocket. He debated this.

"I got t' do summat with that there bread," he muttered.

"God's sake!" Tom Bald spat at him. "You been mumblin' like a damned fool all mornin'!"

"Mm-m?" Billy inquired.

"I says stop it!"

"Mm-m!" Billy agreed.

Uncle Billy was old and tired. He did not defend himself. How was anybody to know, then, that his mumbling had to do with the stupendously important fact of five cakes of hard bread in the depths of his jacket pocket? Uncle Billy neglected to explain.

In the afternoon of the fifth day the men were shivering, haggard, hopeless and wolfish. They approached now the extremity of exposure and starvation. It was an abnormal state; they were all nearly mad. Young Sandy Lee was sobbing in an agony of hunger and homesickness and despair. He whimpered for his mother until the others shut him off in an outburst of crazed exasperation.

The wind was cold—it blew from the north; and the pan was slowly pitching in a black sea, which continuously reduced it and occasionally encroached in a curling, swirling little wave. The coast lay to leeward. It was a niggardly consolation. The wind was light, the floe sluggish; and how far away the bleak cliffs were—nobody knew.

The men were weak; yet they were by no means fordone. They were used to lying bedfellows with exposure; and hardy men like these can survive hunger for a long time. Their voices were husky; and their faces were horrible to behold—each to the other.

It was hard to rise. They were inclined to stagger when they walked. Drawing on their reserve of strength, however, they could walk well enough. They were still capable of a period of stout exertion—being moved to it by some strong impulse.

The April sun, falling from a clear sky, had hitherto kept them warm by day. True, the nights had been bitterly difficult; but there had been no considerable frost. And the men were equally alive and determined on life. No man among them—excluding, perhaps, poor old Billy Tuft—had suffered more than another.

Uncle Billy kept watch on the wind. It would rise. The floe would presently gather and move. It would strand on the coast. To-morrow?—perhaps. Next day?—maybe. "A ol' codger" like Uncle Billy "never put no trust in the wind." And, with the wind blowing its best, unless the wind blew high it would blow too late. By that time the men would be too weak to crawl ashore and discover the cottages of some harbor.

But how if a man were nourished a little? How if a man had five cakes of hard bread in his stomach? A man could not travel far on one cake—but—on five —— Wind favoring, he would surely save his life. And the wind was blowing true—and rising. There was salvation for somebody in Uncle Billy Tuft's jacket pocket.

"Is you never goin' t' quit that damned mumblin'?" Tom Bald complained.

Uncle Billy looked up.

"Sittin' here on this pan o' ice," he replied patiently, "I been thinkin'. I'm cold an' I'm hungry, an' I'm wonderful tired. I 'low my time has come. I'm on'y a ol' codger anyhow, lads, an' I isn't very much in love with life. A ol' codger like me grows weary. I wouldn't have no particular objection to another year or two; an' I been sort o' lookin' for'ard to a wee bit o' real pleasure this season. I wants t' see my garden bloom in the spring. I got a strawberry plant t' home, lads, an' I'm free t' say that I would like t' see a strawberry afore I dies; but I don't much mind. I'm all tired out—an' I'm jus' a ol' codger anyhow; an' ——"

"You goin' t' make a will?"

Uncle Billy scratched his head. He chuckled—broke into a cackle of laughter.

"Ecod!" said he, his lean old face screwed up in a grin. "I might do worse!"

"You're dodderin', Uncle Billy."

"Ah, well," Uncle Billy exclaimed petulantly, "you don't know what's in my mind!"

"I wouldn't give tuppence for what's in your mind."

"You'd give tuppence quick enough," Uncle Billy retorted in anger, "for what's in my pocket."

It was suggestive. Starvation drew the inference. It was the same in every mind. There was a startled silence. Uncle Billy got up. The men gathered about him.

Bald spoke:

"What you got in your pocket?"

"I got bread in my pocket."

"You got—bread?"

Uncle Billy's hand came out of his jacket pocket. It shook.

"Is that bread," he chuckled, "or isn't it bread?"

It was bread. They licked their lips.

"Got any more?"

Uncle Billy had more.

"That's one," said he. It was one. They stared at it. Their mouths ran water. Uncle Billy's hand was shaking so that he had to fumble for his pocket. All eyes followed the hand. Uncle Billy was clumsy with agitation. "That's two." It was two. Again the eyes followed the hand. "That's three." It was three. "That's four." It was four. "An' that's five." It was five.

Uncle Billy's hand was overflowing.

"That all you got?"

"That's all I got."

"All you got—left?"

In answer to this insinuation Uncle Billy deposited the bread on the ice. He fingered the cakes until he found the one he sought. This one he handed to Bald for inspection.

"I nibbled that feller last night," said he—"when nobody knowed."

The marks of Uncle Billy's teeth were plain. It was true; the old man had nibbled the bread—but had resisted the temptation to consume it. Obviously he had not wronged them; but nobody praised him for this heroic self-restraint and generosity. They would have resented the least trampling on their rights; they were incapable now, in this pass of desperation and distress, of feeling gratitude or of discerning the occasion for it.

Having gone from hand to hand, the cake returned at last to Uncle Billy, who deposited it with the others and fingered them all, with shaking hands, muttering and chuckling like a miser. The bread was common property. That went without saying. There was only one thing to be determined—how to divide it.

To every mind the same question occurred at the same moment: How should five cakes of hard bread be divided

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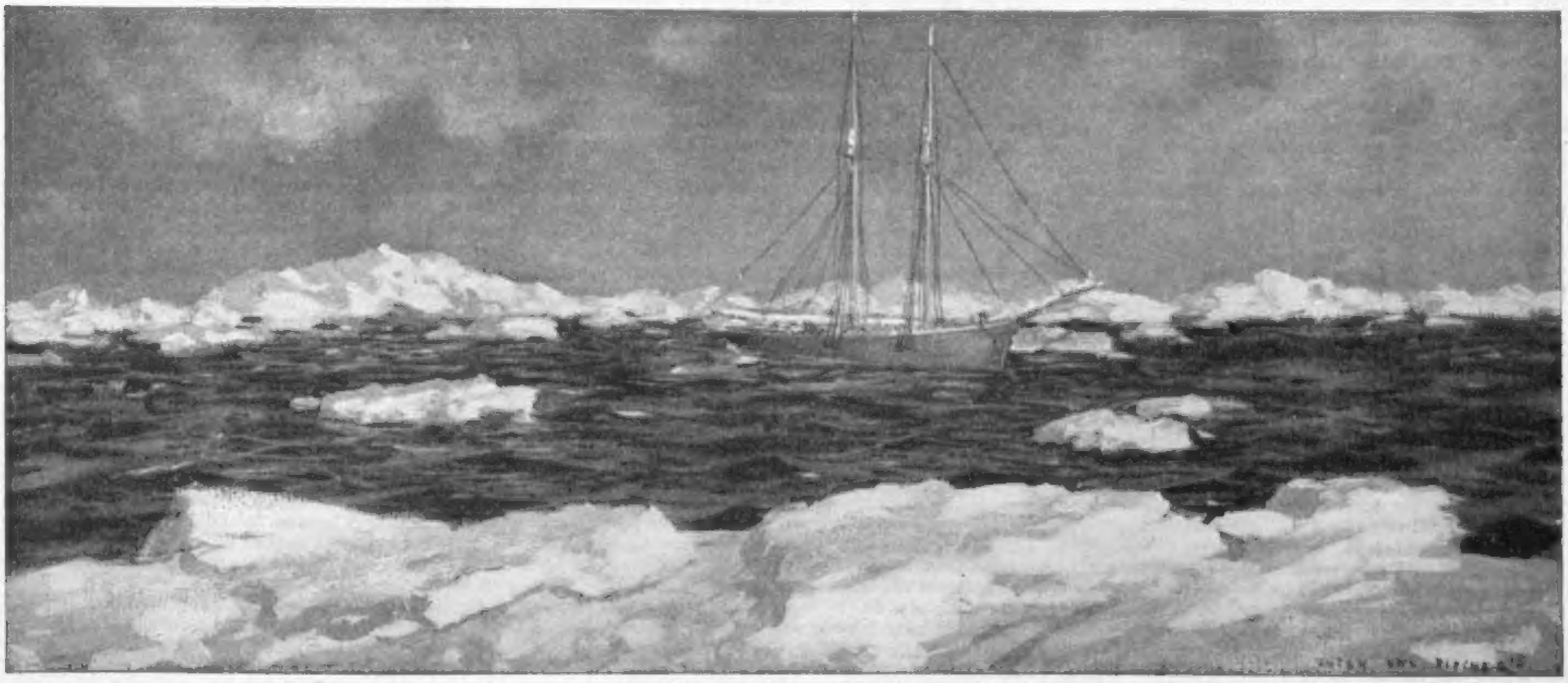


It Was Too Late. The Gaff and Gun Was Trapped

THE LOOK OF EAGLES

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I HAD waited ten minutes on that corner. At last I ventured out from the curb and peered down the street, hoping for the sight of a red-and-white sign that read: "This car for the races." Then a road horn bellowed, too close for comfort. I stepped back hastily in favor of the purring giant that bore it, and looked up into the smiling eyes of the master of Thistle Ridge. The big car slid its length and stopped. Its flanks were white with dust. Its little stint that morning had been to sweep away the miles between Lexington and Louisville.

"Early, aren't you?" asked Judge Dillon as I settled back contentedly at his side.

"Thought I'd spend a few hours with our mutual friend," I explained.

I felt an amused glance.

"Diverting and—er—profitable, eh? What does the victim say about it?"

"He never reads them," I confessed; and Judge Dillon chuckled.

"I've come over to see our Derby candidate in particular," he informed me. "I haven't heard from him for a month. Your friend is a poor correspondent."

The gateman at Churchill Downs shouted directions at us a few moments later and the car swung to the left, past a city of stables. As we wheeled through a gap in a line of whitewashed stalls we heard the raised voice of Blister Jones. He was confronting the hapless Chick and a steaming bucket.

"Fur the brown stud, eh?" we heard. "Let's look at it."

Chick presented the bucket in silence. Blister peered at its contents.

"Soup!" he sniffed. "I thought so. Go rub it in your hair."

"You tells me to throw the wet feed into him, didn't you?" Chick inquired defensively.

"Last week—yes," said Blister—"not all summer. Some day a thought'll get in your nut 'n' bust it!" His eye caught the motor and his frown was instantly blotted out.

"Why, how-de-do, Judge!" he said. "I didn't see you."

"Don't mind us," Judge Dillon told him as we alighted. "How's the colt?"

Blister turned and glanced at a shining bay head protruding from an upper door.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said deliberately. "He ain't such a bad sort of a colt in some ways. Fur a while I liked him; but here lately I get to thinkin' he won't do. He's got a lot of step. He shows me a couple o' nice works; but if he makes a stake hoss I'm fooled bad."

"Huh!" grunted Judge Dillon. "What's the matter? Is he sluggish?"

"That wouldn't worry me so much if he was," said Blister. "They don't have to go speed crazy all at once." He hesitated for a moment, looking up into the owner's face. Then, as one breaking terrible news: "Judge," he said, "he ain't got the class."

There followed a silence. In it I became aware that the blue and gold of Thistle Ridge would not flash from the barrier on Derby Day.

"Well, ship him home," said Judge Dillon at last as he sat down rather heavily on a bale of hay. He glanced once at the slim bay head, then turned to us with a smile. "Better luck next year," he said.

I was tongue-tied before that smile; but Blister came to the rescue.

"You still like that Fire Fly cross, don't you?" he asked with a challenge in his voice.

"I do," asserted Judge Dillon firmly. "It gives 'em bone like nothing else."

"Yep," agreed Blister—"'n' a lot of it goes to the head. None of that Fire Fly blood fur mine. Nine out of ten of 'em sprawl. They don't gather up like they meant it. Now you take ole Torch Bearer ——"

I found a chair and became busy with my own thoughts. I wondered if, after all, the breeding of speed horses was not too cruelly disappointing to those whose heart and soul were in it. The moments of triumph were wonderful, of course. The thrill of any other game was feeble in comparison; but oh, the many and bitter disappointments!

At last I became conscious of a little old man approaching down the line of stalls. His clothes were quite shabby; but he walked with crisp erectness, with something of an air. He carried his soft hat in his hand and his silky hair glistened like silver in the sunshine. As he stopped and addressed a stable boy, a dozen stalls from where we sat, the courteous tilt of his head was vaguely familiar.

"Who's that old man down there?" I asked. "I think I've seen him before."

"Do You Like This Colt?" I Asked, Looking the Boy Straight in the Face

Blister followed my eyes and sat up in his chair with a jerk. He looked about him as though contemplating flight.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "Now I'll get mine!"

"Who is it?" I repeated.

"Ole Man Sanford," answered Blister. "I ain't seen him fur a year. I hopped a hoss fur him once. I guess I told you."

I nodded.

"What's he talking about?" asked Judge Dillon.

And I explained how Old Man Sanford, a big breeder in his day, was now in reduced circumstances; how he had, with a small legacy, purchased a horse and placed him in Blister's hands; how Blister had given the horse stimulants before a race, contrary to racing rules; and how Mr. Sanford had discovered it and had torn up his tickets when the horse won.

"Tore up his tickets!" exclaimed Judge Dillon. "How much?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," I replied—"all he had in the world."

Judge Dillon whistled.

"I've met him," he said. "He won a Derby thirty years ago." He bent forward and examined the straight, white-haired little figure. "Tore up his tickets, eh?" he repeated. Then softly: "Blood will tell!"

"Here he comes," said Blister uneasily. "He'll give me the once over 'n' brush by, I guess."

But Old Man Sanford did nothing of the sort. A radiant smile and two extended hands greeted Blister's awkward advance.

"My deah young friend, how is the world treatin' you these days?"

"Pretty good, Mr. Sanford," answered Blister and hesitated. "I kinda thought you'd be sore at me," he confessed. "While I didn't mean it that way, I give you a raw deal, didn't I?"

A hand rested on Blister's sleeve for an instant.

"When yoh hair," said Old Man Sanford, "has taken its color from the many wintuhs whose stohms have bowed yoh head, you will have learned this: We act accohding to our lights. Some are brighter, some are dimmer, than others; but who shall be the judge?"

Whether or not Blister got the finer shadings of this, the sense of it was plain.

"I might have knowed you wouldn't be sore," he said relievedly. "Here's Chick. You remember Chick, Mr. Sanford."

Chick was greeted radiantly. Likewise "Petah."

"And the hawses? How are the hawses? Have you a nice string?" Blister turned and "made us acquainted" with Old Man Sanford.

"Chick," he called, "get a chair fur Mr. Sanford. Pete—you boys start in with the sorrel hoss 'n' bring 'em all out, one at a time!"

"Why, now," said Mr. Sanford, "I mustn't make a nuisance of myself. It would be a great pleasuh, suh, to see yoh hawses; but I do not wish to bothah you. Suppose I just walk from stall to stall?"

He tried to advance toward the stalls, but was confronted by Blister, who took him by the arms, smiled down into his face, and gave him a gentle shake.

"Now listen!" he said. "As long as we're here you treat this string like it's yours. They'll come out 'n' stand on their ears if you want to see it. You got me?"

I saw a dull red mount slowly to the wrinkled cheeks. The little figure became straighter, if possible, in its threadbare black suit. I saw an enormous silk handkerchief, embroidered and yellow with age, appear suddenly as Old Man Sanford blew his nose. He started to speak, faltered, and again resorted to the handkerchief.

"I thank you, suh," he said at last, and found a chair as Judge Dillon's eyes sought mine.

We left him out of our conversation for a time; but as the string was led before him one by one the horseman in Mr. Sanford triumphed. He passed loving judgment on one and all, his face keen and lighted. Of the colt I had just heard doomed he said:

"A well-made youngsteh, gentlemen; his blood speaks in every line of him. But as I look him oveh I have a feeling—it is, of cohse, no moh than that—that he lacks a certain quality essential to a great hawse."

"What quality?" asked Judge Dillon quickly.

"A racin' heart, suh," came the prompt reply.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Judge Dillon, and added dryly: "I own him."

Mr. Sanford gave one reproachful glance at Blister.

"I beg yoh pahdon, suh," he said earnestly to Judge Dillon. "A snap judgment in mattehs of this sawt is, of cohse, wo'thless. Do not give my words a thought, suh. They were spoken hastily, without due deliberation, with no real knowledge on which to base them. I sincerely hope I have not pained you, suh."

Judge Dillon's big hand swung over and covered one of the thin knees incased in shiny broadcloth.

"No sportsman," he said, "is hurt by the truth. That's just exactly what's the matter with him. But how did you know it?"

Mr. Sanford hesitated.

"I'm quite likely to be mistaken, suh," he said; "but if it would interest you I may say that I missed a certain look about his head, and moh pahticularly in his eyes, that is the hallmark—this is merely my opinion, suh—of a really great hawse."

"What kind of a look?" I asked.

Again Mr. Sanford hesitated.

"It is hard to define, suh," he explained. "It is not a matteh of skull structure—of confohmation. It is ——" He sought for words. "Well, suh, about the head of a truly great hawse there is an air of freedom unconquerable. The eyes seem to look on heights beyond our gaze. It is the look of a spirit that can soar. It is not confined to hawses; even in his pictures you can see it in the eyes of the Bonaparte. It is the birthright of eagles. They all have it. . . . But I express myself badly." He turned to Judge Dillon. "Yoh great mayeh has it, suh, to a marked degree."

"Très Jolie?" inquired Judge Dillon, and Mr. Sanford nodded.

I had heard of a power—psychic perhaps—which comes to a few, a very few, who give their lives and their hearts to horses. I looked curiously at the little old man beside me. Did those faded watery eyes see something hidden from the rest of us? I wondered. Fren Blister spoke:

"Say, Mr. Sanford," he asked suddenly, "what did you ever do with Trampfast?"

"I disposed of him, suh, foh nine hundred dollahs."

Blister considered this for a moment.

"Look-a-here!" he said. "You don't like the way I handled that hoss fur you, 'n' I'd like a chance to make good. I know where I can buy a right good plater fur nine hundred dollars. I'll make him pay his way or no charge. What do you say?"

Mr. Sanford shook his head. "As a matteh of fact," he stated, "I have only six hundred dollahs now in hand. Aside from having learned that my racing methods are not those of to-day, I would not care to see the pu'ple and white on a six-hundred-dollah hawse."

"Why, look-a-here!" urged Blister. "All the big stables race platers. There's good money in it when it's handled right. Let a goat chew dust a few times till you can drop him in soft somewheres, 'n' then put a piece of change on him at nice juicy odds. The boy kicks a win out of him, maybe; 'n' right there he don't owe you nothin'."

Once more I saw a dull red flare up in Mr. Sanford's face; but now he favored Blister with a bristling stare.

"I have difficulty in following you at times, suh," he said. "Am I justified in believing that the word 'goat' is applied to a thoroughbred race hawse?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Sanford," said Blister—"that's what I mean, I expect."

The old gentleman seemed to spend a moment in dismissing his wrath. When he spoke at last no trace of it was in his voice.

"I am fond of you, my young friend," he said. "Under a cynical exterior I have found you courteous, loyal, tender-hearted; but I deplore in you the shallow flippancy of this age. It is the fashion to sneer at the finer things; and so you call a racin' thoroughbred a goat. He is not of stake quality perhaps." Here the voice became quite gentle: "Are you?"

"I guess not, Mr. Sanford," admitted Blister.

"Never mind, my boy. If man breeds one genius to a decade it is enough. And so it goes with hawses. Foh thirty years, with love, with reverence, I tried to breed great hawses—hawses that would be a joy, an honoh to my state. In those days ninety colts were foaled each spring at Sanfo'd Hall. I have spent twenty thousand dollahs foh a single matron. How many hawses—truly great hawses—did such brood mayehs as that produce? How many do you think?"

Judge Dillon gave Mr. Sanford the warm look of a brother.

"Not many," he murmured.

"Why, I dunno, Mr. Sanford," said Blister. "You tells me about one—the filly that copped the Derby fur you."

"Yes; she was one. And one moh, suh. Two in all."

"I never hear you mention but the one," said Blister.

"The other never raced," explained Mr. Sanford. "I'll tell you why."

He lapsed into silence, into a sort of reverie, while we waited. When he spoke it was totally without emotion. His voice was dull. It seemed somehow as though speech had been given to the dead past.

"It has been a long time," he said, more to himself than to us. "A long time!" he repeated, nodding thoughtfully, and again became silent.

"In those days," he began at last, "it was the custom of their mistress to go to the no'th pastuh with sugah, and call to the weanlin's. In flytime the youngstehs preferred the willow trees by the creek, and there was a qua-tah of a mile of level blue grass from those willows to the pastuh gate. She would stand at the gate and call. As they heard her voice the colts would come oveh the creek bank as though it were a barrier—a fair start and no favohs asked. The rascals like sugah, to be sure; but an excuse to fight it out foh a qua'tah was the main point of the game.

"One year a blood-bay colt, black to the hocks and knees, was foaled in January. In June he got his sugah first by two open lengths. In August he made them hang their heads foh shame—five, six, seven lengths he beat them; and their siahs watchin' from the paddocks.

"In the spring of his two-year-old fohm he suffered with an attack of distempah. He had been galloped on the fahm track by then, and we knew just what he was. We nuhsed him through it, and by the following spring he was ready to go out and meet them all foh the honoh of the pu'ple and white.

"Then, one night, I was wakened to be told that a doctoh must be fetched and that each moment was precious. I sent my body sehvant to the bahns with the message that I wished a saddle on the best hawse in stable. When pahtially dressed I followed him, and was thrown up by a stable man. . . .

"There was a moon—a gracious moon, I remembah—the white road to Gawgetown, and a great fear at my heart. I did not know what was under me until I gave him his head on that white, straight road. . . . Then I knew. I cannot say in what time we did those four miles; but this I can tell you—the colt ran the last mile as stanchly as the first, and one hour later he could barely walk. His terrific pace oveh that flinty road destroyed his tendons and broke the small bones in his legs. He gave his racin' life foh his lady, like the honest gentleman he was. His sacrifice, howeveh, was in vain. . . . Death had the heels of him that night. Death had the heels of him!"

In a tense silence I seemed to hear a bell tolling. "Death had the heels of him!" it boomed over and over again. Blister's eyes were starting from their sockets, but he did not hear the bell. He wet his parted lips.

"What become of him?" he breathed.

"When the place was sold he went with the rest. You have seen his descendants race on until his name has become a glory. The colt I rode was—Torch Bearer."

Blister drew in his breath with a whistling sound.

"Torch Bearer!" he gasped. "Did you own Torch Bearer?"

"I did, suh," came the quiet answer. "I bred and raised him. His blood flows in the veins of many—er—goats, I believe you call them."

"Man, oh, man!" said Blister, and became speechless.

I, too, was silent of necessity. There was something wrong with my throat.

And now Judge Dillon spoke, and it was apparent that he was afflicted like myself. Once more the big hand covered the thin knee.

"Mr. Sanford," I heard, "you can do me a favor if you will."

"My deah suh, name it!"

"Go to Lexington. Look over the colts at Thistle Ridge. If you find one good enough for the purple and white—bring him back here. . . . He's yours!"

II

I WENT along. Oh, yes; I went along. I should miss two days of racing; but I would have missed more than that quite willingly. I was to see Old Man Sanford pick out one from a hundred colts—and all "bred clear to the clouds," as Blister explained to us on the train. I wondered whether any one of them would have that look—"the birthright of eagles"—and I hoped, I almost prayed, that we should find it.

That the colt was to be a purchase, not a gift, had made our journey possible. Five hundred dollars cash and "My note, suh, foh a like amount."

Judge Dillon had broken the deadlock by accepting; then offered his car for the trip to Lexington. At this a grin had appeared on Blister's face.

"No chance, Judge," he said.

"I thank you, suh, foh yoh generosity," apologized Mr. Sanford. "It gives me the deepest pleasuh, the deepest gratification, suh; but, if you will pahdon me, I shall feel moh at home on the train."

"You couldn't get him in one of them things on a bet," Blister explained; and so a locomotive pulled us safely into Lexington.

We spent the night at the hotel and drove to Thistle Ridge early next morning behind a plodding pair. Even in Kentucky livery horses are—livery horses.

A letter from Judge Dillon opened the big gates wide and placed us in charge of one Wesley Washington—as I live by bread, that was his name suspicious by nature and black as a buzzard. I reminded him of my previous visit to Thistle Ridge. He acknowledged it without enthusiasm.

"What kinda colt you want?" he asked Blister.

"A good one!" answered Blister briefly.

Wesley rolled the whites of his eyes at him and sniffed. "You ain' said nothin'," he stated. "Dat's all we got."

"You're lucky," Blister told him. "Well, trot 'em out."

Then Wesley waved his wand—it chanced to be a black paw with a pinkish palm—and they were trotted out; or, rather, they came rearing through the doorway of the biggest of the big stables. Bays, browns, blacks, sorrels, chestnuts, roans—they bubbled out at us in an endless stream. Attached precariously to each of them—this was especially true when they reared—was a colored boy. These Wesley addressed in sparkling and figurative speech. His remarks, as a rule, were prefaced by the word "Niggah."

At last Blister shouted through the dust.

"Say," he said, "this ain't gettin' us nowhere. Holy fright! How many you got?"

"Dat ain' half," said Wesley ominously.

"Cut it out!" directed Blister. "You'll have me pop-eyed in a minute. We'll go through the stalls 'n' pick out the live ones. This stuff's too young anyway. We want a two-year-old broke to the barrier. Got any?"

I turned to Mr. Sanford. He was standing hat in hand, as was his custom, his face ablaze.

"The grandest spectacle I have witnessed in thirty yeahs, suh!" he informed me.

"Has we got a two-yeah-old broke to de barrieh?" I heard from Wesley. "Hush! Jus' ambulate oveh dissaway."

He led us to a smaller stable. It contained two rows of box stalls with a wide alley down the middle. Through the iron gratings in each stall I could see a snakelike head. The door at the opposite end of the stable looked out on the tawny oval of the farm track, and suddenly something flashed across the doorway so quickly that I only guessed it to be a thoroughbred with a boy crouching along his neck.

Wesley's eye swept up and down the two lines of box stalls. He looked at Blister with a prideful gleam.

"All two-yeah-olds," he said, "an' ready to race."

If this statement made any impression it was concealed. Blister yawned and sauntered to the first stall on the right.

"Well, there might be a plater among 'em," he said. "Thas all you got?"

"Ain' dat enough?" inquired Wesley with a snort.

"He Gave His Racin' Life foh His Lady, Like the Honest Gentleman He Was"

"Not if they're the culls," said Blister. "You read that letter, didn't you? We're to see 'em all. Don't forget that."

"Hyar dey is," said Wesley. "Jus' use yoh eyes an' yo han's."

"All right," said Blister as he opened the stall door—"but don't hold nothin' out on us. Mr. Sanford here is a old friend of the Judge."

Wesley rolled an inspecting eye over Mr. Sanford.

"I ain' neveh seen him roun' hyar," he stated, and honors were easy.

The battle was on in earnest a moment later. The colt in the first stall was haltered and led out into the runway. He was jet black with one white star, and wonderful to see.

"Nothin' finah on fo' laigs," said Wesley, and I mentally agreed with him; but Blister walked once round that glorious creature and waved him back into his stall.

"Yep," he said; "he's right good on four legs, but he'll be on three when that curb begins to talk to him."

"Shuh!" said Wesley in deep disgust. "You ain' goin' to call dat little fullness in de tendon a curb, is you? He'll die of ole aige an' neveh know he's got it."

"He dies of old age before I own him," said Blister, and walked to the second stall.

And so it went for an hour. Mr. Sanford was strangely silent. When he ventured an opinion at all it was to agree with Wesley, and I was disappointed. I had hoped for delightful dissertations, for superhuman judgments. I had expected to see a master at work with his chosen medium. Instead, he seemed a child in the hands of the skillful Wesley; and I felt that Blister was our only hope.

This opinion had become settled when the unexpected happened. After a more than careful inspection of a chestnut colt, Blister turned to Wesley.

"What's this colt done?" he asked.

"Half in fifty," Wesley stated. "Jus' play foh him."

"Put a boy on him 'n' let's see him move," said Blister.

Then Mr. Sanford spoke.

"It will be unnecessary," he said quietly. "I do not like him."

A puzzled expression spread itself over Blister's face.

"All right," he said with a shade of annoyance in his voice. "You're the doctor."

And then I noticed Wesley—Wesley, the adroit—and a look of amazement, almost of terror, was in his eyes as he stared at Mr. Sanford.

"Yessuh," he said with a gulp. "Yessuh." Then he pulled himself together. "Put him up, black boy," he directed magnificently, and moved to the next stall.

I stayed behind and displayed a quarter cautiously.

"Do you like this colt?" I asked, looking the boy straight in the face.

For a moment he hesitated. Then:

"No, suh," he whispered.

"Why not?" I inquired.

There was a flicker of contempt in the white eyeballs.

"He's a houn'," I barely heard as the quarter changed owners.

It was a well-spent quarter; it had purchased knowledge. I knew now that among our party was a pair of eyes that could look deep into the heart of things. Old they were and faded, those eyes; but I felt assured that a glistening flank could not deceive them.

We worked down one side of the stable and up the other. We had seen twenty colts when we arrived at the last stall. It contained a long-legged sorrel and Blister damned him when he was led out.

"If he ever gets tangled up," was his comment, "you don't get his legs untied that year. This all you got?"

Wesley assured him it was. We seemed to have reached an *impasse*. Then, as Blister frowned absently at the sorrel colt, a voice began singing just outside the stable. It was a rich treble and it chanted in a minor key. I saw the absent look wiped slowly from Blister's face. It was supplanted by a dawning alertness as he listened intently.

Suddenly he disappeared through the doorway and there came to me a regular scuff-scuff on the gravel outside, in time to the words of the song, which were these:

"Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,
Goin' to de races—goin' to de races;
Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,
Goin' to de races now."

I felt my jaw begin to drop, for Blister's voice had joined the unknown singer's.

"Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,"

sang the voice; and then a bellow from Blister:

"Goin' to the races—goin' to the races."

The voice repeated:

"Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,"

and resigned to Blister's:

"Goin' to the races now!"

I went hastily through that doorway and arrived at the following phenomena:

Exhibit A—One chocolate-colored boy, not more than three feet high. His shoes—I mention them first because they constituted one-half of the whole exhibit—were —— But words are feeble—prodigious, Gargantuan, are only mildly suggestive of those shoes. His stockings—and now I cross my heart and hope to die—were of the variety described commercially as ladies' hose, and they were pink and they were silk. Somewhere beneath their many folds two licorice sticks performed the miracle of moving those unbelievable shoes through an intricate clog dance.

Exhibit B—One Blister Jones, patting with feet and hands an accompaniment to the wonders being performed by the marvelous shoes.

Both exhibits were entirely in earnest and completely absorbed. As has been already told, they were joined in song. As I assured myself that the phenomena were real and not imaginary, the words of the song changed.

"Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,"

came steadfastly from the smaller singer; but Blister, instead of "Going to the races," sang:

"Where's he at? Where's he at?"

"Bay colt wuck in fo'ty-eight,"

insisted Exhibit A; and Exhibit B sang:

"Where's that bay colt now?"

They learn early, in Kentucky, that track and farm secrets are sacred. A suspicion of all outsiders, though

"The Most Superb Piece of Hawseflesh I Have Eveh Had the Pleasuh of Observing"

dulled by the excitement of white folks' appreciation, still flickered somewhere in the kinky dome of Exhibit A. The song was twice repeated without variation, and the "Where's he at?" became tragic in its pleading tone.

At last Exhibit A must have decided that his partner in song was a kindred spirit and worthy of trust. At any rate,

"Oveh in de coolin' shed—oveh in de coolin' shed,"

I heard; and Blister brought the duet to a triumphant close with: *"Over in the coolin' shed now!"*

He swung round and grinned at Wesley, who was standing stupefied in the doorway.

"Why, Wes!" he said reproachfully. "I'm surprised at you!"

Wesley glowered at Exhibit A.

"You ramble!" he said, and the marvelous shoes bore their owner swiftly from our sight.

So, through song, was the wily Wesley brought to confusion. We found four two-year-olds in the long, squatty cooling shed, and Wesley admitted, under pressure, that they were the pick of their year, kept for special training.

Three of them stood in straw to their knees, confined in three tremendous box stalls. One was being led under blankets up and down the runway. His sides lifted their covering regularly. His clean-cut velvet nostrils widened and contracted as he took his breath. His eyes were blazing jewels. To him went Blister, like iron filings to a magnet.

"Peel him fur a minute," he said, and the still dazed and somewhat chastened Wesley nodded his permission.

Then appeared the most perfect living creature I had ever seen. He was a rich bay—now dark mahogany because of a recent bath—and the sheer beauty of him produced in me a feeling of awe, almost of worship. I was moved as though I listened to the Seventh Symphony or viewed the Winged Victory; and this was fit and proper, for my eyes were drinking in a piece by the greatest of all masters. Blister was cursing softly, reverently, as though he were at prayer.

"If he's only half as good as he looks!" he sighed at last. "How about *him*, Mr. Sanford?"

I had forgotten Old Man Sanford. I now discovered him standing before a stall and gazing raptly at what was within. At Blister's words he turned and surveyed the bay colt.

"The most superb piece of hawseflesh," he said, "I have eveh had the pleasuh of observing. I could not fault him with a microscope. He is nothing shawt of perfection, suh—nothing shawt of perfection." His eyes lingered for an instant on the wet flanks of the uncovered colt. "He's too wahm to be without his clothing," he suggested, and turned again to the stall before him.

Blister covered the colt with one dexterous swing. He glanced at the name embroidered on the blankets.

"Postman," he read aloud. "He'll be by Messenger, won't he?" The boy at the colt's head nodded. "Worked in forty-eight just now, eh?" said Blister to no one in particular. Again the boy nodded. "Well," decided Blister, "we'll take a chance on him. Train fur Looeyville at four o'clock—ain't they, Wes?"

Wesley gave a moan of anguish.

"My Gawd!" he said.

"What's bitin' you?" demanded Blister. "We're payin' fur him, ain't we?"

"Lemme have dat letter one moh time," said Wesley. He absorbed the letter's contents as though it were poison, and came at last to the fatal "John C. Dillon" at the end. This he read aloud and slowly shook his head. "He's los' his min'," he stated, and glared at Mr. Sanford. "What you payin' fo' dis hyar colt?" he demanded.

Mr. Sanford glanced in our direction. His eyes had a far-away look.

"Were you addressing me?" he asked.

"Yessuh," replied Wesley. "I was inquirin' de price you aim to pay foh dis colt."

"That is a matteh," said Old Man Sanford, "that concerns only yoh mas—employeh and myself. Howeveh, I am not going to pu'chase the colt to which you refer." He glanced dreamily into the stall before which he seemed rooted. "I have taken a fancy to my little friend in hyar. . . . Could you oblige me with a piece of sugah?"

As one man, Blister and myself made a rush for that stall. We peered through the bars for a moment and our amazed eyes met. In Blister's an angry despair was dawning. He turned savagely on Mr. Sanford.

"You goin' to buy that shrimp?" he demanded.

"Yes, suh," said Old Man Sanford mildly. "I expect to pu'chase him. . . . Ah, here's the sugah!" He took some lumps of sugar from the now beaming Wesley and opened the stall door.

Blister stepped inside the stall and devoted some moments to vain pleadings. Mr. Sanford was unmoved by them.

Then the storm broke. Blister became a madman who raved. He cursed not only the small black two-year-old, standing knee-deep in golden straw, but the small, white-haired old gentleman who was placidly feeding him sugar. The storm raged on, but Mr. Sanford gave no sign.

At last I saw a hand that was extended to the colt's muzzle begin to tremble, and I took Blister by the arm and drew him forcefully away.

"Stop!" I said in an undertone. "You're doing no good and he's an old man."

Blister tore his arm from mine.

"He's an old fool!" he cried. "He's chuckin' away the chance of a lifetime!" Then his eye fell on the bay colt and his voice became a wail. "Ain't it hell?" he inquired of high heaven. "Ain't it just hell?"

At this point Wesley saw fit to emit a loud guffaw. Blister advanced on him like a tiger.

"Laugh, you black boob!" he shot out, and Wesley's joyous expression vanished.

I saw that I was doing no good and joined Mr. Sanford in the stall.

"Rather small, isn't he?" I suggested.

"He could be a little larger," Mr. Sanford admitted. "He could stand half a han' and fifty pounds moh at his aige; but then, he'll grow. He'll make a hawse some day."

(Continued on Page 32)

THE BY-PRODUCTS OF THE WAR INDUSTRY—By Woods Hutchinson

MORE than one kind of angels may be entertained unawares. Men may greet with calmness—yes, even welcome exultingly—the great and terrible Angel of War; but they are blind or else close their eyes to the two ghastly and far more deadly sister angels of the War Trinity—the Spirit of Famine and the Spirit of Pestilence—that hover behind and above him on either hand. Inability to see the obvious is still one of our most striking gifts.

When we speak of the slaughter of war we think chiefly—if not solely—of deaths in battle and of the sack and burning of cities; but these are the merest fraction of the terrible death roll that every war spreads on the page of history—never more than a fifth, often less than a twentieth, of the total.

Red Cross Motor With Trailer

As a matter of cold, statistical fact, it would not be too much to say that war is merely a moderately dangerous sport as contrasted with its horrible deadliness and inevitable huge mortality for noncombatants, customarily dismissed and half-derided by the term "peaceful stay-at-homes." This sounds simply incredible and even absurd; but let one single historical instance, which could be paralleled forty—yes, a hundred—times suffice for its proof.

The population of Germany at the beginning of the renowned Thirty Years' War—1618–1648—which raged all over Central Europe, from the Baltic almost to the Adriatic, was about sixteen millions. At its close the highest estimates placed it at four millions. Yet, in that horrible riot of battle and pillage, famine and pestilence, only sixty battles and combats of every sort were fought, the total mortality of which was less than two hundred thousand. Twelve million other victims fell by disease—the True Plague, or Black Death, being one of the auxiliary forces in that campaign—by starvation, by exposure, and by frightfulness of the sort of which we have just had such vivid and painful reincarnations in Belgium, in Poland and in the English Channel.

Data Conspicuous by Absence

FROM the fact that the total number of soldiers under arms at any one time never exceeded a few hundred thousand—to say nothing of the still more fundamental and obvious one that four-fifths of the total population of any country consists of women and children and males too young or too old to bear arms—the overwhelming majority of those lost millions must have been noncombatants; though, of course, at least twenty times as many soldiers died of disease as in battle or from wounds.

There are other and far graver risks than simply the loss of his own life for a man to consider before plunging into war, even in the most just and highest of causes. The main reason why we have until recently so utterly failed to recognize the real danger and chief fatality of war is that it is, so to speak, nobody's business to find out. The business of war being the destruction or capture of the army or armies of the enemy, it was the first necessity of good military bookkeeping—in order to know where they were "at" for strategic purposes—that a full and careful roster should be kept of all men enlisted and sent to the front; of the number killed in battle; the number wounded or sick in hospitals; the number captured and held as prisoners by the enemy. So all these data have been written plain and clear for anyone who cared to read.

Lists of the dead were published and eagerly scanned by weeping relatives; and the actual deaths and cripplings of the soldiers engaged on both sides were graven into the very hearts of the nations concerned. That was terrible and pitiable enough, in all conscience; but nobody took the trouble to keep track of the children and old folks who died of famine and exposure in the countries fought over; or of the women and boys and girls who died of pneumonia, of typhoid, cholera and consumption, of dysentery and plague, in the lands where the crops were burnt, and the streams choked up with dead bodies and the wells polluted with disease, and every roof that could shelter from the rain or the sleet burnt or leveled with the ground.

This was not because no one took any interest in these things; but partly because there were no accurate records of population, within half a million or so, until about a hundred and fifty years ago; and no records of births and deaths in a given area that could even pretend to be complete until about forty years ago. So there was no basis for comparison except the very crude one of counting heads in the whole of both countries involved when the war was over, which was very seldom done—the victors being entirely engaged in celebrating their triumph, and the defeated so glad to be still alive on any terms that they devoted their entire energies to the pressing question of keeping so.

Besides this, the very first result of war in the vast majority of cases is either to smash to pieces or to paralyze all other governmental machinery except that concerned with its own waging. So we have never yet secured what might be termed an actual photograph of the total and net results of war on a given population in whose territories the war was actually waged. The present highly organized and carefully planned calamity now raging in Europe, where all the activities of government are said to be still kept going as though nothing was happening, will probably furnish us with our first exhibit, A, and mathematical demonstration of this sort—if that will be any satisfaction to us or its survivors.

Incidentally it may be remarked that, though war and its results are more carefully and scientifically studied, terrible as they are found to be, there does not appear any ground for the belief that war is becoming more deadly or that there is any serious danger of the human race or any given people's being destroyed, or even its vitality undermined, by war, however widespread. A complete and convincing refutation of the latter dread is furnished by the simple fact that we are still here in our millions!

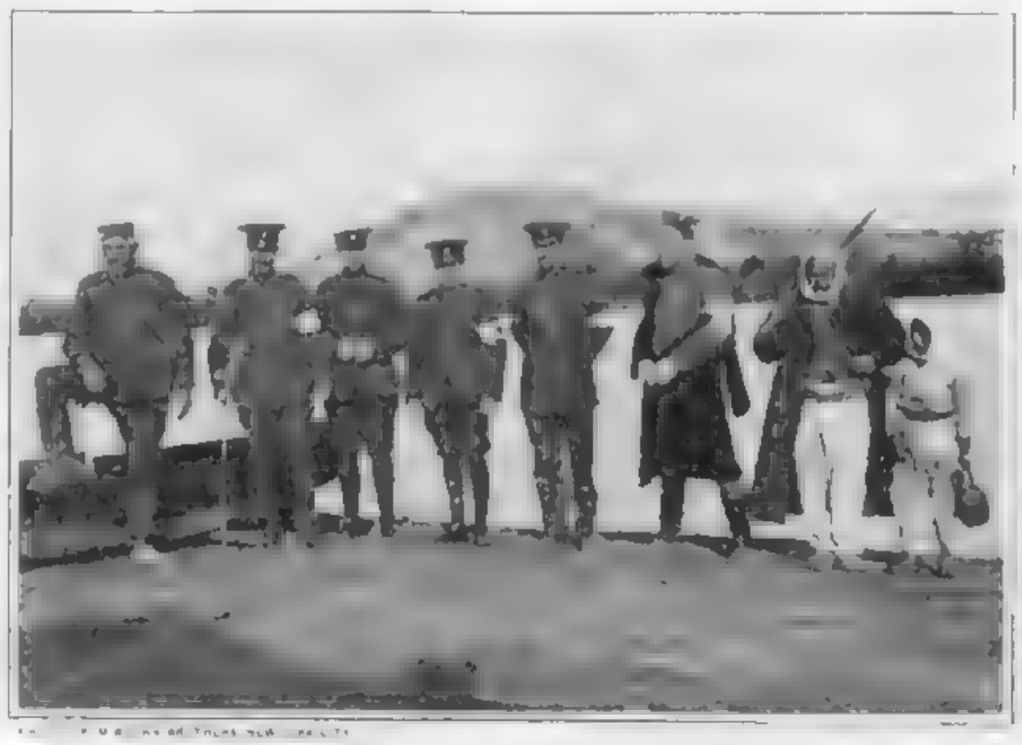
And nothing more is needed; for war has had its own sweet will of us for three thousand years past on the large and respectable national scale, and for about three hundred thousand years before that in tribal skirmishes and family feuds. Indeed, one of the greatest difficulties humanity has had in getting the proper perspective on war is that it has had so little chance to study it from the outside, having had such short and astonishingly far-apart experiences of peace.

Why Pestilence Dogs the Heels of War

SOMEBODY of a statistical frame of mind has recently made a careful list of all the wars considered of sufficient importance to be recorded in history during the last three thousand five hundred years in Europe and the Mediterranean lands of Africa and Western Asia, with the appalling result of finding that in the whole of that time there have been barely three hundred years of peace in that area! When we are asked to speculate on the causes of war, it would really be more logical to attempt to discover the causes of peace, which really seems to represent only periods of exhaustion between rounds of warfare, like the pauses in a prize fight.

Why does pestilence always follow war with such deadly certainty? And what are the diseases that play vulture and camp follower to every battlefield? The first question can be answered in one phrase: Because war destroys civilization; breaks down, at one stroke, the barriers we have laboriously erected against famine, against storm, against filth and overcrowding, against infection. The fighter becomes a barbarian at once and suffers accordingly.

In the wake of an army follow at once the Dark Ages, with their horrible sanitary conditions: The scanty, half-putrid food; the polluted water; the horrible overcrowding in all sorts of filthy sheds and hovels; the swarm of vermin; the breaking up of all the decencies—all these simply furnish a hotbed for disease to riot in.



English Doctors Sent to Stop the Spread of Disease in Servia

As to the list of diseases which follow in the wake of war, all that is needed is to take the alphabetical list of Causes of Death, furnished to physicians by the Census Bureau, and publish it, with a few pencilings.

From Stillbirth to Old Age—one from the premature labor of the young soldier's widow, the other by heartbreak over the last published list of the dead—the vast majority of them are all there.

The only thing that is peculiar or different about the diseases of war is not their newness, but their oldness. All our old, familiar friends, our most intimate enemies of the piping times of peace, from the typhoid of the polluted well or stream to the pneumonia of the crowded tenement, are present or accounted for. The only thing war does to them is to make them far wider in their spread, more vicious in their attack.

At first glance there appear to be a few new faces in the ranks; but these, on closer

Bulgarian Peasant Women Laying Food as a Sacrifice on the Graves

scrutiny, turn out to be simply ghosts that have returned to their old haunts, come up again from the Hell of Departed Pestilences to prowl and dance in the light of day—outlaws and brigands that we thought had been exterminated from civilized lands and had become only memories preserved in the museum and on the yellowed leaves of antiquated textbooks. When the war drum sounds, however, back they come trooping to the colors for one last carnival of slaughter and feasting.

Diseases that the present generation of doctors under fifty years of age have never seen; that our teachers, when they described their horrors to us, hoped never to see again; diseases that modern civilization had fondly believed itself rid of, protected against by its cleanness and standards of decent living, so that they could find no foothold in it; typhus or jail fever—the true plague, cholera, hospital gangrene, have all again lifted their heads and become a living, tangible menace to the twentieth century in six months of war. War is just as lacking in originality, as powerful only for destruction and retrogression, as impotent for construction and progress in pathology, as it is in every other realm of human welfare.

We scarcely realize on how frail and, in one sense, shifting, a foundation our modern sanitary safety and vastly improved health rest. Just a little extra cleanliness here, a little pride of spotlessness there, a little extra refinement of table manners and personal habits, a little more sensitive fastidiousness or even pride of appearance and harmless personal vanity, make all the difference between infection and escape, wage-earning fitness and bedridden fever. The moment the blast of war shakes the earth half of these refinements and comforts and decencies go up in smoke; and the other half will quickly follow unless we make a desperate struggle to retain them. It is often comparatively trivial dislocations and disturbances of cleanly and sanitary habits that let down the barriers for some of the worst and most widespread diseases of war to rush in.

How Disease Comes as Cleanliness Goes

FOR instance, it has taken us five thousand years to attain even a moderate degree of sanitary practice and health-saving cleanliness in such simple matters as washing our hands before meals and the disposal of our excreta in safe and proper places, where they will not be washed into the drinking water or carried by flies to the food of others.

Both these rites of household religion become difficult, often impossible, for the soldier on the march or in camp, and for a considerable share of the population of the country over which he campaigns. Instantly our old enemy, typhoid, leaps over our lowered guard; the trampled margins of the streams, or eagerly sought wells and springs, become contaminated by the discharges from some carrier or case of walking typhoid and an outbreak flares into an epidemic, and the epidemic into a pestilence. Or, even where attempts have been made to deal with the always difficult problem of the disposal of camp waste, the trenches or latrines are soon black with swarms of flies, which maintain a constant aëroplane parcel post for the conveyance of disease germs between them and the camp kitchens and the mess tents.

Hence it is little wonder that typhoid is the most active and one of the most dangerous of the pestilences of war, both to the soldier and the noncombatant; so that in some comparatively modern wars, for instance, it has caused more deaths in the army than bullets and bayonets—nearly three times as many in our Spanish-American War, and almost equal numbers in the Boer War. Even in the short four-months campaign of the Franco-Prussian War, the German Army alone had seventy thousand cases and nine thousand deaths.

This, however, has become a household word; and only one thing more needs to be said—namely, that this enemy of mankind has also been conquered. And we may even hope to see it become of only historic interest in our own day; for we have a practically perfect defense against it in the typhoid vaccine. Details are superfluous, because the newspapers are full of its triumphs.

Suffice it to say that the disease has been practically exterminated in the United States Army by this means alone for nearly three years past; and that in all three of the enormous armies now engaged on the western front in the present war in Europe, typhoid has been kept down to a few hundred cases and a few scores of deaths among the five or six million men in the field, these exceptions being chiefly the exquisite results of exercise of the liberty of conscience granted by the tender-hearted British Government to its soldiers.

As the home camps have been simply flooded by lurid pamphlets from antivivisection and antivaccination societies, however, assuring them that all sorts of horrible results are certain to follow inoculation, some hundreds of the more credulous recruits preferred to risk their lives and lost them.

Closely after typhoid come dysentery and diarrhea, both from fairly obvious causes—that is, the water supply for both armies and civil population, polluted by camp waste or by dead bodies of men and horses, or by the groups of refugees that camp along the banks of streams, or by prison camps. These are not so deadly as typhoid, but they will produce a tremendous amount of disabling sickness—in bad seasons, or where the food supply is poor, amounting to a seventh, a fifth, or even a third of the fighting force.

Serious epidemics of diarrhea and so-called chronic dysentery—bloody flux—though not always of the true or amœbic form, will sometimes develop even without special infection of water or food—simply from a poor, monotonous and unsuitable food supply. This is, of course, particularly the case in prison camps and in armies campaigning at a distance from their base of supplies and with poor communications.

There is reason, for instance, to believe that a considerable share of the terrible death rate in some of the prison camps of the South during our Civil War was due not so much to typhoid, malaria and dysentery—though these played a heavy part—or to actual scarcity of food, but to diseases due to an inadequate ration, in which certain necessary elements, like fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, or meats were lacking, or in too small amounts. Chief among these were scurvy, which used to be one of the greatest scourges of war in the Middle Ages,

pellagra, and even beriberi, the present scourge of the Orient.

So far, the careful advance planning and organization of the present war have avoided most of these so-called food diseases; but if the struggle should be prolonged to the terrible length which now appears likely, and the result should be decided by exhaustion of the food supply, as seems painfully probable, we shall undoubtedly have a repetition on a smaller scale of scurvy and pellagra, if not of the true plague and the cholera of the Thirty Years' War.

Just plain starvation—scarcity of food, whether in bulk or in balance—opens the floodgates to every pestilence. Famines, whether in war or peace, are always followed by furious epidemics, which often slay more than does actual starvation. Half of the plagues of mankind have been given and have grimly earned the popular name of Famine Fever. A considerable share of Southern Europe, notably Turkey and the Balkans, are already widely infected with pellagra.

Another cheerful probability of continued war in Southern Europe might also be mentioned here, and that is hookworm. This, as everybody knows, is now widespread in our own South and probably played its part in the death roll of the prison camps. Though it is kept within moderate bounds in Southern and Southeastern Europe by strenuous sanitary policing in times of peace, there are plenty of worms and their ova scattered about to serve as seeds for an enormous crop as soon as sanitary waste disposal and sewage and drainage have been broken down by the calamities of war.

The Round of the Hookworm

AS IS a matter of common knowledge, this disease is spread by the scattering of the eggs of the worm in human excreta over the surface of the ground. Here, after the first warm rain, they hatch into larvæ, or tiny microscopic wormlets, barely visible to the naked eye against a good light, and wriggle about until they can get on the skin of a naked human foot; where they proceed to bore their way through the thin skin in the folds between the toes into a surface blood vessel or capillary. This boring is an intensely irritating process and gives rise to a burning, itching, torturing eruption on the feet, known as ground itch, "dobie" itch, night itch, dew itch, poison ivy, and so on.

Once in the blood vessels, the wormlets are carried by the blood stream to the heart, and from the heart are pumped into the lungs. When they reach the capillaries in the lungs they wake up and bore their way out again from the blood vessels into one of the smaller air tubes. Up this, having now become full-grown worms nearly three-fourths of an inch long, they crawl into a bronchial tube, up the trachea or windpipe, out through the larynx or voice organ, drop down the throat into the stomach, and finally reach their goal in the intestine, where they proceed to attach themselves to its lining, or mucous membrane, with their hooks or teeth, and suck blood for dear life.

Once established here for life, they begin laying eggs, which are swept out of the bowels with their contents and start again on their strange round of life adventures.

Camp and trench conditions, given a few infected soldiers to start the round, furnish, of course, an ideal field of operation for the cycle of the hookworm, particularly if the soldiers' shoes become cracked and broken, or if they take them off to ease their feet or to bathe them at some wayside puddle. Good shoe leather is, however, a perfect protection against the pest; and as long as the belligerents can afford to keep their soldiers well shod they are fairly safe against it.

Next on the roll of dishonor, as active auxiliaries in the slaughter of war, comes a rather unexpected group—pneumonia, bronchitis and tuberculosis. How these foul-air diseases can flourish or increase under such outdoor conditions as warfare is supposed to promote in the soldier by turning him out into the tented field, and in the civilian by burning his house over his head, is, at first sight, a puzzle. They are, however, only a few of a large number of diseases, such as rheumatism, Bright's disease, measles, diphtheria, gastritis, neuritis, and even heart disease and the paralyses, either already present or caused by the strains and exposures of war, and which make enormously rapid and fatal progress on account of the general lowering

In the Wake of an Army Follow the Dark Ages, With Their Horrible Sanitary Conditions

of vital resistance by poor food, overwork and exposure.

The pneumonia germ, in particular, is often a normal inhabitant of the human mouth, and any condition or hardship that depresses our vitality and resisting power gives it the chance for which it has been waiting. Huge numbers of soldiers die of pneumonia and bronchitis in hospitals—particularly in winter quarters for this very reason; and even the Great White Plague gets a new lease of life and vigor in war time.

Though this great group of diseases shows a marked increase, both in frequency and in death rate, throughout the entire civil population in time of war, this is true not only of the inhabitants of the country in which war is actually waged but also even among the stay-at-home population of the stronger or victorious country. The reason for this last is that war on any considerable scale makes an enormous drain, not merely on the industrial and financial but on the vital resources of the men who stay at home and of the women and children.

We hear a great deal, for instance, of the extent to which, in the European countries now at war, women are taking over the work and places of men; and we comment approvingly on their courage, determination and devotion to their country and to their children.

We should never forget, however, that the great majority of women were already engaged in heavy, important and wearing work in their homes and among their children, pretty well up to and in some cases beyond the limit of their powers. Yet this work has to be done; and these women who have so nobly stepped into the gap are carrying a double load and a fifty to seventy per cent heavier task than they are healthfully able to carry. Where to this is added the heartbreaking anxiety and suspense over dreaded news from the front, the agony and grief of the breaking up of family ties, and loss of means of support after the blow has fallen, it can readily be seen why the death rate of those who stay at home in comparative peace rises when the storm of war breaks, as certainly as the barometer falls before rain.

Loading German Automobiles for Soldiers at the Front

The Story of Typhus

SOME of the new, because half-forgotten, pestilences of war have a considerable amount of dramatic though rather dreadful interest. First and most threatening of these reincarnated spirits of pestilence stands typhus or spotted fever. The very name of this disease is a pathological comedy in itself. All through the early and middle ages of medicine—in fact, up to about half a century ago—it was one of the commonest, most dreaded and most fatal of diseases, not merely in wartime but also in peace.

As the famous physician, Murchison, once said: "The history of typhus fever is the history of medicine." How closely it was always associated, even in prescientific times, with conditions of excessive overcrowding and filth may be gathered from the names it has borne—filth fever; jail fever; camp fever; poverty fever; ship fever; and, earliest of all, in the pompous Latinity of the Middle Ages, *Febris Bellica*, or war fever. The curious comedy of its name came from the fact that it was given to it from the Greek word, *tuphos*, meaning fog or smoke, on account of the curious, drowsy, hazy, half-drunken expression and mental condition of the patient.

After this name had become universally adopted and it was known as typhus to every educated physician, it was discovered about two hundred years ago that there was another disease, milder in character but similar in course, in which the patient also fell into this dull, sleepy, half-stupid condition, and which had undoubtedly been confused with typhus under the common term.

As observation, however, became more accurate and study more precise, it was discovered that the two diseases were entirely distinct and separate both in their origin and their means of spread, and in their final results and after effects. And so, with a lamentable lack of inventiveness, it was proposed to dub the newly recognized malady typhoid or typhus-like—by the addition of the Greek terminal for "like."

In this highly unsatisfactory condition matters remained for some time, until, much to the astonishment of everybody concerned the doctors not least—the original or mother disease, typhus, began rapidly to diminish in frequency, and ultimately almost entirely disappeared from Central and Western Europe about forty or fifty years ago The daughter, or derived disease, however, not only proceeded but even flourished and spread; so that it became one of the commonest and most serious diseases of modern civilization—while the original pestilence, after which it was named, practically disappeared from not merely popular but even from medical experience, leaving for its only monument a horrible reputation and the name of the disease that was named after it because it resembled it.

Any detailed description of typhus is unnecessary and out of place, other than to say that it is the picture of a violent and dangerous general infection—high fever; headache; backache; prostration; cough and bronchial irritation, sometimes so great as to suggest in some cases pneumonia; red eyes; swollen, congested face, with a curious drunken, almost besotted expression; rapidly going on into unconsciousness and delirium, which reaches its climax in about two weeks.

At the end of that time the patient either rapidly fails and dies, or his expression begins to improve, his tongue cleans off, his temperature goes down; and often in an astonishingly short time—a week or ten days—he is sitting up in bed, eating with a good appetite and anxious to get out of bed.

There is only one striking characteristic which can be mentioned, and that is a singular, dull-red, mottled eruption, which in the early stage looks like a very severe case of measles, but later becomes of a mottled, purplish or brownish tint, distributed in large, irregular blotches or spots. This has given it its name of spotted fever, though the same term has also been applied to cerebrospinal meningitis and to the curious tick fever of certain valleys in the Rocky Mountains.

I said typhus fever had practically entirely disappeared from civilization. How completely, for instance, may be glimpsed by the fact that in the old Edinboro Hospital is a memorial tablet, dated 1872, bearing the names of twenty-four physicians and internes who had died of typhus fever in the previous thirty years; though in the fifty-odd years since not a single death has occurred. About ten years ago, however, Dr. Nathan Brill, of New York, called attention to a number of cases of a curious disease he found in his fever wards, which he was sure was not typhoid. The disease was recognized by others, after their attention had been called to it, and was given the name of Brill's Disease; but it is now regarded by a majority of the observers as being a mild form of the old mother disease, typhus.

Honor to Doctor Ricketts

WITH this exception, so complete was its disappearance that we actually had no material on which to train our microscopes and newborn bacteriological knowledge for a study of the disease. And it was not until about six or seven years ago—and then only by going down into Mexico, where, under the name of *tabardillo*, it is still quite common—that we were able to make any first-hand study of its cause and the methods of its spread. In one of those many sacrifices for the good of humanity of which the medical profession is so proud, one of the investigators, Dr. Howard Ricketts, after careful and dangerous study, concluded that the disease was spread by the bite of the common body louse, and collected a number of these from the body of a patient.

In transferring these infected vermin to his laboratory for further study he himself was bitten by one of them, developed the disease five days later, and died of it, just as his preliminary report announcing his new discovery was on its way to publication. A tablet has recently been unveiled to his memory in the Cook County Hospital, of Chicago, of whose staff he was a member.

The work that fell from his hand was taken up by other investigators, and within a comparatively short time it

(Continued on Page 34)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Sending Bread to the Front in Serbia

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS NEW YORK CITY

Ambulance Service in Tripoli

SOMETHING NEW

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Wanted Column of the Morning Paper is a Sort of Dredger, Which Churns Up Strange Creatures From the Mud of London's Underworld

III—(Continued)

THE reason why all we novelists with bulging foreheads and expensive college educations are abandoning novels and taking to writing motion-picture scenarios is that the latter are so infinitely more simple and pleasant. If this narrative, for instance, were a film drama the operator at this point would flash on the screen the words:

MR. PETERS DISCOVERS THE LOSS OF THE SCARAB

And for a brief moment the audience would see an interior set, in which a little angry man, with a sharp face and starting eyes, would register, first, discovery; next, dismay.

The whole thing would be over in an instant. The printed word demands a greater elaboration.

It was Aline Peters who had to bear the brunt of her father's mental agony when he discovered, shortly after Lord Emsworth had left him, that the gem of his collection of scarabs had done the same. It is always the innocent bystander who suffers.

"The damned old sneak thief!" said Mr. Peters.

"Father!"

"Don't sit there saying 'Father!' What's the use of saying 'Father!'? Do you think it is going to help—your saying 'Father!'? I'd rather the old pirate had taken the house and lot than that scarab. He knows what's what! Trust him to walk off with the pick of the whole bunch! I did think I could trust the father of the man who's going to marry my daughter for a second alone with the things. There's no morality among collectors—none! I'd trust a syndicate of Jesse James, Captain Kidd and Dick Turpin sooner than I would a collector. My Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty! I wouldn't have lost it for five thousand dollars!"

"But, father, couldn't you write him a letter, asking for it back? He's such a nice old man! I'm sure he didn't mean to steal the scarab."

Mr. Peters' overwrought soul blew off steam in the shape of a passionate snort.

"Didn't mean to steal it! What do you think he meant to do—take it away and keep it safe for me for fear I should lose it? Didn't mean to steal it! I bet you he's well-known in society as a kleptomaniac. I bet you that when his name is announced his friends lock up their spoons and send in a hurry call to police headquarters for a squad to come and see that he doesn't sneak the front door. Of course he meant to steal it! He has a museum of his own down in the country. My Cheops is going to lend tone to that. I'd give five thousand dollars to get it back. If there's a yegg in this country with the spirit to break into the castle and steal that scarab and hand it back to me, there's five thousand waiting for him right here; and if he wants to he can knock that old safe blower on the head with a jimmy into the bargain."

"But, father, why can't you simply go to him and say it's yours and that you must have it back?"

"And have him come back at me by calling off this engagement of yours? Not if I know it! You can't go about the place charging a man with theft and expect him to go on being willing to have his son marry your daughter, can you? The slightest suggestion that I thought he had stolen this scarab and he would do the Proud Old English Aristocrat and end everything. He's in the strongest position a thief has ever been in. You can't get at him."

"I didn't think of that."

"You don't think at all. That's the trouble with you," said Mr. Peters.

You see now why we prefer writing motion-picture scenarios. It is painful to a refined and sensitive young novelist to have to set down such a scene between father and child; but what is one to do? Years of indigestion had made Mr. Peters' temper, even when in a normal mood, perfectly impossible; in a crisis like this it ran amuck. He vented it on Aline because he had always vented his irritabilities on Aline; because the fact of her sweet, gentle disposition, combined with the fact of their relationship, made her the ideal person to receive the overflow of his black moods. While his wife had lived he had bullied her. On her death Aline had stepped into the vacant position.

Aline did not cry, because she was not a girl who was given to tears; but, for all her placid good temper, she was wounded. She was a girl who liked everything in the world to run smoothly and easily, and these scenes with her father always depressed her. She took advantage of a lull in Mr. Peters' flow of words and slipped from the room.

Her cheerfulness had received a shock. She wanted sympathy. She wanted comforting. For a moment she considered George Emerson in the rôle of comforter; but there were objections to George in this character. Aline was accustomed to tease and chaff George, but at heart she was a little afraid of him; and instinct told her that, as comforter, he would be too volcanic and supermanly for a girl who was engaged to marry another man in June. George, as comforter, would be far too prone to trust to action rather than to the soothing power of the spoken word. George's idea of healing the wound, she felt, would be to push her into a cab and drive to the nearest registrar's.

No; she would not go to George. To whom, then? The vision of Joan Valentine came to her—of Joan as she had seen her yesterday, strong, cheerful, self-reliant, bearing herself, in spite of adversity, with a valiant jauntiness. Yes; she would go and see Joan. She put on her hat and stole from the house.

Curiously enough, only a quarter of an hour before, R. Jones had set out with exactly the same object in view.

How pleasant it is, after assisting at a scene of violence and recrimination, to be transferred to one of peace and good will. It is with a sense of relief that I find that the snipelike flight of this story takes us next far from Mr. Peters and his angry outpourings to the cozy smoking room of Blandings Castle.

At half-past seven that night three men sat in the cozy smoking room of Blandings Castle.

They were variously occupied. In the long chair nearest the door the Honorable Frederick Threepwood—Freddie to pals—was reading. Next to him sat a young man whose eyes, glittering through rimless spectacles, were concentrated on the upturned faces of several neat rows of playing cards—Rupert Baxter, Lord Emsworth's invaluable secretary, had no vices, but he sometimes relaxed his busy brain with a game of solitaire. Beyond Baxter, a cigar in his mouth and a weak highball at his side, the Earl of Emsworth took his ease. After the scene we have just been through, it does one good merely to contemplate such a picture.

The book the Honorable Freddie was reading was a small paper-covered book. Its cover was decorated with a color scheme in red, black and yellow, depicting a tense moment in the lives of a man with a black beard, a man with a yellow beard, a man without any beard at all, and a young woman who, at first sight, appeared to be all eyes and hair. The man with the black beard, to gain some private end, had tied this young woman with ropes to a complicated system of machinery, mostly wheels and pulleys. The man with the yellow beard was in the act of pushing or pulling a lever. The beardless man, protruding through a trapdoor in the floor, was pointing a large revolver at the parties of the second part.

Beneath this picture were the words: Hands up, you scoundrels! Above it, in a meandering scroll across the page, was: Gridley Quayle, Investigator. The Adventure of the Secret Six. By Felix Clovelly.

The Honorable Freddie did not so much read as gulp the adventure of the Secret Six. His face was crimson with excitement; his hair was rumpled; his eyes bulged. He was absorbed.

This is peculiarly an age in which each of us may, if he do but search diligently, find the literature suited to his mental powers. Grave and earnest men, at Eton and elsewhere, had tried Freddie Threepwood with Greek, with Latin, and with English; and the sheeplike stolidity with which he declined to be interested in the masterpieces of all three tongues had left them with the conviction that he would never read anything.

And then, years afterward, he had suddenly blossomed out as a student—only, it is true, a student of the Adventures of Gridley Quayle; but still a student. His was a dull life and Gridley Quayle was the only person who brought romance into it. Existence for the Honorable Freddie was simply a sort of desert, punctuated with monthly oases in the shape of new Quayle adventures. It was his ambition to meet the man who wrote them.

Lord Emsworth sat and smoked, and sipped and smoked again, at peace with all the world. His mind was as nearly a blank as it is possible for the human mind to be. The hand that had not the task of holding the cigar was at rest in his trousers pocket. The fingers of it fumbled idly with a small, hard object.

Gradually it filtered into his lordship's mind that this small, hard object was not familiar. It was something new—something that was neither his keys nor his pencil; nor was it his small change. He yielded to a growing curiosity and drew it out. He examined it. It was a little something, rather like a fossilized beetle. It touched no chord in him. He looked at it with amiable distaste.

"Now how in the world did that get there?" he said.

The Honorable Freddie paid no attention to the remark. He was now at the very crest of his story, when every line intensified the thrill. Incident was succeeding incident. The Secret Six were here, there and everywhere, like so many malignant June bugs. Annabel, the heroine, was having a perfectly rotten time—kidnaped and imprisoned

every few minutes. Gridley Quayle, hot on the scent, was covering somebody or other with his revolver almost continuously. Lord Threepwood had no time for chatting with his father.

Not so Rupert Baxter. Chatting with Lord Emsworth was one of the things for which he received his salary. He looked up from his cards.

"Lord Emsworth?"

"I have found a curious object in my pocket, Baxter. I was wondering how it got there."

He handed the thing to his secretary. Rupert Baxter's eyes lit up with sudden enthusiasm. He gasped.

"Magnificent!" he cried. "Superb!"

Lord Emsworth looked at him inquiringly.

"It is a scarab, Lord Emsworth; and unless I am mistaken—and I think I may claim to be something of an expert—a Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty. A wonderful addition to your museum!"

"Is it? By Gad! You don't say so, Baxter!"

"It is, indeed. If it is not a rude question, how much did you give for it, Lord Emsworth? It must have been the gem of somebody's collection. Was there a sale at Christie's this afternoon?"

Lord Emsworth shook his head.

"I did not get it at Christie's, for I recollect that I had an important engagement which prevented my going to Christie's. I had—to be sure; yes—I had promised to call on Mr. Peters and examine his collection of —— Now I wonder what it was that Mr. Peters said he collected!"

"Mr. Peters is one of the best-known living collectors of scarabs."

"Scarabs! You are quite right, Baxter. Now that I recall the episode, this is a scarab; and Mr. Peters gave it to me."

"Gave it to you, Lord Emsworth?"

"Yes. The whole scene comes back to me. Mr. Peters, after telling me a great many exceedingly interesting things about scarabs, which I regret to say I cannot remember, gave me this. And you say it is really valuable, Baxter?"

"It is, from a collector's point of view, of extraordinary value."

"Bless my soul!" Lord Emsworth beamed. "This is extremely interesting, Baxter. One has heard so much of the princely hospitality of Americans. How exceedingly kind of Mr. Peters! I shall certainly treasure it, though I must confess that from a purely spectacular standpoint it leaves me a little cold. However, I must not look a gift horse in the mouth—eh, Baxter?"

From afar came the silver booming of a gong. Lord Emsworth rose.

"Time to dress for dinner? I had no idea it was so late. Baxter, you will be going past the museum door. Will you be a good fellow and place this among the exhibits? You will know what to do with it better than I. I always think of you as the curator of my little collection, Baxter ha-ha! Mind how you step when you are in the museum. I was painting a chair there yesterday and I think I left the paint pot on the floor."

He cast a less amiable glance at his studious son.

"Get up, Frederick, and go and dress for dinner. What is that trash you are reading?"

The Honorable Freddie came out of his book much as a sleepwalker wakes with a sense of having been violently assaulted. He looked up with a kind of stunned plaintiveness.

"Eh, governor?"

"Make haste! Beach rang the gong five minutes ago. What is that you are reading?"

"Oh, nothing, governor—just a book."

"I wonder you can waste your time on such trash. Make haste!"

He turned to the door, and the benevolent expression once more wandered across his face.

"Extremely kind of Mr. Peters!" he said. "Really, there is something almost oriental in the lavish generosity of our American cousins."

"Father Says He Would Give Five Thousand Dollars to Anyone Who Would Get It Back for Him"

"Bless My Soul! This Is Extremely Interesting, Baxter. One Has Heard So Much of the Princely Hospitality of Americans"

It had taken R. Jones just six hours to discover Joan Valentine's address. That it had not taken him longer is a proof of his energy and of the excellence of his system of obtaining information; but R. Jones, when he considered it worth his while, could be extremely energetic, and he was a past master at the art of finding out things.

He poured himself out of his cab and rang the bell of Number Seven.

A disheveled maid answered the ring.

"Miss Valentine in?"

"Yes, sir."

R. Jones produced his card.

"On important business, tell her. Half a minute—I'll write it."

He wrote the words on the card and devoted the brief period of waiting to a careful scrutiny of his surroundings. He looked out into the court and he looked as far as he could down the dingy passage; and the conclusions he drew from what he saw were complimentary to Miss Valentine.

"If this girl is the sort of girl who would hold up Freddie's letters," he mused, "she wouldn't be living in a place like this. If she were on the make she would have more money than she evidently possesses. Therefore, she is not on the make; and I am prepared to bet that she destroyed the letters as fast as she got them." Those were, roughly, the thoughts of R. Jones as he stood in the doorway of Number Seven; and they were important thoughts inasmuch as they determined his attitude toward Joan in the approaching interview. He perceived that this matter must be handled delicately—that he must be very much the gentleman. It would be a strain, but he must do it.

The maid returned and directed him to Joan's room with a brief word and a sweeping gesture.

"Eh?" said R. Jones. "First floor, did you say?"

"Front," said the maid.

R. Jones trudged laboriously up the short flight of stairs. It was very dark on the stairs and he stumbled. Eventually, however, light came to him through an open door. Looking in, he saw a girl standing at the table. She had an air of expectation; so he deduced that he had reached his journey's end.

"Miss Valentine?"

"Please come in."

R. Jones waddled in.

"Not much light on your stairs."

"No. Will you take a seat?"

"Thanks."

One glance at the girl convinced R. Jones that he had been right. Circumstances had made him a rapid judge of character, for in the profession of living by one's wits in a large city the first principle of offense and defense is to sum people up at first sight. This girl was not on the make.

Joan Valentine was a tall girl with wheat-gold hair and eyes as brightly blue as a November sky when the sun is shining on a frosty world. There was in them a little of November's cold glitter, too, for Joan had been through much in the last few years; and experience, even when it does not harden, erects a defensive barrier between its children and the world.

Her eyes were eyes that looked straight and challenged. They could thaw to the satin blue of the Mediterranean Sea, where it purrs about the little villages of Southern France; but they did not thaw for everybody. She looked what she was—a girl of action; a girl whom life had made both reckless and wary—wary of friendly advances, reckless when there was a venture afoot.

Her eyes, as they met R. Jones' now, were cold and challenging. She, too, had learned the trick of swift diagnosis of character, and what she saw of R. Jones in that first glance did not impress her favorably.

"You wished to see me on business?"

"Yes," said R. Jones. "Yes. . . . Miss Valentine, may I begin by begging you to realize that I have no intention of insulting you?"

Joan's eyebrows rose. For an instant she did her visitor the injustice of suspecting that he had been dining too well.

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain: I have come here," R. Jones went on, getting more gentlemanly every moment, "on a very distasteful errand, to oblige a friend. Will you bear in mind that whatever I say is said entirely on his behalf?"

By this time Joan had abandoned the idea that this stout person was a life-insurance tout, and was inclining to the view that he was collecting funds for a charity.

"I came here at the request of the Honorable Frederick Threepwood."

"I don't quite understand."

"You never met him, Miss Valentine; but when you were in the chorus at the Piccadilly Theater, I believe he wrote you some very foolish letters. Possibly you have forgotten them?"

"I certainly have."

"You have probably destroyed them—eh?"

"Certainly. I don't often keep letters. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you see, Miss Valentine, the Honorable Frederick Threepwood is about to be married; and he thought that possibly, on the whole, it would be better that the letters—and poetry—that he wrote you, were nonexistent."

Not all R. Jones' gentlemanliness—and during this speech he diffused it like a powerful scent in waves about him—could hide the unpleasant meaning of the words.

"He was afraid I might try to blackmail him?" said Joan with formidable calm.

R. Jones raised and waved a fat hand deprecatingly. "My dear Miss Valentine!"

Joan rose and R. Jones followed her example. The interview was plainly at an end.

"Please tell Mr. Threepwood to make his mind quite easy. He is in no danger."

"Exactly exactly; precisely! I assured Threepwood that my visit here would be a mere formality. I was quite sure you had no intention whatever of worrying him. I may tell him definitely, then, that you have destroyed the letters?"

"Yes. Good evening."

"Good evening, Miss Valentine"

The closing of the door behind him left him in total darkness, but he hardly liked to return and ask Joan to reopen it in order to light him on his way. He was glad to be out of her presence. He was used to being looked at in an unfriendly way by his fellows, but there had been something in Joan's eyes that had curiously discomfited him.

R. Jones groped his way down, relieved that all was over and had ended well. He believed what she had told him, and he could conscientiously assure Freddie that the prospect of his sharing the fate of poor old Percy was nonexistent. It is true that he proposed to add in his report that the destruction of the letters had been purchased with difficulty, at a cost of just five hundred pounds; but that was a mere business formality.

He had almost reached the last step when there was a ring at the front door. With what he was afterward wont to call an inspiration, he retreated with unusual nimbleness until he had almost reached Joan's door again. Then he leaned over the baluster and listened.

The disheveled maid opened the door. A girl's voice spoke:

"Is Miss Valentine in?"

"She's in; but she's engaged."

"I wish you would go up and tell her that I want to see her. Say it's Miss Peters—Miss Aline Peters."

The baluster shook beneath R. Jones' sudden clutch. For a moment he felt almost faint. Then he began to think swiftly. A great light had dawned on him, and the thought outstanding in his mind was that never again would he trust a man or woman on the evidence of his senses. He could have sworn that this Valentine girl was on the level. He had been perfectly satisfied with her statement that she had destroyed the letters. And all the while she had been playing as deep a game as he had ever come across in the whole course of his professional career! He almost admired her. How she had taken him in!

It was obvious now what her game was. Previous to his visit she had arranged a meeting with Freddie's fiancée, with the view of opening negotiations for the sale of the letters. She had held him, Jones, at arm's length because she was going to sell the letters to whoever would pay the best price. But for the accident of his being here when Miss Peters arrived, Freddie and his fiancée would have been bidding against each other and raising each other's price.

R. Jones had worked the same game himself a dozen times, and he resented the entry of female competition into what he regarded as essentially a male field of enterprise.

As the maid stumped up the stairs he continued his retreat. He heard Joan's door open, and the stream of light showed him the disheveled maid standing in the doorway.

"Ow, I thought there was a gentleman with you, miss."

"He left a moment ago. Why?"

"There's a lady wants to see you. Miss Peters, her name is."

"Will you ask her to come up?"

The disheveled maid was no polished mistress of ceremonies. She leaned down into the void and hailed Aline.

"She says will you come up?"

Aline's feet became audible on the staircase. There were greetings.

"Whatever brings you here, Aline?"

"Am I interrupting you, Joan dear?"

"No. Do come in! I was only surprised to see you so late. I didn't know you paid calls at this hour. Is anything wrong? Come in."

The door closed, the maid retired to the depths, and R. Jones stole cautiously down again. He was feeling absolutely bewildered. Apparently his deductions, his second thoughts, had been all wrong, and Joan was, after all, the honest person he had imagined at first sight. Those two girls had talked to each other as though they were old friends; as though they had known each other all their lives. That was the thing which perplexed R. Jones.

With the tread of a Red Indian, he approached the door and put his ear to it. He found he could hear quite comfortably.

Aline, meantime, inside the room, had begun to draw comfort from Joan's very appearance—she looked so capable.

Joan's eyes had changed the expression they had contained during the recent interview. They were soft now, with a softness that was half compassionate, half contemptuous. It is the compensation which life gives to those whom it has handled roughly that they shall be able to regard with a certain contempt the small troubles of the sheltered. Joan remembered Aline of old, and knew her for a perennial victim of small troubles. Even in their schooldays she had always needed to be looked after and comforted. Her sweet temper had seemed to invite the minor slings and arrows of fortune. Aline was a girl who inspired protectiveness in a certain type of her fellow human beings. It was this quality in her that kept George Emerson awake at nights; and it appealed to Joan now.

Joan, for whom life was a constant struggle to keep the wolf a reasonable distance from the door, and who counted that day happy on which she saw her way clear to paying her weekly rent and possibly having a trifle over for some coveted hat or pair of shoes, could not help feeling, as she looked at Aline, that her own troubles were as nothing, and that the immediate need of the moment was to pet and comfort her friend. Her knowledge of Aline told her the probable tragedy was that she had lost a brooch or had been spoken to crossly by somebody; but it also told her that such tragedies bulked very large on Aline's horizon.

Trouble, after all, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder; and Aline was far less able to endure with fortitude the loss of a brooch than she herself to bear the loss of a position the emoluments of which meant the difference between having just enough to eat and starving.

"You're worried about something," she said. "Sit down and tell me all about it."

Aline sat down and looked about her at the shabby room. By that curious process of the human mind which makes the spectacle of another's misfortune a palliative for one's own, she was feeling oddly comforted already. Her thoughts were not definite and she could not analyze them; but what they amounted to was that, though it was an unpleasant thing to be bullied by a dyspeptic father, the world manifestly held worse tribulations, which her father's other outstanding quality, besides dyspepsia—wealth, to wit—enabled her to avoid.

It was at this point that the dim beginnings of philosophy began to invade her mind. The thing resolved itself almost into an equation. If father had not had indigestion he would not have bullied her. But, if father had not made a fortune he would not have had indigestion. Therefore, if father had not made a fortune he would not have bullied her. Practically, in fact, if father did not bully her he would not be rich. And if he were not rich

She took in the faded carpet, the stained wall paper and the soiled curtains with a comprehensive glance. It certainly cut both ways. She began to be a little ashamed of her misery.

"It's nothing at all, really," she said. "I think I've been making rather a fuss about very little."

Joan was relieved. The struggling life breeds moods of depression, and such a mood had come to her just before Aline's arrival. Life, at that moment, had seemed to stretch before her like a dusty, weary road, without hope She was sick of fighting. She wanted money and ease, and a surcease from this perpetual race with the weekly bills. The mood had been the outcome, though she did not realize it, of her yesterday's meeting with Aline.

Mr. Peters might be unguarded in his speech when conversing with his daughter—he might play the tyrant toward her in many ways; but he did not stint her in the matter of dress allowance, and, on the occasion when she met Joan, Aline had been wearing so Parisian a hat and a tailor-made suit of such obviously expensive simplicity that green-eyed envy had almost spoiled Joan's pleasure at meeting this friend of her opulent days.

She had suppressed the envy, and it had revenged itself by assaulting her afresh in the form of the worst fit of the blues she had had in two years. She had been loyally ready to sink her depression in order to alleviate Aline's, but it was a distinct relief to find that the feat would not be necessary.

"Never mind," she said. "Tell me what the very little thing was."

"It was only father," said Aline simply.

Joan cast her mind back to the days of school and placed father as a rather irritable person, vaguely reputed to be something of an ogre in his home circle.

"Was he angry with you about something?" she asked.

"Not exactly angry with me; but—well, I was there"

Joan's depression lifted slightly. She had forgotten, in the stunning anguish of the sudden spectacle of that hat and that tailor-made suit, that Paris hats and hundred-and-twenty-dollar suits not infrequently had what the vulgar term a string attached to them. After all, she was independent. She might have to murder her beauty with frocks that had never been nearer Paris than the Tottenham Court Road; but at least no one bullied her because she happened to be at hand when tempers were short.

"What a shame!" she said. "Tell me all about it."

With a prefatory remark that it was all so ridiculous, really, Aline narrated the afternoon's events.

Joan heard her out, checking a strong disposition to giggle. Her viewpoint was that of the average person, and the average person cannot see the importance of the scarab in the scheme of things. The opinion she formed of Mr. Peters was of his being an eccentric old gentleman making a great to-do about nothing at all. Losses had to have a concrete value before they could impress Joan. It was beyond her to grasp that Mr. Peters would sooner have lost a diamond necklace, if he had happened to possess one, than his Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty.

It was not until Aline, having concluded her tale, added one more strand to it that she found herself treating the matter seriously.

"Father says he would give five thousand dollars to anyone who would get it back for him."

"What!"

The whole story took on a different complexion for Joan. Money talks. Mr. Peters' words might have been merely the rhetorical outburst of a heated moment; but, even discounting them, there seemed to

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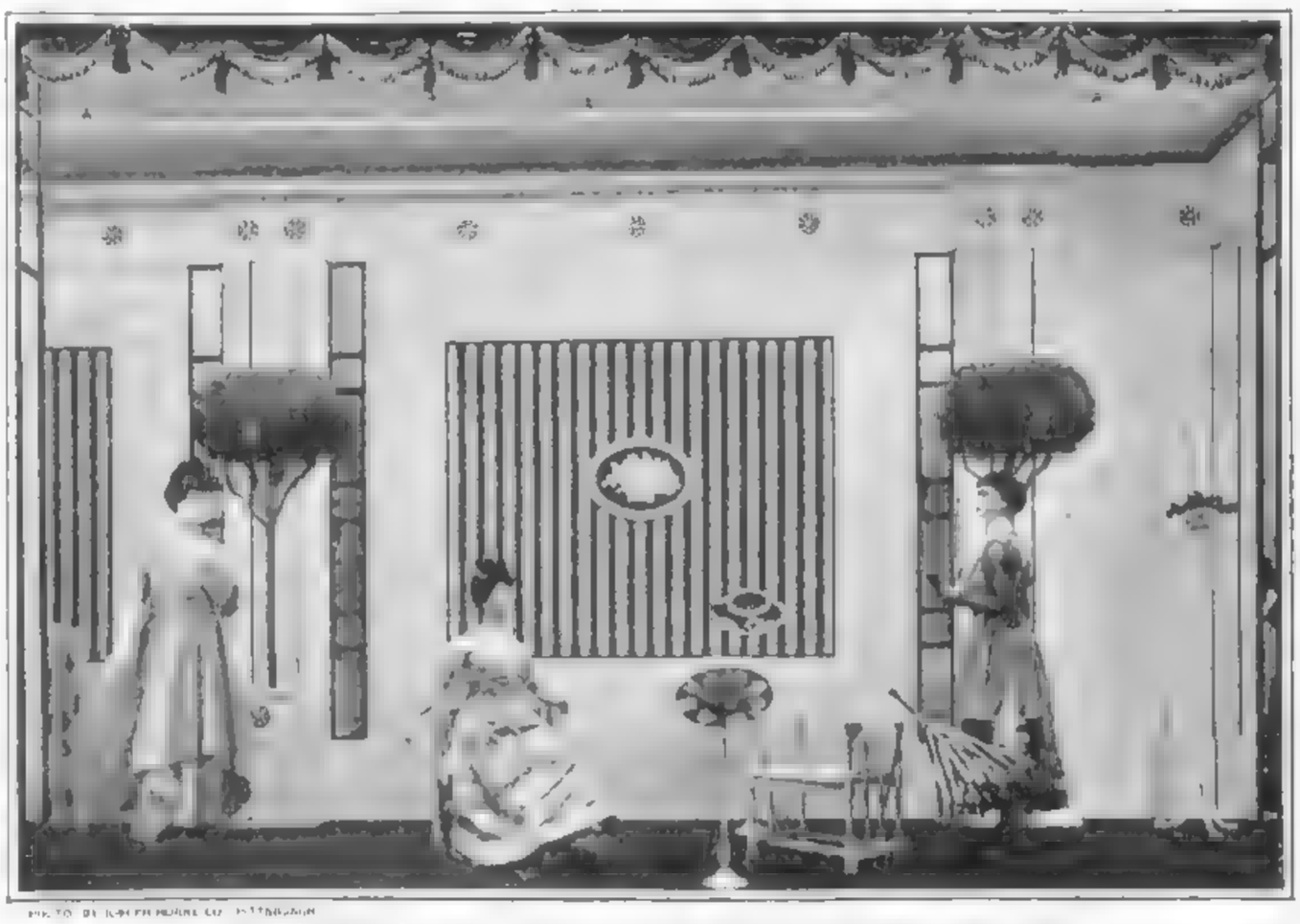
"Don't Sit There Saying 'Father!' I'd Rather the Old Pirate Had Taken the House and Lot Than That Scarab"

THE MERRY WINDOW

Some Stunts in Modern Merchandise Display

By CORINNE LOWE



Each Window Becomes a Picture Painted With the Care of a Meissonier

"LINGERIE show!" snapped the display manager, hanging up the receiver. "Get Rackameer, dress her in one of those new doo-doos Miss Brown gives you, and have her ready for appearance."

His assistant grumbled:

"I'm tired of that sanitarium beauty. She's worn every night-gown and negligee that's ever come out."

"Never mind," responded the chief soothingly; "she's the best we've got. Then, of course, we'll have Fi-fi and Lou-lou, and the other two that just came over."

The assistant thereupon departed on his mission, and only the boy, gilding vases and stands and other window fixtures in the next room, appreciated the full intensity of his objections. In a few moments he returned, supporting a beautiful young woman small of head, lissome of figure, and with finger nails so pink and shining that they looked as though they had just been washed up by the sea.

"Damsel in distress! Oh, you Prisoner of Zenda!" chuckled the chief, whose sense of humor had not yet been dimmed by the routine of his work.

"Gentleman in distress!" panted the assistant, placing his charge unceremoniously on the deep window sill and looking at her with unmerited distaste.

"Rackameer" was not moved by the scrutiny now accorded her. The pale hands, pink-tipped, lay quietly in her lap; the smile dipped into no twilight of self-doubt; the dark eyes gazed out serenely as ever through their heavy fan of lashes. And when, after a while, the chief and his assistant dived into a pile of white stuff, just brought up from the lingerie department, there was no demur at the choice.

All this was hardly strange. Three years before, in direct defiance of the contract-labor laws, the lady had been brought from France to pose for this New York department store. She was, therefore, used to this professional manner toward her charms. Furthermore, in spite of an old superstition, the wax of which she was made did not render her impressionable.

Rackameer represented, in fact, one of the triumphs of this particular department store. Three years ago, when the Empire styles of lingerie came to the fore, the organization had ordered from Paris a wax facsimile of the famous beauty of the Empire who was beloved by Chateaubriand. Chateaubriand did not address her as Rackameer. He gave to the name the full benefit of that frilled and pleated French pronunciation; yet, at a moment's glance, he would have recognized the beaming lady on the *chaise longue* as Madame Récamier, favorite of three generations. The wax lady reproduced almost perfectly, in fact, the face and pose of a famous portrait of Récamier; and, clad in her Empire nighty, she made the hit of the enormous lingerie show held that year.

Four Ladies of Lyons Come to Town

SINCE then she has been utilized in many window exhibits and various other displays. Purchased at a cost of three hundred dollars, she is easily the dominating figure in the colony of imported and domestic wax models quartered there in the property rooms of this New York store.

Here, just as in real life, she holds a salon; and—beautiful as are Fi-fi and Lou-lou, stately as is the elderly Mrs. Ranterbilt, vivacious as is Dodo the American girl—all sit meekly in the shadow of the limpid-gazed Rackameer.

Nevertheless, Fi-fi and Lou-lou and their two sisters—all just arrived from abroad—have personal charms of their own to occupy a Boswell. All these ladies have gone through various adventures. Made by the most famous molder of wax models in the world, they were designed for an exhibit at the silk exposition held in Lyons this year. Attracting there the attention of an American buyer attending the exposition, they were brought by him to New York, to form the special feature of his own spring opening of silks.

In the matter of transportation even a Pekingese could have demanded no greater luxury than was granted these four beautiful *émigrées*. That they might suffer no stab of homesickness for the white, poplar-ranked roads of France, the gowns they wore at Lyons, the suite of furniture specially designed for them, and even the gorgeous gold and velvet cushions, priced forty dollars each, were included among their personal effects. The entire exhibit cost the organization three thousand dollars; and, as soon as it was over, the display manager incorporated the four immigrants, their furniture and their costly cushions with the properties on which he draws for his ordinary displays.

A glance at these pampered wax models, as they stand there in the decorating department of the store, is sufficient to make anyone realize recent strides in the art of merchandise display. Note the delicate blue veining of arms and neck and hands, the perfect finger nails, the modeling of throat and shoulders, and the graceful, lifelike postures that distinguish each of these models, and you will see how far we have progressed from the old-fashioned way of doing things. These perfected figures represent, too, only one of the many pebbles thrown into the stagnant waters of other-day merchandising.

Even ten years ago the display manager of a department store was only an incident of metropolitan merchandising. He trimmed windows, of course, and he got up some special displays; he possessed fixtures and he was acquainted with wax models. Every December he was apt to go through his formula of Christmas-tree and holly trims, and every spring he was apt to dish up some canary birds—garnished with pussy willows—on fresh cottons; yet it is only within the past few years that his responsibilities have widened to their present broad horizon.

To-day the display manager is one of the big men in the department-store organization. Commanding a salary of from five to ten thousand dollars a year, presiding over perhaps one hundred thousand dollars' worth of properties and directing an annual expenditure of from one hundred to two hundred thousand dollars, his duties are necessarily acrobatic.

Under his direction come not only store, Subway and Elevated windows, but fashion shows, holiday decorations, concerts and special demonstrations. He may manage a moving-picture show, run every day for the benefit of store patrons; he is sometimes in charge of an information bureau where may be purchased tickets for all the local attractions; he is likely to run from staging a lecture on Twilight Sleep to fixing up things for an indoor golf tournament. And, in order to meet all the varied requirements of his position, he must be a rare mosaic composed of scenic decorator, lady's maid, botanist, landscape gardener, carpenter, antiquarian, electrician, dressmaker, draftsman, and interior decorator.

Naturally, of course, the chief of the department does not attend in person to every detail of the prescribed work. On the contrary, he possesses a staff varying in number from fifteen to twenty-five men, each of whom has frequently specialized in the arrangement of merchandise. Smith, for instance, may excel at decorating a men's-clothes window. Jones may possess a corresponding skill in the presentation of uncut goods. Brown may confine himself entirely to painting the beautiful blue breakers for a bathing-suit scene or the bosky recesses of a summer resort. Then, too, for special occasions such as the fashion shows and the Christmas decorations, there is employed a big extra force of carpenters, gardeners, scenic decorators and general-utility men.

It is not strange that in this day of evolved merchandising so much stress is laid on special displays. As between the classic requirements of bread and circuses, there is decidedly not so much room for variation in the former commodity as in the latter. So many stores possess equal reputations for good merchandise, exclusive models and excellent service that an organization must obviously rely on some other differentiation.

So, in an effort to distract trade from Vandeer and Company, that department store up the street which represents the same quality of bread as their own, Hawker and Company have got to get up something very superior in the way of a circus. Window displays, fashion shows, special demonstrations—these antics must be unusual enough to draw the crowd.

Such Details as Teacup Handles

CONSIDER as first ring of the circus the store window. Times have certainly changed since we filled this with most of our merchandise and let the rest of the store take care of itself. To-day we get an unpleasant shock when we see one of those jungles of merchandise where three prehensile wash frocks climb up each of the columns of the window, and where the more accessible portions of this area are overgrown with six suits, eight shirtwaists and five children's coats, each marked conspicuously with its price. For the entire effort of the day is toward elimination in this respect, and the best display managers in the country sacrifice direct-selling results to the larger benefit of pictorial and realistic reproduction.

Each window of a department store becomes, under this idealistic impulse, a picture painted with the care of a Meissonier. Before fitting up a furniture or china or lingerie window the display manager generally draws a picture, maps out a color scheme, and carefully prepares every wax model and fixture and plant a day or two before these are placed behind glass.

An instance of the care expended on a single exhibit is afforded by the fact that, in arranging a window of Japanese goods, one New York manager employed a famous native artist residing in this country to paint the background and advise on the composition of the display. Another comes from the criticism directed against one store because the cups of a china-sale window had been inadvertently placed with their handles toward the left instead of in the proper position.

In picture windows it is admitted that the stores from Pittsburgh to San Francisco are more persistently successful than those of the East. Chicago, for instance, we find synonymous with the most decorative and costly displays that are seen anywhere in the world. Conducted by display managers who are professional artists, these windows

never once lapse into the old vernacular of price signs and miscellaneous merchandise. The principle of such display men is that those who live in glass houses should always throw tones; and for this reason every exhibit reveals a perfectly adjusted color scheme.

Suppose, for example, there is a beautiful imported model of mauve-colored silk, which the buyer of the department wishes to show. The display manager thereupon puts this gown on one of his most exquisite wax models, places the solitary figure before a dressing table in what is in reality a boudoir, sees to it that rugs and furniture all harmonize with the gown; and then, as a last touch, places in the corner of the window a gigantic bowl of orchids. The flowers probably cost as much as the frock itself, but their costliness cannot prevent an entirely subservient position. They are there to sound in every shimmering petal the peal of lavender from that one beautiful gown.

Only one gown and one hat are exploited in this costly window—a fact that in other times, and no doubt in other stores, would be considered little short of profligacy. Yet the sacrifice of the old-fashioned sale window to the requirements of the picture display has resulted in a tremendously increased advertising efficiency. In a large sense the picture window does pay.

In order to achieve an artistic product the construction of the store window must be of a kind to encourage it. For this reason the department-store buildings erected during recent years have paid great attention to window and all other facilities for display. Under recent treatment the former become, in fact, good-sized rooms, of which every fixture is perfectly adjusted to the needs of modern exploitation.

Most sensational of all the new varieties is the elevator window, which may be let down to the basement for trimming and thus avoids the curtained space that must otherwise occur during the decoration of the window. This system has been installed on one entire side of one of our newest and most beautifully appointed New York stores. In addition the space devoted by day to the entrance is filled by night with an extra glass room, which has been raised miraculously from the sidewalk and reminds one of those castles picked out of the air by the good old magic of Bagdad.

Let us, however, go back to the store circus man under whose direction appear Rackameer and Fi-fi and Lou-lou. It is a day in April, and, as you may remember perhaps, he is getting ready the wax figures and other fixtures for an advance window of the great May lingerie sale. His assistant is at his side, and Rackameer, attired now with Spartan brevity in a brand-new 1915 nightgown, is reclining languidly on the window sill. Beside her lies a foam of lingerie and a beautifully executed blueprint of the coming week's window allotment. By and by the telephone begins to nag; and the display man, as he answers it, instinctively picks up the aforementioned diagram.

"Naw!" you hear him say as he consults his blueprint. "Can't have it this week. Wait until next. Yes; I'll give you a good one then. What? Big week to make? Well, maybe, considering it's such a bad year, we'll make it a sale window and give you pretty little price signs under every hat.

"Confound it!" says he, hanging up the receiver and twirling his chart into the passive lap of the Empire beauty. "Aren't they the newest thing in gnats—these buyers! Always wanting me to get up some old sale window for them."

Right here is struck a significant note. The position of the display manager who wants to do picture windows is exactly comparable to that of the department-store advertisement writer who wants to quote Herrick and put a beautiful border about some gingham frocks. In neither case is Art palatable to the buyer. In both cases the apostles of beauty and light are met with a stubborn contention that quotations of prices bring the results.

As has been said, practically all the big stores from Pittsburgh out to the Pacific Coast have turned their backs on this direct commercial appeal in window exploitation. Here in the East, however, the pale purple soul of the artist is always being seared by such harsh requests. Reluctantly he will tell you, too, that the window with the price marks often does create business. For instance, the manager of Rackameer admits that a recent millinery window, where prices were proclaimed beneath each exhibit, "sold every hat in the window."

The question may here very properly be asked: Who assigns the window space? This depends on the character of the organization. In most of the big stores the difficult task falls on the merchandise manager; in others, however, the circus man himself meets, with the patient smile of Buddha, those frantic demands for a window. The particular display manager of whom we are speaking belongs to this latter class; and if you have ever seen twelve sparrows squabbling over a single crumb, or twelve department-store buyers pleading for a table in the Main Aisle, you have some idea of his tragic plight.

We left Rackameer attired in her usual light and night clothing, and her manager sulking over the inconsiderate demands of commerce. From this mood he revived presently to say:

"Boudoir scene for the central window. Pink and white, I suppose—huh?"

The assistant nodded.

"Yep; the ice-cream effect is always best in lingerie. But what sort of furniture are you going to use? That Empire stuff won't do this year, you know. How about an 1850 scene—furniture and everything to go with it?"

"Pooh!" scoffed the chief. "They didn't have furniture in those days. They had abscesses of upholstery, with fringes hanging to them. Still, I might look it up in the furniture book and see what I can do." He knitted his brows and then took out the stitches. "Come to think of it," he exclaimed gleefully, "it's a mighty good idea. Some of that Civil War stuff is so ugly it would startle anybody into looking in at the window. Yep; I guess you're right. We'll run round to the antique shop and get some."

"It's a pretty good stunt, I think," replied the assistant modestly. "You know we want to show some of those new hooped petticoats in that window. They're the feature of the season, I understand."

"Great!" said the chief, warming up to the subject. "Everything's 1850 this year. I was talking to Miss Brown

(Continued on Page 53)

H. R.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XXVII

THE newspapers did nobly. Too many prominent names were involved for them not to print the news. There was an opportunity for using real humor and impressive statistics in describing the new labor-saving machinery. The marvelous efficiency of H. R. as a practical philanthropist, demonstrated by his elimination of people who had money with which to buy food, raised the story to the realm of pure literature.

There was also a serious aspect to the entire affair. All the hungry men, women and children in Greater New York who had no money had been fed. Assuming, as was probable, that most of the hungry were not bona-fide residents of New York, it showed that in the metropolis of the Western world less than one-thousandth of the total population were hungry and penniless. No other city in the world could boast of such statistics.

H. R.'s work was not finished, however. Before he retired for the night, he composed thirty-eight communications for the Public Sentiment Corps to send out the next day to the newspapers. A sample will suffice:

It has been clearly proved that New York is a great big city, with a great big heart. As always, it responded generously to the call of charity. The Hunger Feast at Madison Square Garden was an extraordinary bit of municipal psychology and an illuminating object lesson. Why not make permanent a state of mind of the public that does so much to dispel the danger of a bloody revolution? Social unrest can be cured by only one thing—charity! Man does not need justice. He needs the good will of other men.

The newspapers have in their power the checking of the hysterical and un-American clamor against individual fortunes. They can throw open their columns! Treat charity as though it were as important as baseball—or at least billiards. Carry a regular Department of Charity every day. Put charity on the map of New York! Give your readers a chance to be kind. It will be a novelty to many, but it will help all—the giver no less than the beneficiary. If you will agree, Mr. Editor, I'll send check.

Other specimens emphasized the nonsectarian phase of such charities as that conceived and carried to success by one of the most remarkable men in a city where the best brains of the country admittedly resided. Intelligent charity, wisely discriminating, truly helpful, had been placed for all time among the possibilities. There was a demand for the opportunity to be decent and kind. Let the newspapers supply it.

If your readers want lurid accounts of murder trials and divorce cases let them have them. If they want expert advice on how to help their fellow men give that to them, also. It remains to be seen whether there is one newspaper in New York that knows real news when it sees it!

There were thirty-eight epistolary models in all.

On the afternoon of the day following the Mammoth Hunger Feast H. R. called at the Goodchild residence.

"Frederick, tell Miss Grace ——"

"She 'as gone, sir!" said Frederick tragically. He worshiped H. R.

"Did she leave word when she would return?"

"She 'as gone, sir!" persisted Frederick, in abysmal distress at the news and at his inability to convey it in letters of molten meteors. He added: "To Philadelphia."

It sounded to him like Singapore. He did not think there was much difference anyhow.

"Philadelphia?" echoed H. R. blankly.

"Yes, sir!" said Frederick with sad triumph.

"Whatever in the world can she ——"

H. R. caught himself in time. He had nearly reduced himself to the level of humanity—well called dead level—by confessing ignorance aloud.

"Mrs. Goodchild is at 'ome, sir!" suggested Frederick ingratiatingly.

"Mighty good place for her!" muttered H. R. savagely and gave Frederick a five-dollar gold piece. In some respects, Frederick admitted, America was ahead of the old country.

H. R. walked away, frowning fiercely. He went nearly a block before he smiled. Love always interferes with the chemistry of the stomach and hits the brain through the toxins. What an ass he was not to have realized the truth on the instant!

Grace had run away from him!

He returned to his office and told Andrew Barrett to set the Public Sentiment Corps at work on forty-two more letters to the editors. The consciousness of Grace's confessed weakness gave him an eloquence he had never before known.

The newspapers always know they have made a bull's-eye when they get letters from their readers. It is an obvious fact that a man who writes is a steady customer—at least until his communication is printed.

The Public Sentiment Corps merely started the ball rolling. An avalanche of letters from all sorts and conditions of men, women and merchants descended on the editorial offices.

The newspapers of New York, moved thereto by the irresistible public demand for it, thereupon announced that they would thereafter run Charity as a regular department. It would be strictly nonsectarian. One paper printed a full-page biography of Saint Vincent de Paul, and satanically invited some of its pet aversions to send in their autobiographies.

All the papers informed the charitable men and women of New York that checks, clothing, supplies, and so on, could be sent to the Charity Editor.

All the papers, also, invited H. R. to accept the editorship of the page. His duties would consist of allowing his name to be printed at the top of the page.

He declined their offers with profound regret, but promised to give interviews to the reporters whenever they wished. Personal matters precluded his acceptance of their kind invitations.

The personal matters consisted of the boom in sandwich advertising. It was not uncommon to see "Sandwich Board Maker, Approved by the S. A. S. A.," on signs in various parts of the city. A new industry!

XXVIII

MEANTIME Grace was in Philadelphia. She had gone there for sundry reasons. The telephone calls told on her nerves. Mr. Goodchild had to install a new one, the number of which was not printed in the Directory, but confided to intimate friends. Requests for autographs, interviews, money, food, advice, name of soap habitually used, permission to name massage ointments and face lotions after her, contributions to magazines, and ten thousand other things, had been coming in by mail or were made in person by friends and strangers, until Grace, in desperation, decided to go on a visit to Philadelphia. She craved peace.

Ruth Fiddle had long urged her to come. Grace had agreed to be one of her bridesmaids in June, and Ruth naturally wished to discuss marriage.

Ruth delightedly met Grace at the station. Two young men were with Ruth. One was her fiancé. The other was a very nice chap, who had blood, brains and money. His ancestors had been William Penn's grandfather's landlords in Bristol, England, and he himself had once written a story which he had sent to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. His father was in coal, railroads and fire insurance.

They decided to adjourn to the Fairview-Hartford for luncheon. Before so doing, they talked.

Ruth asked a thousand excited questions about the Hunger Feast, Fame and the Rutgers Roll. Grace answered and then confided to Ruth her iron resolve never

to marry H. R. She admitted that he was as great as the papers said; even greater—and, besides, good-looking. But her determination was inflexible.

Ruth, to show she approved, told Grace that Monty the writer—was her fiancé's chum and African hunting companion. Monty himself told Miss Goodchild that there was a good story in the whole affair; in fact, two stories. In both of them the heroine ——

He looked at her and nodded his head convincingly.

"Drawn from life," he added. "Of course I'll have to know you—I mean, the heroine—better. But don't you think she'd make a great one?"

Grace was not thrilled a bit. She was not even politely interested. What was such talk, she impartially asked herself, to one who had been madly cheered by thousands? Still, he was a nice boy—not so consciously clever as New Yorkers, who chose to regard themselves as vaudeville wits.

Finally they adjourned, got into the waiting motor and went to the Fairview-Hartford, where the eating is better than in any New York hotel.

As they were about to enter the dining room, Grace Goodchild put on her restaurant look of utter unconsciousness and stone deafness and blindness, which had grown into a habit since she became famous. She entered the dining room ahead of the others, as usual. She took nine steps before she stopped short.

Her face went pale. Nobody had stopped eating! Nobody had turned round to stare! Nobody had stage-whispered: "There she is!" No woman had said: "Do you think she is as beautiful as the newspapers try to make out?" Not one imbecile male look; not one feminine sneer! Nothing! No Fame!

"What's the matter?" asked Monty in alarm.

Grace felt an overwhelming desire to stand there until the people looked, even though it took a year. As the century-long seconds passed she barely could resist the impulse to shout "Fire!"

"Anything wrong?" whispered Monty, with real concern.

"N-no; nothing!" she stammered, and followed Ruth, who had passed her, unnoticing.

Her color returned as wrath dispelled amazement. For the first time since H. R. began to woo her in public places with sandwiches, Grace Goodchild actually had to eat food in a restaurant!

She was *distraite* throughout the luncheon. She thought Monty was an ass. And the other feeding beasts must have read the New York papers! There was absolutely no excuse.

In the evening the same thing happened—that is, nothing happened. The Fiddles' friends tried to be particularly nice to her by talking of the opera, novels, the dancing craze, the resurgence of the Republican Party, and Cubism. That only made it worse. And not one knew the Rutgers Roll!

The next day Ruth and the young men took her to the Philadelphia Country Club. Same thing! And later to a dance. Again, the same thing!

Her good looks, her gowns and her nice manners made a very favorable impression on Ruth's friends, male and female, young and old. Hang 'em, that is all it did! It was like Lucullus being asked to eat sanitary biscuits.

She had resolved not to marry H. R. She had wanted peace, but not in a burial crypt. On the fourth day of extinction she said to Ruth after breakfast:

"My dear, I must return to New York."

"Oh, no! Grace, darling, I've accepted seventeen — "

"I must, Ruth. I simply must go home!"

"But Monty is coming at one o'clock to take us to his father's ——"

Grace felt like saying that Monty could take himself to Hades or Atlantic City; but she merely shook her head—she dared not trust herself to speak.

Ruth appealed to her mother; but Mrs. Fiddle shrugged her shoulders and said:

"No use! New York!" She herself was a Van Duzen.

And so Grace Goodchild returned home five days before she was expected.

"I couldn't stand it, mother," she explained, almost tearfully.

"Very well," said Mrs. Goodchild.

What else can a mother say in New York? And is it not right to stand by your own flesh and blood?

Grace hesitated, full of perplexities and unformulated doubts, and an exasperating sense of indecision. She felt like opening the book of her soul to other eyes; to hear advice—or, at least, opinions.

"I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with you, mother," said Grace hesitatingly.

Then she apologized self-defensively: "It concerns my future, dear."

"Yes, darling," said Mrs. Goodchild absently. "I don't think I'd like it slit quite so much as Celestine's. Grace, love, will you run over to Lapin's Spring Exhibition at the Fitz-Marlton and look at it? It is next to the black that Mrs. Van Vervain liked. I have an appointment with Celestine ——"

Grace knew that the selection of a husband could wait, for fashions in that line do not change so quickly as in skirts. She dutifully said:

"I will!" She, also, had her eye on one.

Before going to Lapin's display she stopped at Morton's. The store flunky opened the door of her motor and smiled happily when he saw who it was. She was made subtly conscious that he was dying to announce her name to the world at the top of his enthusiastic voice. Life in New York had its compensations after all.

She entered. The shopgirls whispered to the customers on whom they were waiting. The customers turned quickly and stared at Grace Goodchild.

"She often comes here!" she heard the pretty little thing in charge of seventy-two glove boxes say proudly to a customer.

The girl who waited on Grace was a stranger. Nevertheless, when Grace told her, "I'll take these," the girl said

"Very well, Miss Goodchild."

"Oh!" gasped Grace. "You know me?"

"What d'ye t'ink I am?" said the girl indignantly. "Say, it was great, Miss Goodchild!"

The worship in the girl's eyes kept the language from being offensive

"Thank you!"

"If I Have a Man's Work to Do I Shall Succeed Only Because the Reward is You!"

"I hope you'll be very happy," said the girl, and blushed. "Oh, I didn't mean to be—I—I couldn't help wishing it, Miss Goodchild!"

"I'm sure I'm very grateful for your good wishes," Grace told her graciously.

The child's—age twenty-four—eyes filled with tears As Grace walked away the girl's lips moved raptly. She was memorizing "dem words"

"Isn't she a pippin?" asked a pert young floorwalker as he passed by.

"That's all you know. She's a empress!" rebukingly corrected Mayme.

On her way out Grace went through the same craning of necks, the same vivid curiosity, the same half-audible murmurs, the same spitefulness in the eyes of the women who, though rich, were not famous.

At Lapin's wonderful exhibition of models Grace saw exactly what she wished to see. It would be worthy of her, and of her figure and throat. One who is photographed many times a week has to have gowns. Not to have them is almost immoral. Grace was so concerned with doing her duty toward the public that she forgot she had come to see the third one, next to Mrs. Van Vervain's black. She was nearly halfway home before she remembered what her mother had asked her to do.

Grace went back to the Fitz-Marlton. Dress was a public service. Mrs. Goodchild's clothes must tell the public whose mother she was.

Grace told the chauffeur, "Home!" and began to tap with her right foot on the rug of the motor.

The realization of the obligations of her position turned her thoughts into serious channels. Pleasure could be made a duty. Blessed, indeed, is she in whose mind, as in a vast cathedral, pleasure and duty solemnly contract nuptials.

This beautiful figure of speech, in turn, made her think of marriage. If she married Reggie or Mr. Watson or Percival, or one of the others, what would her married life be? What? One long visit away from New York!

"I could kill him!" she said to the flower holder, frowning fiercely.

Happening to catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror, for that purpose provided in all town cars, Grace smoothed her brow and smiled. A man would have required slathers of flattery to dispel ill humor. With a woman, the truth is enough. A mirror does not lie. Providence is more than kind to them—even automatic.

If she would not marry Reggie or the others, and did marry H. R. ——, But how could she?

She was an imaginative American girl, with a sunshiny soul and much vitality, who lived in New York. She thought of her marriage to H. R. How could she? Then she thought of the newspapers The mound of clippings that instantly loomed before her made her gasp. What would not the newspapers do when she married him? Especially if H. R., prompted by love, really made an effort!

She was forced to admit that he was a remarkable man. She saw him—a leader of men, full of original ideas, disdainful of those obstacles that social usage places in the path of men who can vault over mountains—young, virile, impudently fearless; himself to be feared, unless properly handled. She shook her head

"Papa will never consent!" she said aloud.

Indeed, the only thing that reconciled papa to the ungrateful task of living was the steady growth of the bank's deposits. It was due, Mr. Goodchild often declared, to his more energetic, far-sighted management. But he could not speak about H. R. without profanity.

Parental opposition was not everything. She would think about it. Marriage was a serious thing.

XXIX

THE motor stopped. She had arrived at her house. The door was opened by H. R. She started back. Then she looked at him curiously, almost awe-strickenly, as though her wishes had taken on magical properties of automatic fulfillment.

Was this the same remarkable person she had almost deified on the way from Lapin's exhibition? What would he say? She hoped he might not spoil everything by some inanity.

He held out his hand to help her alight. She took it instinctively, already self-defensive. Then he spoke.

"It was time!" he said, and walked beside her—but a couple of inches ahead.

That was because, though he was an American husband-to-be, he was also a man, a protector and a leader. Such men are cave men, minus the club.

Grace at times was not a true Goodchild. This time she said nothing.

Frederick opened the door. His face expressed no sense of the unusualness of the sight.

H. R., with the air of a host, led Grace into the drawing room. He stood beside her in the gorgeous Louis Fifteenth room.

"Grace," he said gently, "for twenty-nine days I've been the unhappiest man in all New York. For five, the unhappiest in the entire world!"

"Will you kindly release my hand?" she asked.

No sooner had the words left her lips than she realized they were piffle. Then she began to laugh. It was her official acknowledgment that there were no social barriers between them.

"All over but the mailing list!" he said to her. "Sit down here; by me!"

Something within her stirred to revolt. Unfortunately he did not release her hand, but led her to the historic divan—part of the suite for which Mr. Goodchild had paid eighteen thousand five hundred dollars, in the Sunday supplement. Marie Antoinette had been seated in that very place when De Rohan brought the famous diamond necklace to show her—same place; third column; fourth page.

"I think that for sheer, unadulterated impudence ——" she began, without any anger, because she was too busy trying to decide what she must do to him to put an end to a situation that had become intolerable—at least in its present shape.

"Grace, don't talk nonsense! Just let me look at you."

He held her at arm's length from himself and looked at her full in the eyes. He saw that they were blue and clear and steady, and looked fearlessly at him—the stare of a child who does not know why she should be afraid. If they do not watch out, that fearlessness becomes anything but childish—in New York. He continued to stare, steadily, unblinkingly into them.

"I can't stand it!" he said hoarsely, and blinked his eyes. Then he closed them—tight.

She had felt his keen eyes bore through her, into her very soul of souls—a look that frightened until it warmed; and after it warmed, it again frightened—in another way.

She saw a wonderfully well-shaped head and very clean-looking hair, and a very healthy-looking clear-cut face, and very strong shoulders, and very masterful hands. And from all of him came waves that thrilled—the mysterious waves which compel and dominate all women to whom life merely means this life.

At length he spoke, with an effort.

"We shall be married in Grace Chapel," he said. He grew calmer and added: "People will think it was named for you!"

"I am not going to marry you!" she declared vehemently.

"No. I am going to marry you. After you are my wife, naturally we shall talk about it. That will enable us to learn whether we shall stay married or not. Grace," he said earnestly, "I'll do anything you wish."

"Leave this house, then."

"It's your house, dear," he reminded her gently; "and I am your guest. That puts it out of your power to enforce your desire. Don't you see?"

She tacitly admitted that there was an etiquette of hospitality by asking coldly:

"Why should I marry you?" It did not seem an impossibility now.

"I can't give you as many reasons as I might if you asked why I should marry you. The principal two are that I love you and that I am the only man Grace Goodchild can marry and still remain Grace Goodchild."

It seemed to her impossible that he could be talking about marriage seriously, and more than impossible that she could be listening and not really and truly think it impossible.

"People know you as Grace Goodchild. After the marriage they will know you as the Grace Goodchild that H. R. has married. What would become of you if you ceased to be Grace Goodchild?"

She thought of it and shuddered. But he thought he had not convinced her. He rose and said to her:

"Oh, my love! You are so utterly and completely beautiful that if I have a man's work to do I shall succeed only because the reward is you! I have come to the turning point in my career, and I must have the light of your eyes to guide me."

She did not love him, and therefore she heard his words very distinctly; but she was a woman, and she was thrilled by his look, his voice and his manner. He was no longer a mountebank to her, but an unusual man. And when she thought of not marrying him her mind reverted in some

"She Often Comes Here!" She Heard the Pretty Little Thing in Charge of Seventy-Two Glove Boxes Say

curious way to Philadelphia where she was treated just like any other girl. But this man must not think he could win her by stage speeches, even though they might be real. She said to him determinedly:

"We might as well understand each other ——"

"I am the creature; you are the creator. You are very beautiful—very! But you have much more than beauty. You have brains! I think your heart is a marvelous lute ——"

"A what?" she asked curiously. Even in anger no woman will allow the catalogue to be skimped or obscured.

"A lute; a wonderful musical instrument, which some day will be played by a master hand. When you cease to be merely a girl and become a woman, with your capacity for loving—when you let yourself go! Ah!" He closed his eyes and trembled.

All women, at heart, love to be accused of being psychic pyromaniacs.

"'There will I give thee my loves!'" he muttered, quoting from the Song of Songs.

She knew it was not original, because he said it so solemnly.

She dared not ask from whom the quotation was. It sounded like Swinburne.

"Come!" He was not quoting this time. He stood before her, his face tense, his eyes aflame, his arms stretched imploringly toward her.

She met his gaze—and then she could not look away. She saw the wonderful man of whom the papers had printed miles of columns, who had made all New York talk of him for weeks, who was young and strong and comely and masterful, who had an old name and a fighting jaw; whose words stirred the pulses like a quickstep on the piccolo.

And his eyes made her understand what was meant by actinic rays. They were looking at her, piercing through her mind until she felt herself subtly divested of all concealments.

Then she trembled, and thrilled, and blushed, and frowned. And her thoughts became the thoughts of a woman who is wooed by life, by love, by a man's red blood and her own.

Her inhibitions turned to ashes. Lifelong mental habits withered and shriveled and vanished in microscopic flakes, until into her self-hypnotized consciousness there came the eternal query of the woman who has stopped running: "What can I give to this man?"

And Hendrik, seeing her face, held his shaking hands before her, impatiently beckoning to her to come. Some unseen spirit took her slim hands and, without consulting her, placed them in his. And then he kissed her.

The heavens flamed. She pushed him from her quickly and sank back on the divan on which Marie Antoinette was not sitting on the day when De Rohan did not bring the diamond necklace, which did not cause the French Revolution, though Mr. Goodchild had paid eighteen thousand five hundred dollars for the historical suite, in the Sunday supplement.

xxx

IT IS difficult for a man to know what to do after the first kiss. A second kiss is not so wise, because it impairs mental efficiency by rendering irresistible the desire for a third and fourth.

A banal remark is equally fatal.

Hendrik Rutgers was no ordinary man. He knew that one kiss does not make one marriage—or even one divorce: but he knew he was at least at the church door, and he had a wonderful ring in his waistcoat pocket. He, therefore, became H. R. once more—cool, calm, master of his fate.

It behooved him to do something. He did. He fell on his knees and reverently bowed his head. And then she heard him say:

"Grant that I may become worthy of her!"

He did not look at her, feeling her eyes on him. But in a diffident, apologetic voice he observed:

"Forgive me, dear! What did you say?"

What could she say? She therefore said it:

"Nothing!"—very softly.

"I was very far from New York—and yet you were with me, my love!"

She thought of Philadelphia—and her hands sought his with that refuge-seeking instinct which cannot be statuted away from them. He met her halfway. He raised her hand to his lips, and his disengaged left sought his waistcoat pocket, where the ring was.

"She is in the drawing room, sir, with Mr. Rutgers," came in faithful Frederick's voice, raised above the menial's pitch.

"What!" they heard Mr. Goodchild ejaculate.

Then the titular owner of the house entered. H. R. bowed politely.

"How do you do?" he said easily. "You are a trifle inopportune. Grace and I were talking over our plans."

Mr. Goodchild turned purple and advanced. Grace rose hastily. H. R. meditatively doubled up his right arm, moved his clenched fist up and down, and felt his biceps with his left hand. Then he smiled contentedly.

Mr. Goodchild remembered his manners and his years at one and the same time. With his second calm thought he remembered the reporters. He gulped twice, and when he spoke it was only a trifle huskily:

"Mr. Rutgers, I have no desire to make a scene in my own house."

H. R. pleasantly pointed to a fauteuil.

"I must ask you ——"

"Sit down, and we'll talk it over quietly. You will find," H. R. assured him earnestly, "that I am not unreasonable. Have a seat."

Mr. Goodchild sat down. H. R. turned to Grace and, with one lightning glance, managed to convey that everybody obeyed him—except one, whose wish was a Federal statute to him.

She looked with a new interest at her father. It was, she realized, the eternal conflict between youth and age. Love the prize! *Gratia victrix!*

"I—I—am willing to admit"—Mr. Goodchild nearly choked as the unusual words came from his larynx—"that you have shown—er—great cleverness in your—er—career; but I must say to you in a kindly way, Mr. Rutgers—in a kindly way, believe me!—that I do not care to have this—er—farce prolonged. If you are after—if there is any reasonable financial consideration that will—er—induce you to desist—I—you ——"

"You have relapsed," interrupted H. R. amiably, "into the language of a bank president. Suppose you now talk like a millionaire."

It was not really a request, but a command. Mr. George G. Goodchild obeyed.

"How much?" he said.

Grace looked as she felt—shocked. She had not fully regained her normal composure; but H. R. was a man who had kissed her. Was this man to be bought off with money? The shame of it almost overwhelmed her. She listened almost painfully to H. R.'s reply.

"I am now," H. R. impassively said to Mr. Goodchild, "waiting for you to talk like a father." Mr. Goodchild stared at him blankly. "Like a father; like a human being," explained H. R. "Grace is no bundle of canceled checks or a lost stock certificate. She is your daughter."

"Well?"

"Excuse me; I mean she is your own flesh and blood—the best of your flesh and blood at that. Your wishes cannot be considered where her happiness is at stake. Therefore, what you think best is merely your personal opinion. It may be of interest to yourself but to nobody else."

Mr. Goodchild quickly opened his mouth; but, before the sound could come, H. R. went on hurriedly:

"Suppose you had set your heart on her becoming a mathematician. Would that make her one?"

"Never!" denied the nonmathematical Grace

Mr. Goodchild shook his head violently and again opened his mouth; but H. R. once more surpassed him in speed, and pursued, calmly argumentative:

"Or suppose you did not believe in vaccination. Is your opinion on that point to be allowed to prevail against the advice of your competent family physician until Grace gets the smallpox and you are forced to acknowledge that you were wrong? Or would even the sight of the most beautiful face in the world, pitted and pock-marked, fail to shake your faith in your own infallibility?"

Grace shuddered.

"Father!" she exclaimed, horror-stricken, and glared at Mr. Goodchild. She was now thinking of paternal opposition in terms of smallpox.

"But ——" angrily expostulated Mr. Goodchild.

"Exactly," agreed H. R. hastily. "That's it. Now for a favor: Will you let me talk business with you? My business!"

Mr. Goodchild's business was to know all about the business of others; but he did not take it home with him. However, before he could do more than shake his head angrily, H. R. went on:

"I am organizing six companies"

Mr. Goodchild nodded noncommittally from force of habit.

"The S. A. S. A. Imperial Sandwich-Board Corporation—capital stock, one million dollars; of which forty per cent goes to the public for cash, forty per cent given to me ——"

"Forty?" irrepressibly objected Mr. Goodchild.

"Forty," repeated H. R. firmly. "I am no hog. I get what my ideas, designs and patents are worth at a fair valuation. And twenty per cent goes to the S. A. S. A."

"Why?" came from Mr. Goodchild before he knew he had spoken bankerwise.

"Because the S. A. S. A. will insist on the company's boards being used by our customers. And besides, as head of the S. A. S. A. I vote that twenty per cent. I thus control sixty per cent; and ——"

"Go on!" Mr. Goodchild interjected very coldly.

"We shall manufacture sandwiches of all kinds, at from one dollar to ten thousand and upward; and "

"Dreadful word! I loathe it!"

"You see, I have sold my ideas, designs and patents, so that, later on, nobody can say my companies were overcapitalized. There is also the Rapid Restaurant Service Appliance Company and four others. Same capitalization; same holdings. The money is all raised. And let me say," finished H. R., sternly accusing, "that the people who furnish the cash and buy the stock get something for their money."

"That's all very well," began Mr. Goodchild contemptuously; "but ——"

"Exactly," said H. R. "I propose to transfer all our accounts to your bank. You know you said you'd like to have mine when I became famous."

"I know nothing about your companies, and care less; but I want to tell you right now ——"

"What interest are you going to allow us on our balances?" cut in H. R

"No interest!" said Mr. Goodchild in a voice that really meant "No Grace!"

H. R. turned to his sweetheart and desiring to forestall desertion, took her hand in his. He said to her:

"Grace, this house is a very nice house. You have spent many happy hours here. But it is, after all, only a house. And New York is New York!"

Grace's hand remained in H. R.'s. "You can't have her!" said Mr. Goodchild furiously.

"Who can't have whom?" asked Mrs. Goodchild, entering the room.

H. R. released Grace's hand, approached Mrs. Goodchild, and, before she knew what he was going to do, threw his right arm about her and kissed her—a loud, filial smack

She quickly and instinctively put one hand up to her hair, for the strange young man had been a trifle effusive But, before she could transform her surprise into vocal sounds, the stranger spoke, in a voice ringing with affectionate sincerity—not too playful, you understand, but convincing, nevertheless:

"Grace inherits her good looks, her disposition and her taste in dress from you. I saw it the first time I met you. Don't you remember? And I warn you now that if I can't marry Grace I'll kill that husband of yours and marry you!"

To prove it, he kissed Mrs. Goodchild again—twice.

"How dare ——" shouted Mr. Goodchild.

"I am not sure," said H. R. to Mrs. Goodchild, "that I want Grace now. Between thirty-two and forty a woman is at her best."

He patted her shoulder, as we paternally do with the young ones, and went back to Grace. It had all happened so quickly that only H. R. was calm.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Goodchild, looking helplessly at Grace.

"What is it, mother?" said H. R., appropriating the affectionate words; and as she did not answer he asked, generally: "What do you say to the eighth?"

"An eighth?" echoed Mr. Goodchild, almost amiably, doubtless thinking of one-eighth of one per cent.

"Of June!" said H. R. "That gives you ample time for everything, Grace. And remember, give the reporters the detailed list of the trousseau."

"There isn't going to be any marriage, and there aren't going to be any nauseating newspaper articles, with pictures of intimate lingerie enough to make a decent man blush," said Mr. Goodchild.

"A really decent man always blushes with shame when he does not give *carte blanche* to his only daughter," said H. R. with great dignity.

"Mr.—er—Rogers," said Mrs. Goodchild.

"Rutgers," corrected her prospective son-in-law; "the '*g*' is hard. It's Dutch—like Roosevelt, Van Rensselaer and Cruger."

"But we don't know anything about your family," she said very seriously.

"Do you know," asked H. R. pleasantly, "the Wittelsbachs?"

"It's beer, isn't it?" she said. It might be the best brewing blood in Christendom, but it was not Wall Street or real estate.

"Good shot!" exclaimed H. R. admiringly. "It is the patronymic of the reigning house of Bavaria. You know—Munich, where beer is the thing. And do you know the Bernadottes?"

"I've heard of them," replied Mrs. Goodchild, made wary by her nonrecognition of a sovereign house.

"It is not French delicatessen, but the royal family of Sweden. And the Hapsburgs? The Emperor of Austria belongs to them. And Romanoff? The Czar of Russia would answer to that if he voted. And there are also the Hohenzollerns and the Bourbons and the Braganças. And then," he finished simply, "there is Rutgers!"

"It seems to me," put in Grace coldly, "that I have something to say —"

"Empress, just look!" interrupted H. R. "Of course the date is subject to your approval. I didn't have any luncheon. Will you tell Frederick to bring some tea and a few sandwiches ——"

"Damnation!" shrieked Mr. George G. Goodchild. "Is a man to be insulted in his own home? Get out of here, you and your sandwiches!"

"George!" rebuked Mrs. Goodchild placidly. She never frowned wrinkles!

"Yes; George!" maniacally mimicked her husband. "It's sandwiches! Sandwiches! Sandwiches! Everywhere! Yesterday I discharged my secretary. I told him to send out for a chicken sandwich for me; and I heard him give the boy the order: 'Son-in-law for Mr. Goodchild. Cock-a-doodle-doo!' At this week's meeting of our directors Mr. Garrettson asked me: 'How is the King of the Sandwiches? Living at your house yet?' And the other jackasses all laughed. Sandwiches!"

Mr. Goodchild turned to his daughter and, fearing that she was in the conspiracy, asked her vehemently:

"Do you wish to be known all your life as the Queen of the Sandwiches? Do you? Do you wish your humorous friends to say to you: 'Grace, will you have a caviar husband?'"

"No!" replied Grace. Fame was fame, but ridicule was Hades.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Goodchild.

"Tell Frederick," said H. R fiercely, "to bring in fifteen Rutgerses—if you prefer to call them that."

"That isn't funny," rebuked Grace coldly. "I don't think you are accustomed to surroundings ——"

"No; it's hospitality. I'm starving."

"You'll have sandwiches for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, my child," Mr. Goodchild told Grace angrily but intelligently "in the newspapers!"

"Of course I won't marry him!" said Grace decisively. "It's preposterous!"

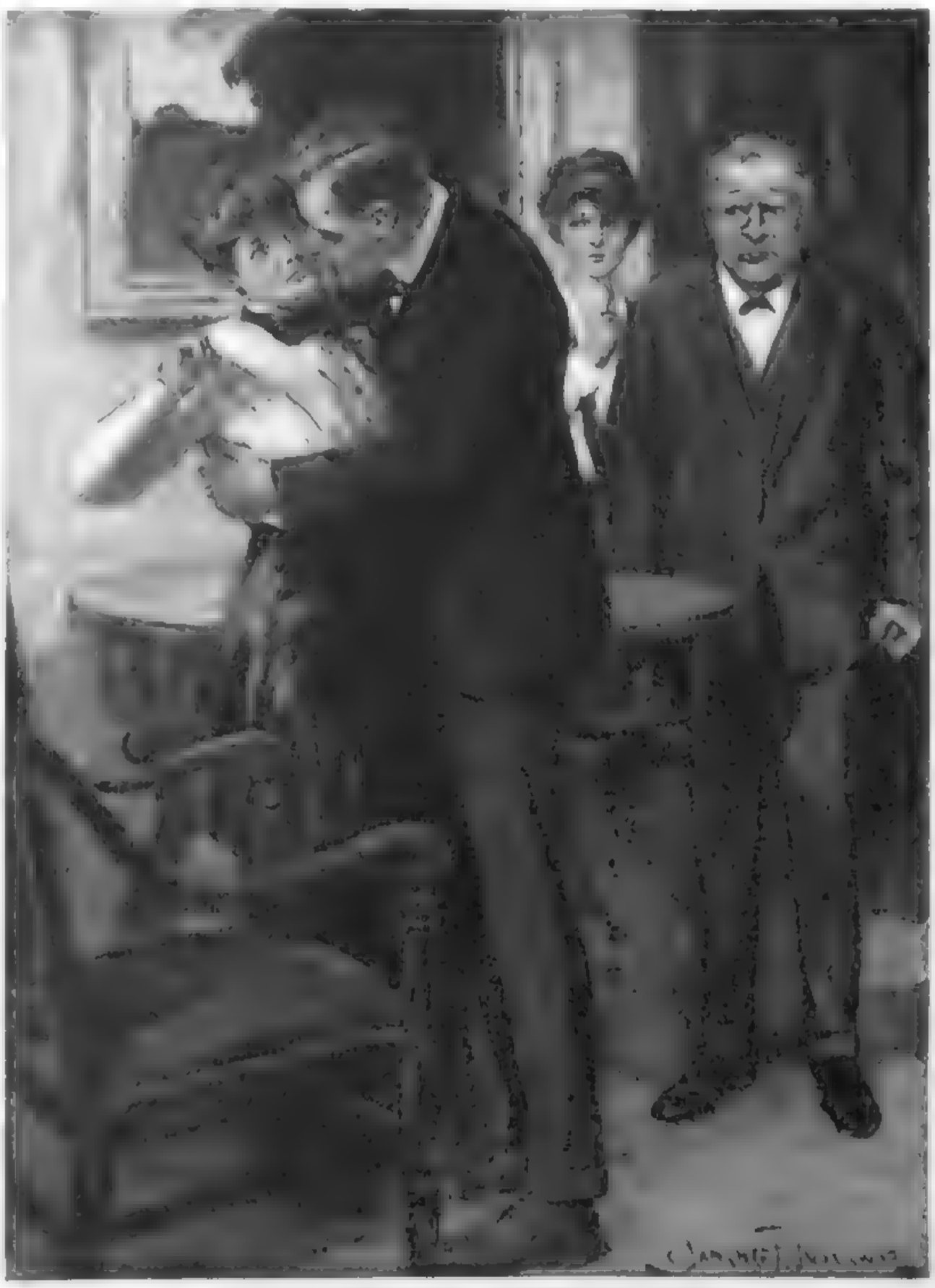
H. R. went up to her. She shook her head. He spoke very seriously

"Grace, when people tell you that I have given free sandwiches to New York they mean that I have taken the poorest of the poor, the parias of commerce, the despised of the rabble, poor human derelicts, souls without a future, without hope, worse than dirt, poorer than poverty—and I have made them men!"

"Yes; but s-s-s-sandwiches!" blubbered Grace.

"I took these victims of society and capitalism and organized them; then I emptied them into the golden Cloaca Maxima you call Fifth Avenue—and lo! they

(Continued on Page 49)



To Prove It, He Kissed Mrs. Goodchild Again—Twice

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1915

Scraps of Paper

TEARING up a scrap of paper last summer threw a large part of the civilized world into the hands of a receiver. As the case then stood, it was bankrupt. In no big commercial country—except the United States—were foreign debts collectible; and even in the United States the machinery for paying such debts was thrown out of gear. This meant that, for the time being, a vast quantity of scraps of paper was in the same case with the Belgian Treaty. In London alone, paper scraps—consisting of bills of exchange—that had been worth two and a half billion dollars the week before were temporarily turned into so much wall paper.

The modern world subsists on scraps of paper. You can take it in your own case: For a bit of paper in the form of a check you will labor a month or a year; you will part with your land, your house, your furniture, or almost any other possession. If you take your check to the bank all you get for it is some other scraps of paper in the form of bank notes or a certificate of deposit. You are highly content to labor and economize for twenty years if at the end of that time you can procure some pieces of paper with the word "Bond" or "Mortgage" printed on them.

You may go through life with the greatest success and satisfaction, yet never touch a particle of tangible wealth except the things you consume, everything else you call yours being evidenced only by a piece of paper. The bank to which you trust your precious scraps of paper possesses itself hardly anything save other pieces of paper.

In a word, you live by credit. The intrinsic value of the bit of paper you hand to the grocer is perhaps one mill. For it he gives you flour, sugar, or what not, because he has faith in the promise to pay that is printed or written on it. He takes it on credit. Every time you take a check or a bank note or a Treasury certificate, you are extending credit—relying on a promise to pay. Cancel or discredit all these multitudinous scraps of paper and the business world would be stricken as lifeless as the moon. All its stores of goods would hang as so much immovable dead weight—at least until some other means of moving them was painfully evolved.

The distinctive symbol of civilization is a scrap of paper. Nothing but faith in a promise could make civilization possible. Contempt for a scrap of paper is simply contempt for civilization.

A Monetary Chaos

IF ABUNDANCE of money means happiness Mexico should be the most felicitous of modern nations. From such fragmentary and obscure accounts of the economic condition of that country as have come to light, we gather that money is the only abundant article down there. Over large areas food and clothing are obtainable only with much difficulty; but one can pick up a supply of money almost anywhere.

Of late, it seems, whoever could get a band of soldiers and a printer to obey him has assumed the sovereign function of issuing currency. Not only have the fighting factions put out an unknown quantity of fiat money, but, as the printing was usually poorly done and the noncombatant population has comparatively little to occupy its time, a number of enterprising individuals have issued currency on their own hook, counterfeiting the so-called governmental issues, which, in fact, had only a slightly better title to existence.

So not only is money quite easily obtainable but one can get it at almost any price he chooses to pay, from a few cents a yard up to certain prerevolutionary bank notes that actually have solid assets behind them, and presumably will be good eventually for nearly their face value.

This chaotic monetary condition would fairly paralyze trade if there were not other obstacles. No doubt one of the first steps in restoring a semblance of civilized government to Mexico will be to sweep away this litter of bogus money.

International Anarchy

LAST July there was a thing called international law. True, at many points it was not exactly definable; but, in spite of vague and debatable boundaries here and there, a very solid and definite body remained which was presumed to be binding on all civilized nations. And on that noncombatants and neutrals were as much entitled to rely as a man walking down the street of his home town is entitled to rely on the rule that his property shall not be taken from him except by due process of law.

To assume that any belligerent can change the code of accepted international law to suit its own exigencies is simply to throw the whole code into the wastebasket and accept international anarchy. It is to put a neutral in the unhappy position of a traveler in Mexico, where the first man he meets with a gun in his hand can declare whatever law he pleases and execute it on the spot.

To say, for example, that international law cannot apply to submarines because they were developed, in their present efficiency, since the law was framed, is as cogent as to urge that a belligerent would be entitled to blow up a neutral's powder factory if it could do so with the new agency of an aëroplane. If a nation is absolved from international law because it is "fighting for its life," then any attempt to set up international law is only a silly futility; for every nation that fights at all is always "fighting for its life."

Neutral nations can no more afford to hand the world over to belligerents to set up whatever rules their various exigencies may dictate than peaceful members of a community can afford to give a free hand to the truculent ones. Neutral nations are entitled to say to belligerents: "Shoot one another if you insist on it; but you must not shoot away our guaranteed rights."

The Price of Farm Lands

NO DOUBT agriculture shows a lower rate of return on the capital investment than any other important business. After charging up the farmer's own labor and a reasonable allowance for depreciation of buildings and machinery, it is doubtful whether farms, as a whole, would show a net return of three per cent on their current valuation. The true figure may be considerably less. But probably that condition will always prevail, because capital, on the whole, is invested in farms on a basis different from that governing most investments.

For one thing, there is the historic fact that farm lands have greatly appreciated in value over a large part of the country. The buyer often looks to an expected appreciation quite as much as to the immediate return. More important than that, the buyer of a farm usually expects to apply his own labor on it, and for that privilege he is willing to pay a premium. Say he has fifteen thousand dollars: He can put it into a five per cent railroad bond and get seven hundred and fifty dollars a year; or he can put it into a farm, getting four hundred and fifty dollars net return upon his capital after paying himself six hundred dollars in wages and having, meantime, his house rent, milk, butter, eggs, vegetables—and so on. He prefers the three per cent investment to the five per cent one.

It is well known, too, that the price of farm lands tends to be fixed by results on the best-managed farms in the neighborhood, or by what the most skillful farmers can get out of them. Undoubtedly many individual farmers get much more than three per cent on their investments. Others will buy in the hope of doing as well.

For these reasons, no doubt farming will always yield an average low return on the investment. Suppose the farms in a given region now show a net return of three per cent. Suppose productivity were suddenly so increased as to raise the net return fifty per cent. We should then expect to see the price of farm lands marked up fifty per cent; so that the net return would again be only three per cent on current valuation.

Farm lands in the last census period increased a hundred and eighteen per cent in value, while increasing less than five per cent in extent. Total wealth produced on farms increased in the same time eighty per cent—due largely to higher prices for farm products. A great part of this total wealth, of course, is consumed on the farm; so that whether farm income increased eighty per cent is a question. At any rate, the figures indicate that the price of farm lands not only kept abreast with increase of farm income but rather ran ahead of it.

South American Possibilities

IF YOU turn back to the census of 1850 you will find that since then the population of the United States has multiplied by four and a half, its foreign trade by fourteen, the value of the output of its manufactories by twenty, its estimated total wealth by twenty-five, its bank deposits by one hundred. Argentina, Brazil and Chile, in area and population exceed the United States of 1850 by about fifty per cent, while their foreign trade is more than five times what ours then was; and they have about three and a half times as many miles of railroad.

To all appearances the three countries named have governments at least as stable as our government of 1850 proved to be in the following decade. There are those who believe that South America in the twentieth century will substantially repeat the performance of North America in the nineteenth; and, by all the evidence at hand, only a rash prophet would call that prediction rash. Last July, at least, one could have said confidently that the world's machinery for empire making was vastly more efficient than at the middle of the nineteenth century.

Nowadays, under normal conditions, we get about a million European emigrants a year. The swift settlement of the Canadian Northwest shows how easy it now is, given sufficient capital and enterprise and good political conditions, to people an empty country overnight.

An immense development in South America in the next twenty years is highly probable.

Making and Keeping

THE more we see of human affairs the more seriously we regard the saying that anybody can make money but it takes a wise man to keep it. E. H. Harriman bought cats and dogs. Among the securities, amounting to a hundred million dollars, which Mr. Rockefeller turned over to his Foundation are some that can be recommended more highly for wall paper than for bank collateral. Time has approved Mr. Morgan's judgment of a steel combination and mocked his judgment of a marine combination.

Such instances may be regarded as only incidental spillings from an overfull dish; but anybody who is in touch with business knows that men who are competent in their own lines constantly make the most ridiculous mistakes when they attempt fields in which they have no experience. It is precisely the able professional man and the successful merchant—sure-footed as goats on their own fields—who buy stocks at the top of the boom and fall for nebulous oil promotions.

Normally, we should say, a man with capabilities of success faces two hazards: first, there is the matter of getting himself started; and when he has begun to make a surplus there is the second question as to whether he is going to keep it or invest in a Patagonian cold-storage plant. He knows he can put it into good bonds; but five per cent seems woefully inadequate.

The Kartell and the Trust

THE Steel Corporation took over property that may have been worth, above the encumbrance on it, six or seven hundred million dollars. Against that property it issued, in round numbers, a billion three hundred million dollars of new bonds and stocks. For promoting the deal and supplying twenty-five million dollars cash the Morgan syndicate got six hundred and fifty thousand shares of the new preferred stock and a like amount of the new common—worth, at present market prices, a hundred and ten million dollars.

Aside from its attitude toward labor, these Wall Street features are the most objectionable thing about the corporation. Four judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, after sifting an enormous mass of evidence, unanimously find that, as a manufacturing and trading concern, the corporation is entirely within the law. So far from having crushed competition, competitors have thriven alongside of it.

The court finds that when the corporation was organized American steel-makers had no dependable foreign trade. But the corporation, through its extensive organization, has built up an important foreign trade—which would probably not have come about in any other way.

The German steel trade is coördinated in a decidedly higher degree than ours—which is a main reason for its remarkable progress. But Germany permits coördination and coöperation by means of the *Kartell*—a sort of pool that leaves the individual ownership and management of each plant undisturbed and involves no vast capital inflation and stock-market speculation. That form of association being sternly forbidden here by the Sherman Law, we set up a bloated paper monstrosity to accomplish the same end.

THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ON THE third of August, 1914, the German Army crossed the frontier into Belgium. And on the following day, the fourth, King Albert made his now famous speech to the joint meeting of the Belgian Chamber and Senate. Come what might, the Belgian people would maintain the freedom that was their birthright.

"I have faith in our destinies," King Albert concluded. "A country which defends itself wins respect and cannot perish."

With these simple and dignified words Belgium took up the struggle. She was beaten before she began, and she knew it. No matter what the ultimate outcome of the war, she must lose. The havoc would be hers. The old battleground of Europe knew what war meant; no country in the world knew better. And, knowing, Belgium took up the burden.

To-day, Belgium is prostrate. That she lives, that she will rise again, no Belgian doubts. It may be after months—even after years; but never for a moment can there be any doubt of the national integrity. The Germans are in Belgium, but not of it. Belgium is still Belgium—not a part of the German Empire. Until the Germans are driven out she is waiting.

As I write this, one corner of her territory remains to her, a wedge-shaped piece, ten miles or so in width at the coast, narrowing to nothing at a point less than thirty miles inland. And in that tragic fragment there remains hardly an undestroyed town. Her revenues are gone, being collected as an indemnity, for God knows what, by the Germans. King Albert himself has been injured. The Queen of Belgium has pawned her jewels. The royal children are refugees in England. Two-thirds of the army is gone. And, of even that tiny remaining corner, much is covered by the salt floods of the sea.

The King of the Belgians is often heard of. We hear of him at the head of his army, consulting his staff, reviewing his weary and decimated troops. We know his caliber now, both as man and soldier. He stands out as one of the truly heroic figures of the war.

But what of the Bavarian-born Queen of the Belgians? What of this royal woman who has lost the land of her nativity through the same war that has cost her the country of her adoption; who must see her husband go each day to the battleline; who must herself live under the shadow of hostile aëroplanes, within earshot of the enemy's guns? What was she thinking of during those fateful hours when, all night long, King Albert and his Ministers debated the course of Belgium—a shameful immunity, or a war? What does she think now, when, before the windows of her villa at La Panne, the ragged and weary remnant of the brave Belgian Army lines up for review? What does she hope for and pray for—this Queen without a country?

The Palace at La Panne

WHAT she thinks we cannot know. What she hopes for we may guess—the end of war; the return of her faithful people to their homes; the reunion of families; that the guns will cease firing, so the long lines of ambulances will no longer fill the roads; that the wounded will recover; and that those that grieve may be comforted.

She has pawned her jewels. When I saw her she wore a thin gold chain round her neck, and on it a tiny gold heart. I believe she has sacrificed everything else. Royal jewels have been pawned before this—to support extravagant mistresses or to bolster a crumbling throne; but Elisabeth of Belgium has pawned her jewels to buy supplies for wounded soldiers. Battle-scarred old Belgium has not always had a clean slate; but certainly this act of a generous and devoted queen should mark off many scores.

The Queen is living at La Panne, a tiny fishing village and resort on the coast—an ugly village, robbed of quaintness by its rows of villas owned by summer visitors. The villas are red and yellow brick, built château fashion and set at random on the sand. Efforts at lawns have proved abortive. The encroaching dunes gradually cover the grass. Here and there are streets; and there is one main thoroughfare, along which is a tramway that formerly connected the town with other villages.

On one side the sea; on the other the dunes, with little shade and no beauty—such is the location of the new capital of Belgium. And here, in one of the six small villas that house the court, the King and Queen of Belgium, with the Crown Prince, are living. They live very quietly, walking together along the sands at those times when King Albert is not with his troops, faring simply, waiting always—as all Belgium is waiting to-day. Waiting for the end of this terrible period.

The Queen is Quite Fearless and Has Personally Visited the Trenches

I asked a member of the royal household what they did during those long winter evenings, when the only sounds in the little village were the wash of the sea and the continual rumble of the artillery at Nieuport.

"What can we do?" he replied. "My wife and children are in Brussels. It is not possible to read, and it is not wise to think too much. We wait."

But waiting does not imply inaction. The members of His Majesty's household are all officers in the army. I saw only one gentleman in civilian dress, and he was the King's secretary, M. Ingenbleek. The King heads this activity, and the Queen of the Belgians is never idle. The Ocean Ambulance, the great Belgian base hospital, is under her active supervision, and its location near the royal villa makes it possible for her to visit it daily. She knows the wounded soldiers, who adore her. Indeed, she is frankly beloved by the army. Her appearance is always the signal for a demonstration; and again and again I saw copies of her photograph nailed up in sentry huts, in soldiers' billets, in battered buildings that were temporary headquarters for divisions of the army.

In return for this devotion the young Queen regards the welfare of the troops as her especial charge. She visits them when they are wounded, and many tales are told of her keen memory for their troubles. One, a wounded Frenchman, had lost his pipe when he was injured. As he recovered he mourned his pipe. Other pipes were offered, but they were not the same. There had been something about the curve of the stem of the old one, or the shape of the bowl—whatever it was, he missed it. And it had been his sole possession.

At last the Queen of the Belgians had him describe the old pipe exactly. I believe he made a drawing—and she secured a duplicate of it for him. He told me the story himself.

The Queen had wished to go to the trenches to see the wretchedness of conditions at the front, and to discover what she could do to ameliorate them. One excursion she was permitted, to the great anxiety of those who knew of the trip. She was quite fearless, and went into one of the trenches at the railroad embankment of Pervyse. I saw that trench afterward. It was proudly decorated with a sign that said: *Repose de la Reine*. And above the board was the plaster head of a saint, from one of the churches. Both sign and head, needless to say, were carefully protected from German bullets.

Everywhere I went I found evidences of devotion to this girlish and tender-hearted Queen. I was told of her farewell to the leading officials of the army and of the court when, having remained to the last possible moment, King Albert insisted on her departure from Brussels. I was told of her incognito excursions across the dangerous Channel to see her children in England. I was told of her single-hearted devotion to the King; her belief in him; her confidence that he can do no wrong.

So, when a great and bearded individual, much given to bowing, presented himself at the door of my room in the hotel at Dunkirk, and extended to me a notification that the Queen of the Belgians would receive me the next day at the royal villa at La Panne, I was keenly expectant.

I went over my wardrobe. It was exceedingly limited and more than a little worn. Furs would cover some of the deficiencies, but there was a difficulty about shoe buttons. Dunkirk apparently laces its shoes. After a period of desperation, two top buttons were removed and sewed on lower down, where they would do the most good. That and much brushing was all that was possible, my total war equipment comprising one small suitcase, two large notebooks and a fountain pen.

The Queen's Drawingroom

I HAD been invited to lunch at a town on my way to La Panne, but the luncheon was deferred. When I passed through my would-be entertainer was eating bully beef out of a tin, with a cracker or two; and shells were falling inhospitably. Suddenly I was not hungry. I did not care for food. I did not care to stop to talk about food. It was a very small town, and there were bricks and glass and plaster in the streets. There were almost no people, and those who were there were hastily preparing for flight.

It was a wonderful Sunday afternoon, brilliantly sunny. A German aëroplane hung overhead and called the bull's-eyes. From the plain near they were firing at it, but the shells burst below. One could see how far they fell short by the clouds of smoke that hung suspended beneath it, floating like shadowy balloons.

I felt that the aëroplane had its eyes on my car. They drop darts—do the aëroplanes—two hundred and more at a time; small pencil-shaped arrows of steel, six inches long, extremely sharp and weighted at the point end. I did not want to die by a dart. I did not want to die by a shell. As a matter of fact, I did not want to die at all.

So the car went on; and, luncheonless, I met the Queen of the Belgians.

The royal villa at La Panne faces the sea. It is at the end of the village and the encroaching dunes have ruined what was meant to be a small lawn. The long grass that grows out of the sand is the only vegetation about it; and outside, half-buried in the dune, is a marble seat. A sentry box or two, and sentries with carbines pacing along the sand; the constant swish of the sea wind through the dead winter grass; the half-buried garden seat—that is what the Queen of the Belgians sees as she looks from the window of her villa.

The villa itself is small and ugly. The furnishing is the furnishing of a summer seaside cottage. The windows fit badly and rattle in the gale. In the long drawing room—really a living room—in which I waited for the Queen, a heavy red curtain had been hung across the lower part of the long French windows that face the sea, to keep out the draft. With that and an open coal fire the room was fairly comfortable.

As I waited I looked about. Rather a long room this, which has seen so many momentous discussions, so much tragedy and real grief. A chaotic room too; for, in addition to its typical villa furnishing of chintz-covered chairs and a sofa or two, an ordinary pine table by a side window was littered with papers.

On a center table were books—H. G. Wells' The War in the Air; two American books written by correspondents who had witnessed the invasion of Belgium; and several newspapers. A hideous marble bust on a pedestal occupied a corner, and along a wall was a very small cottage piano. On the white marble mantel were a clock and two candlesticks. Except for a great basket of heather on a stand—a gift to Her Majesty—the room was evidently

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just as its previous owners had left it. A screen just inside the door, a rather worn rug on the floor, and a small brocade settee by the fireplace completed the furnishing.

The door opened and the Queen entered without ceremony. I had not seen her before. In her simple blue dress, with its white lawn collar and cuffs, she looked even more girlish than I had anticipated. Like Queen Mary of England, she has suffered from the camera. She is, indeed, strikingly beautiful, with lovely coloring and hair, and with very direct wide eyes, set far apart. She is small and slender, and moves quickly. She speaks beautiful English, in that softly inflected voice of the Continent which is the envy of all American women.

I bowed as she entered; and she shook hands with me at once and asked me to sit down. She sat on the sofa by the fireplace. Like the Queen of England, like King Albert, her first words were of gratitude to America.

The King Who Goes Straight

It is not my intention to record here anything but the substance of my conversation with Queen Elisabeth of Belgium. Much that was said was the free and unrestricted speech of two women, talking over together a situation which was tragic to them both; for Queen Elisabeth allowed me to forget, as I think she had ceased to remember, her own exalted rank, in her anxiety for her people.

A devoted churchwoman, she grieved over the treatment accorded by the invading German Army to the priests and nuns of Belgium. She referred to her own Bavarian birth, and to the confidence both King Albert and she had always felt in the friendliness of Germany.

"I am a Bavarian," she said. "I have always, from my childhood, heard this talk that Germany must grow, must get to the sea. I thought it was just talk—a pleasantry!"

She had seen many of the diaries of German soldiers, had read them in the very room where we were sitting. She went quite white over the recollection and closed her eyes.

"It is the women and children!" she said. "It is terrible! There must be killing. That is war. But not this other thing."

And later on she said, in reference to German criticism of King Albert's course during the early days of the war:

"Anyone who knows the King knows that he cannot do a wrong thing. It is impossible for him. He cannot go any way but straight."

And Queen Elisabeth was right. Anyone who knows King Albert of Belgium knows that "he cannot go any way but straight."

The conversation shifted to the wounded soldiers and to the Queen's anxiety for them. I spoke of her hospital as being a remarkable one—practically under fire, but moving as smoothly as a great American institution, thousands of miles from danger. She had looked very sad, but at the mention of the Ocean Ambulance her face brightened. She spoke of its equipment; of the difficulty in securing supplies; of the new surgery, which has saved so many limbs from amputation. They were installing new and larger sterilizers, she said.

"Things are in as good condition as can be expected now," she said. "The next problem will come when we get back into our own country. What are the people to do? So many of the towns are gone; so many farms are razed!"

The Queen spoke of Brand Whitlock and praised highly his work in Brussels. From that to the relief work was only a step. I spoke of the interest America was taking in the relief work, and of the desire of so many American women to help.

"We are grateful for anything," she said. "The army seems to be as comfortable as is possible under the circumstances; but the people, of course, need everything."

Inevitably the conversation turned again to the treatment of the Belgian people by the Germans; to the unnecessary and brutal murders of noncombatants; to the frightful rapine and pillage of the early months of the war. Her Majesty could not understand the skepticism of America on this point. I suggested that it was difficult to say what any army would do when it found itself in a prostrate and conquered land.

"The Belgian Army would never have behaved so," said Her Majesty. "Nor the English; nor the French. Never!"

And the Queen of the Belgians is a German! True, she has suffered much. Perhaps she is embittered; but there was no bitterness in her voice that afternoon in the little villa at La Panne—only sadness and great sorrow and, with it, deep conviction. What Queen Elisabeth of Belgium says, she believes; and who should know better? There, to that house on the sea front, in the fragment of Belgium that remains, go all the hideous details that are war. She knows them all. King Albert is not a figurehead; he is the actual fighting head of his army. The murder of Belgium has been done before his very eyes.

In those long evenings when he has returned from headquarters; when he and Queen Elisabeth sit by the fire in the room that overlooks the sea; when every blast that shakes the windows reminds them both of that little army, two-thirds gone, shivering in the trenches only a mile or two away, or of their people beyond the dead line, suffering both deprivation and terror—what pictures do they see in the glowing coals?

It is not hard to know. Queen Elisabeth sees her children, and the puzzled, boyish faces of those who are going down to the darkness of death that a nation may find a place in the sun.

What King Albert sees may not all be written; but this is certain: Both these royal exiles—this Soldier-King who has won and deserved the admiration of the world; this Queen who refuses to leave her husband and her wounded, though day after day hostile aëroplanes are overhead and the roar of German guns is in her ears—these royal exiles live in hope and in deep conviction. They will return to Belgium. Their country will be theirs again. Their houses will be restored; their fields will be sown and yield harvest—not for Germany, but for Belgium. Belgium, as Belgium, will live again!

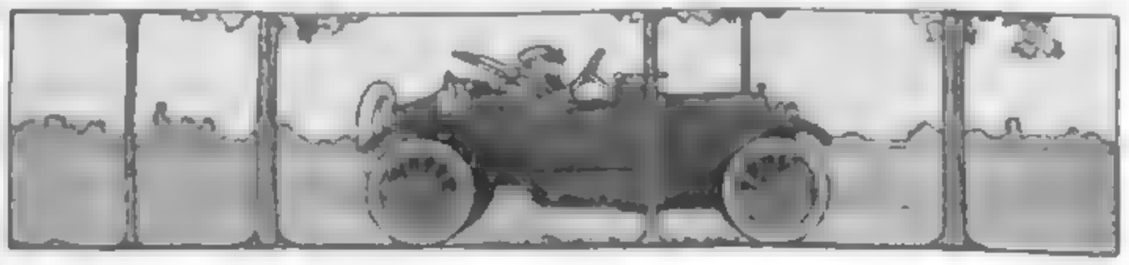
Fresh Fruit Juice

BOTTLED or canned fruit juices, just as fresh-tasting as the juice of fresh fruit and having none of the insipidness of boiled sirups, are the latest tendency in the manufacture of prepared foods. Some are now on the market and others are likely to appear any day. If the American public takes to them, as it appears it will, bottled fruit juices of scores of fruits, from oranges and grapefruit to pineapples and peaches, will soon be sold at very low prices.

Scientific food laboratories are studying one fruit after another, and establishing a formula for preparation that will keep all the freshness but prevent rapid deterioration. With almost every fruit it is found there is a certain degree of temperature which is the critical point. Fresh fruit juice heated to this critical temperature one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, for instance—will not give any boiled taste; but the organisms that accomplish its decay will be killed. Prompt canning then gives a juice that will keep.

The latest step undertaken is to concentrate these juices and still have them fresh. One successful method is to evaporate half of the water from the juice. Juice is fed into a revolving cylinder slightly inclined. The liquid goes into the upper end of the cylinder, makes a film on the inside, and gradually works down to a drain at the bottom. A current of air blown through the cylinder evaporates half the water from the juice.

Such processes have opened up possibilities for the marketing of fruit that ordinarily is rejected as not marketable. Small oranges—windfalls, for example—give the material at low cost for bottled fresh juice.



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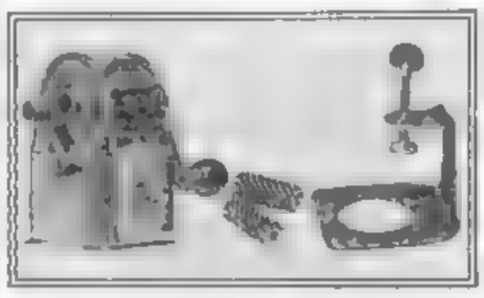

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THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY

(Continued from Page 5)

This, every performance in Frankfurt had; but even this could be raised to a higher key of inspiration. I walked in one night and found myself amid a pious ceremonial. They were giving an old work, of bygone design, stiff in outline, noble, remote from all present things. Why did they revive this somewhat pale and rigid classic? For contrast, variety? Not at all. Two hundred years ago this day, Gluck had been born. Gluck had written this opera. For this reason, then, Frankfurt was assembled to hear Gluck's music and remember him; and, as I looked at these living Germans honoring their classics, I thought it was truly a splendid people that not only possessed but practically nourished themselves with these masterpieces of their great dead.

But this was not all. This was Germany looking at its Past. In the Frankfurt opera house I also learned one of the ways in which Germany attends to its Future. It was on a Sunday afternoon. As I crossed the open space toward the opera house it seemed as though I were the only grown person bound there. Children by threes and fours, and in little groups, were streaming from every quarter, entering every door, tripping up the wide, handsome stairs, filling all the seats—boys and girls; it was like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. After a few minutes I found that I was indeed almost alone amid a rippling sea of children—nearly two thousand, as I later learned. In the boxes here and there was a parent or two with a family party, and dotted about the house a few scattered older heads among the young ones.

The overture began. "Hush!" went several little voices; the sprightly, expectant Babel fell to silence; they listened like a congregation in church.

Then the curtain rose. It was a gay old opera, tuneful, full of boisterous, innocent comedy and simple sentiment. Not Gluck this time; Gluck would have been a trifle severe for their young understandings. The enthusiasm and the attention of these boys and girls, with their clapping of hands and their laughter, soon affected the spirits of the singers as a radiant day in spring affected me. I envied the happy parents who had their children round them; it was like some sort of wonderful April light. Beneath it the quaint, sweet old opera shone like a fruit tree in blossom. The actors became children again themselves; so did the fiddlers; so did the conductor. I doubt if that little old opera, *Zar und Zimmermann*, had ever felt younger in its life; and I thought if the spirit of Goethe were watching Frankfurt, his city, to-day, it would add a new happiness to a moment of Eternity.

Judging by Appearances

Between the acts I was full of questions. What occasion was this? I read the program, wherein was set forth a most interesting account of the composer—his character, life and adventures, with a historic account also of Peter the Great, the hero of the opera; but nothing about the occasion. So in the lobby I addressed myself to a group of the men I had seen dotted among the rows of children. The men were schoolmasters. The occasion was an experiment. The children were of the public schools of Frankfurt—not the oldest scholars, but the middle grades of the schools. For the oldest, Frankfurt had already provided opera days, but this was the first ever given for these younger boys and girls. The cost was twelve-and-a-half cents a seat. If it proved a success a second would follow in two weeks. At the theater, throughout each winter school term, plays were given expressly for them in this way—the great German classics; but never any opera before to-day.

Well, the performance went on; but I was obliged, near the end of it, to hasten away to my train for Nauheim, most reluctantly leaving the sight and company of those two thousand joyous children of the Frankfurt public schools. "Rosy cheeks predominated; eyeglasses were rare." Again I quote from my own diary: "The children seemed between ten and fifteen. The boys had good foreheads and big backs to their heads."

Nothing can efface this memory, nothing can efface the whole impression of Germany; in retrospect this picture rises clear—the fair aspect and order of the country and the cities, the well-being of the people, their contented faces, their grave adequacy, their kindliness; and, crowning all material prosperity, the feeling for beauty as shown by their gardens, and, better and more important still, the reverent value for their great native poets and musicians, so attentive, so cherishing, seeing to it that the young generation began early its acquaintance with the masterpieces that are Germany's heritage of inspiration.

Such was the splendor of this empire as it unrolled before me through May and June, 1914, that by contrast the state of its two great neighbors, France and England, seemed distressing and unenviable. Paris was shabby and incoherent, London full of unrest. Instead of Germany's order, confusion prevailed in France; instead of Germany's placidity, disturbance prevailed in England; and in both France and England incompetence seemed the chief note. The French face, alike in city or country, was too often a face of worried sadness or revolt; men spoke of political scandals and dissensions petty and unpatriotic in spirit, and a political trial, revealing depths of every sort of baseness and dishonor, filled the newspapers; while in England, besides discord of suffrage and discord of labor, civil war seemed so imminent that no one would have been surprised to hear of it any day.

What Goethe Said of Germans

So that I thought: Suppose a soul, arrived on earth from another world, wholly ignorant of earth, without any mortal ties whatever, were given its choice after a survey of the nations, which it should be born in and belong to? In May, June and July, 1914, my choice would have been, not France, not England, not America, but Germany.

It was on the seventh day of June, 1914, that Frankfurt assembled her school children in the opera house, to further their taste and understanding of Germany's supreme national art. Exactly eleven months later, on May 7, 1915, a German torpedo sank the Lusitania; and the cities of the Rhine celebrated this also for their school children

The world is in agony. We witness the most terrible catastrophe known to mankind—most terrible, not from its huge size, but because it is a moral catastrophe. Through centuries of suffering and cruelty, guided by religion, we thought we had attained to knowledge of and belief in a public right between nations, and an honorable warfare, if warfare must be. This has been shattered to pieces. No need to investigate further the atrocities at Liège or Louvain. These and more have indeed been amply proved, but what need of proof after the Lusitania school festival? In that holiday we see the feast of *Kultur*, the Teutonic climax. How came it to pass? Is it the same Germany who gave those two holidays to her school children? The opera in Frankfurt, and this orgy of barbaric bloodlust, guttural with the deep basses of the fathers and shrill with the trebles of their young? Their young, to whom they teach one day the gentle melodies of Lortzing, and to exult in world-assassination on another?

Goethe said—and the words glow with new prophetic light: "Germans are of yesterday; . . . a few centuries must still elapse before . . . it will be said of them, 'It is long since they were barbarians.'" And again: "National hatred is a peculiar thing. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of *Kultur*." But how came it to pass? Do the two holidays proceed from the same *Kultur*, the same Fatherland?

They do; and nothing in the whole story of mankind is more strange than the case of Germany—how Germany through generations has been carefully trained for this wild spring at the throat of Europe that she has made. The Servian assassination has nothing to do with it, save that it accidentally struck the hour. Months and years before that, Germany was crouching for her spring. In one respect the war she has incubated is the old assault of Xerxes, of Alexander, of Napoleon, of every one who has been visited by the dangerous dream of world conquest. Only, never before has the dream been taught to a people on such a scale, or merely because of the vast modern apparatus, but much more because no subjects of any despot have ever been so politically docile and credulous as the Germans.

In another respect this war resembles strikingly our own and the French Revolution. All three were prepared and fomented by books, by teachings from books. The American brain seized hold of certain doctrines and generalizations of Locke, Montesquieu, Burlamaqui and Beccaria concerning the rights of man and the consent of the governed. The French brain nourished and inspired itself with some theorems of the encyclopedists and of Rousseau about man's natural innocence and the social contract. The Teutonic brain assimilated some diplomatic and philosophic precepts laid down by Machiavelli, Nietzsche and Treitschke. Here the parallel stops. With America and France, war made way for independence, liberty and freedom, political and moral; Germany would establish everywhere her absolute military despotism. We shall reach in due course the full statement of her creed; we are not ready for it yet.

Often of late I have thought of those twenty-one locomotives moving along the bank of the Rhine. They were a symbol. They stood for the House of Hohenzollern; they carried Cæsar and all his fortunes, which had begun long before locomotives were invented. July 19, 1870, is one of the dates that does not remain of the same size, but grows, has not done growing yet, will be one of History's enormous dates before it is done growing. The heavier descendants of those locomotives have been lugging to France a larger destruction, and more hideous, than their ancestors dragged there; but this new freight belongs to the same haul, forms part of one vast organic materialistic growth, and spiritual eclipse, of which 1870 and 1914 are important parts, but by no means the whole.

Woven with it is the struggle of nations for the possession of their own soul. Consider 1870 in this light: Through that war France took her soul out of the custody of an Emperor and handed it to the people; through the same war Germany placed her soul in the hands of an Emperor. Defeated France, rid of her Bonapartes; victorious Germany, shackled to her Hohenzollern! In the light of forty-five years how those two opposite actions gleam with significance, and how in the same light the two words *defeat* and *victory* grow lambent with shifting import! Unless our democratic faith be vain, France walked forward then, and Germany backward. But this did not seem so last June.

War Bulletins in Mid-Ocean

Had it not culminated before our eyes, the case of Germany would be perfectly incredible. As it stands to-day, the truly incredible thing is that she should have made her spring at the throat of an unexpecting, unprepared world. Now that she *has* sprung, the diagnosis of her case has been often and ably made—before the event, Dr. Charles Sarolea, a Belgian gentleman, made it notably; but prophets are seldom recognized except by posterity. The case of Germany is a hospital case, a case for the alienist; the mania of grandeur, complemented by the mania of persecution.

Very well do I remember the first dawning hint I had of this diseased mental state. It was Wednesday, August 5, 1914. We were in mid-ocean. Before the bulletin board we passengers were clustered to read that day's marconigram and learn what more of Europe had fallen to pieces since yesterday. This morning was posted the Kaiser's proclamation, quoting Hamlet, calling on his subjects "to be or not to be," and to defy a world conspired against them. In these words there was such a wild, incoherent ring of exaltation that I said to a friend: "Can he be off his head?"

Later in that voyage we sped silent and unlanterned through the fog from two German cruisers, of which nobody seemed personally afraid but one stewardess. She said: "They're all wild beasts. They would send us all to the bottom." No one believed her. Since then we believe her. Since then we have heard the wild incoherent ring in many German voices besides the Kaiser's, and we know to-day that Germany's mania is analogous to those mental epidemics of the Middle Ages, when fanaticism, usually religious, sent entire communities into various forms of madness.

The case of Germany is the Prussianizing of Germany. Long after all of us are gone, men will still be studying this war; and, whatever responsibility for it be apportioned among the nations, the huge weight and bulk of guilt will be laid on Prussia and the Hohenzollern—unless, indeed, it befall that Germany conquer the world and the Kaiser dictate his version of History to us all, suppressing all other versions, as he has conducted the training of his subjects since 1888. But this will not be; whatever comes first, this cannot be the end. If I believed that the earth would be Prussianized, life would cease to be desirable.

To me the whole case of Germany, the whole process, seems a fatalistic thing, destined, inevitable; cosmic forces above and beyond men's comprehension flooding this northern land with their high tide, as once they flooded southern coasts; giving to this Teuton race its turn, its day, its hour of white heat and of bloom, its temperamental greatness, its strength and excess of vital sap, intellectual, procreative—all this grandeur to be hurled into tragedy by its own action.

The process goes back a long way behind Napoleon—who stayed it for a while—to years when we see the Germany of the Reformation, Poetry, Music, the grand Germany, blossoming in the very same moment that the Prussian poison was also germinating. Heine perceived and wrote scornfully about the new and evil influence. This was a germination of state and family ambition combined, fermenting at last into lust for world dominion. It grows quite visible first in Frederick the Great. By him the Prussian state of mind and international ethics began to be formulated. By force and fraud he annexed weak peoples' territory. He cut Poland's body in three, blasphemously inviting Russia and Austria to partake with him of his Eucharist.

Theft has followed theft since Frederick's. His cynical, strong spirit guided Prussia after Waterloo, guided first the predecessor of Bismarck and next Bismarck himself, with his stealing of Schleswig-Holstein, his dishonest mutilation of the telegram at Ems and the subsequent rape of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870. Very plain it is to see now, and very sad, why the small separate German states that had indeed produced their giants—their Luthers, Goethes, Beethovens—but had always suffered military defeat, had been the shambles of their conquerors for centuries, should after 1870 hail their new-created Emperor. Had he not led them united to the first glory and conquest they had ever known? Had he not got them back Alsace and Lorraine, which France had stolen from them two hundred years ago? So they handed their soul to the Hohenzollern. This marks the beginning of the end.

The Prussianizing Process

We can hardly emphasize too much, or sufficiently underline, the moral effect of 1870 on the German nature, the influence it had on the German mind. It is essential to a clear understanding of the full Prussianizing process that now set in. On the German's innate docility and credulity many have dwelt, but few on what 1870 did to this. Only with Bismarck's quick, tremendous victory over France as the final explanation is the abject and servile faith that the Germans thenceforth put in Prussia rendered conceivable to reason. They blindly swallowed the sham that Bismarck gave them as universal suffrage. They swallowed extreme political and military restraint. They swallowed a rigid compulsion in schools, which led to the excess in child suicide I have mentioned.

They swallowed a state of life where outside the indicated limits almost nothing was permitted and almost everything was forbidden.

But all this proscription is merely material and has been attended by great material welfare. Intellectual speculation was apparently unfettered; but he who dared philosophize about the Divine right of Kings and Liberty found it was not. Prussia put its uniform not only on German bodies but on their brains. Literature and music grew correspondingly sterilized. Drama, fiction, poetry and the comic papers became invaded by a new violence and a new, heavy obscenity. Impatience with the noble German classics was bred by Prussia. What wonder, since freedom was their essence?

Beethoven, after Napoleon made himself Emperor, tore off the dedication of his symphony to Napoleon. And Goethe had said: "Napoleon affords us an example of the danger of elevating oneself to the Absolute and sacrificing everything to the carrying out of an idea." Goethe fell frankly out of date in Berlin. Symphony orchestras could no longer properly interpret Mozart and Beethoven. A strange blend of frivolity and bestiality began to pervade the whole realm of German art. Scientific eminence degenerated *pari passu*. No originator of the dimensions of Helmholtz was produced, but a herd of diligent and thorough workers-out of the ideas got from England—like the aniline dyes—or from France—like the Wassermann tests—and seldom credited to their sources.

So poor grew the academic tone at Berlin that a Munich professor declined an offer of promotion thither. For forty years German school children and university students sat in the thickening fumes that exhaled from Berlin, spread everywhere by professors chosen at the fountainhead. Any professor or editor who dared speak anything not dictated by Prussia, for German credulity to write down on its slate, was dealt with as a heretic.

Out of the fumes emerged three colossal shapes—the Super-man, the Super-race and the Super-state: the new Trinity of German worship.

The Wall Around Germany

Thus was Germany shut in from the world. Even her Socialist-Democrats abjectly conformed. China built a stone wall, Germany a wall of the mind. For forty years she sat within her wall, learning and repeating Prussian incantations. It recalls those savage rites where the participants, by shouting and by concerted rhythmic movements, work themselves into a frothing state. This has befallen Germany. Within her wall of moral isolation her sight has grown distorted, her sense of proportion is lost; a set of reeling delusions possesses her—her own greatness, her mission of *Kultur*, her contempt for the rest of mankind, her grievance that mankind is in league to cramp and suppress her.

These delusions have been attended by their proper Nemesis: Germany has misunderstood us all—everybody and everything outside her wall.

Like the bewitched dwarfs in certain old magic tales, whose talk reveals their evil without their knowing it, Germans constantly utter words of the most naïf and grotesque self-betrayal—as when the German ambassador was being escorted away from England and was urged by his escort not to be so downcast; the war being no fault of his. He answered in sincere sadness:

"Oh, you don't realize! My future is broken. I was sent to watch England and tell my Emperor the right moment for him to strike, when England's internal disturbances would make it impossible for her to fight us. I told him the moment had come."

Or again, when a German in Brussels said to an American:

"We were sincerely sorry for Belgium; but we feel it is better for that country to suffer, even to disappear, than for our Empire, so much larger and more important, to be torpedoed by our treacherous enemies."

Or again, when Doctor Dernburg shows us why Germany had to murder eleven hundred passengers:

"It has been the custom heretofore to take off passengers and crew. . . . But a submarine . . . cannot do it. The submarine is a frail craft and may easily be rammed, and a speedy ship is capable of running away from it."

No more than the dwarf has Germany any conception what such candid words reveal of herself to ears outside her Teutonic wall—that she has walked back to the morality of the Stone Age and made ancient warfare more hideous through the devices of modern science. So her Nemesis is to misunderstand the world. She blundered as to what Belgium would do, what France would do, what Russia would do; and she most desperately blundered as to what England would do. And she expected American sympathy.

Thus summarized, the Prussianizing of Germany seems fantastic; fantastic, too, and not of the real world, the utter credulity, the abject, fervent faith of the hypnotized young men. Yet here are a young German's recent words. I have seen his letter, written to a friend of mine. He was tutor to my friend's children. Delightful, of admirable education, there was no sign in him of hypnotism. He went home to fight. There he inhaled afresh the Prussian fumes. Presently his letter came, just such a letter as one would wish from an ardent, sincere, patriotic youth—for the first pages. Then the fumes show their work and he suddenly breaks out in the following intellectual vertigo:

"Individual life has become worthless; even the uneducated men feel that something greater than individual happiness is at stake, and the educated know that it is the culture of Europe. By her shameless lies and cold-blooded hypocrisy England has forfeited her claim to the title of a country of culture. France has passed her prime anyway, your country is too far behind in its development, the other countries are too small to carry on the heritage of Greek culture and Christian faith—the two main components of every higher culture to-day; so *we* have to do it, and we *shall* do it—even if we and millions more of us should have to die."

There you have it! A cultivated student, a noble nature, a character of promise, Prussianized, with millions like him, into a gibbering maniac, and flung into a caldron of blood! Could tragedy be deeper? Goethe's young Wilhelm Meister thus images the ruin of Hamlet's mind and how it came about: "An oak tree is planted in a costly vase, which should only have borne beautiful flowers in its bosom; the roots expand and the vase is shattered." Thus has Prussia, planted in Germany, cracked the Empire.

Here is an embodiment, a composite statement, of Prussianism, compiled sentence by sentence from the utterances of Prussians, the Kaiser and his generals, professors, editors, and Nietzsche, part of it said in cold blood, years before this war, and all of it a declaration of faith now being ratified by action:

A Composite Statement

"We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone. On me the Spirit of God has descended. I regard my whole . . . task as appointed by heaven. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces. Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention . . . of . . . the German Emperor. He who listens to public opinion runs a danger of inflicting immense harm on . . . the State. When one occupies certain positions in the world one ought to make dupes rather than friends. Christian morality cannot be political. Treaties are only a disguise to conceal other political aims. Remember that the German people are the chosen of God.

"Might is right and . . . is decided by war. Every youth who enters a beer-drinking and dueling club will receive the true direction of his life. War in itself is a good thing. God will see to it that war always recurs. The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral. The peace of Europe is only a secondary matter for us. The sight of suffering does one good; the infliction of suffering does one more good. This war must be conducted as ruthlessly as possible.

"The Belgians should not be shot *dead*. They should be . . . so left as to make impossible all hope of recovery. The troops are to treat the Belgian civil population with unrelenting severity and frightfulness. Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful . . . nations. The world has no longer need of little nationalities. We Germans have little esteem and less respect . . . for Holland. We need to enlarge our colonial possessions; such territorial acquisitions we can only realize at the cost of other states.

"Russia must no longer be our frontier. The Polish press should be annihilated . . . likewise the French and Danish. . . . The Poles should be allowed . . . three privileges: to pay taxes, serve in the army, and shut their jaws. France must be so completely crushed that she will never again cross our path. You must remember that we have not come to make war on the French people, but to bring them the higher Civilization. The French have shown themselves decadent and without respect for the Divine law. Against England we fight for booty. Our real enemy is England. We have to . . . crush absolutely perfidious Albion . . . subdue her to such an extent that her influence all over the world is broken forever.

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"German should replace English as the world language. English, the bastard tongue . . . must be swept into the remotest corners . . . until it has returned to its original elements of an insignificant pirate dialect. The German language acts as a blessing which, coming direct from the hand of God, sinks into the heart like a precious balm. To us, more than any other nation, is intrusted the true structure of human existence. Our own country, by employing military power, has attained a degree of Culture which it could never have reached by peaceful means.

"The civilization of mankind suffers every time a German becomes an American. Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. We willed it. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison. . . . We must . . . fight with Russian beasts, English mercenaries and Belgian fanatics. We have nothing to apologize for. It is no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world, be destroyed. . . . The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial of a German grenadier is a more glorious monument than all the cathedrals of Europe put together. No respect for the tombs of Shakspere, Newton and Faraday.

"They call us barbarians. What of it? The German claim must be: . . . Education to hate. . . . Organization of hatred. . . . Education to the desire for hatred. Let us abolish unripe and false shame. . . . To us is given faith, hope and hatred; but hatred is the greatest among them."

Can the splendid land of Goethe unlearn its Prussian lesson and regain its own noble sanity, or has it too long inhaled the fumes? There is no saying yet. Still they sit inside their wall. Like a trained chorus they still repeat that England made the war, that Louvain was not destroyed, that Rheims was not bombarded, that their Fatherland is the unoffending victim of world-jealousy. When travelers ask what proofs they have, the trained chorus has but one reply: "Our government officials tell us so." Berlin, Cologne, Munich—all their cities—give this answer to the traveler. Nothing that we know do they know. It is kept from them. Their brains still wear the Prussian uniform and go mechanically through the Prussian drill. Will adversity lift this curse?

A Broken-Hearted Invader

Something happened at Louvain—a little thing, but let it give us hope. In the house of a professor at the University some German soldiers were quartered, friendly, considerate, doing no harm. Suddenly one day, in obedience to new orders, they fell on this home, burned books, wrecked rooms, destroyed the house and all its possessions. Its master is dead. His wife, looking on with her helpless children, saw a soldier give an apple to a child.

"Thank you," she said; "you, at least, have a heart."

"No, madam," said the German; "it is broken."

Goethe said: "He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. . . . We are become too humane to enjoy the triumphs of Cæsar." Ninety years after he said this Germany took the Belgian women from their ruined villages—some of these women being so infirm that for months they had not been out-of-doors—and loaded them on trains like cattle, and during several weeks exposed them publicly to the jeers and scoffs and insults of German crowds through city after city.

Perhaps the German soldier whose heart was broken by Louvain will be one of a legion, and thus, perhaps, through thousands of broken German hearts, Germany may become herself again. She has hurled calamity on a continent. She has struck to pieces a Europe whose very unpreparedness answers her ridiculous falsehood that she was attacked first. Never shall Europe be again as it was. Our brains, could they take in the whole of this war, would burst.

But Calamity has its Pentecost. When its mighty wind rushed over Belgium and France, and its tongues of fire sat on each of them, they, too, like the apostles in the New Testament, began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. Their words and deeds have filled the world with a splendor the world had lost. The flesh, that has dominated our day and generation, fell away in the presence of the Spirit. I have heard Belgians bless the martyrdom and awakening of their nation. They have said:

"Do not talk of our suffering; talk of our glory. We have found ourselves."

Frenchmen have said to me: "For forty-four years we have been unhappy, in darkness, without health, without faith, believing the true France dead. Resurrection has come to us." I heard the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, say in a noble speech: "George Eliot profoundly observes that to every man comes a crisis when in a moment, without chance for reflection, he must decide and act instantly. What determines his decision? His whole past, the daily choices between good and evil that he has made throughout his previous years—these determine his decision. Such a crisis fell in a moment on France; she acted instantly, true to her historic honor and courage."

What the Women Say

Every day deeds of faith, love and renunciation are done by the score and the hundred which will never be recorded, and every one of which is noble enough to make an immortal song. All over the broken map of Europe, through stricken thousands of square miles, such deeds are being done by Servians, Russians, Poles, Belgians, French and English, the souls of men and women rising above their bodies, flinging them away for the sake of a cause. Think of one incident only, only one of the white-hot gleams of the Spirit that have reached us from the raging furnace. Out from the burning cathedral of Rheims they were dragging the wounded German prisoners lying helpless inside on straw that had begun to burn. In front of the church the French mob was about to shoot or tear to pieces those crippled, defenseless enemies. You and I might well want to kill an enemy who had set fire to Mount Vernon, the house of the Father of our Country.

For more than seven hundred years that great church of Rheims had been the sacred shrine of France. One minute more and those Germans lying or crawling outside the church door would have been destroyed by the furious people. But above the crash of rafters and glass, the fall of statues, the thunder of bombarding cannon, and the cries of French execration, rose one man's voice. There on the steps of the ruined church stood a priest. He lifted his arms and said:

"Stop; remember the ancient ways and chivalry of France. It is not Frenchmen who trample on a maimed and fallen foe. Let us not descend to the level of our enemies."

It was enough. The French remembered France. Those Germans were conveyed in safety to their appointed shelter—and far away, across the lands and oceans, hearts throbbed and eyes grew wet that had never looked on Rheims.

That is the tongues of fire; that is the Pentecost of Calamity. Often it must have made brothers again of those who found themselves prone on the battlefield, neighbors awaiting the grave. In Flanders a French officer of cavalry, shot through the chest, lay dying, but with life enough still to write his story to the lady of his heart. He wrote thus:

"There are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either. One is an officer of a Scottish regiment and the other a private in the uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself I found them bending over me, rendering first aid. The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask, while the German was endeavoring to stanch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to their troops by the medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered, and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side.

"In spite of their own sufferings, they were trying to help me; and when I was fully conscious again the German gave us a morphia injection and took one himself. His medical corps had also provided him with the injection and the needle, together with printed instructions for their use. After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. Both the German and the Britisher had been married only a year. . . .

"I wondered—and I suppose the others did—why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling to sleep, exhausted, and, in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform, he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the Tricolor of France and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a prayer book from his knapsack, and was trying to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle. And . . . while I watched him I realized what we were fighting for. . . . He was dying in vain, while the Britisher and myself, by our deaths, would probably contribute something toward the cause of civilization and peace."

Thus wrote this young French officer of cavalry to the lady of his heart, the American lady to whom he was engaged. The Red Cross found the letter at his side. Through it she learned the manner of his death. This, too, is the Pentecost of Calamity.

And what do the women say—the women who lose such men? Thus do they decline to attend at The Hague the Peace Congress of foolish women who have lost nobody:

"How would it be possible, in an hour like this, for us to meet women of the enemy's countries? . . . Have they disavowed the . . . crimes of their government? Have they protested against the violation of Belgium's neutrality? Against offenses to the law of nations? Against the crimes of their army and navy? If their voices had been raised it was too feebly for the echo of their protest to reach us across our violated and devastated territories. . ."

And one celebrated lady writes to a delegate at The Hague:

"Madam, are you really English? . . . I confess I understand better Englishwomen who wish to fight. . . . To ask Frenchwomen in such an hour to come and talk of arbitration and mediation and discourse of an armistice is to ask them to deny their nation. . . . All that Frenchwomen could desire is to awake and acclaim in their children, their husbands and brothers, and in their very fathers, the conviction that defensive war is a thing so holy that all must be abandoned, forgotten, sacrificed, and death must be faced heroically to defend and save that which is most sacred . . . our country. . . . It would be to deny my dead to look for anything beside that which is and ought to be!—if the God of right and justice, the enemy of the devil and of force and crazy pride, is the true God."

A German Poet's Prayer

Thus awakened and transfigured by Calamity do men and women rise in their full spiritual stature, efface themselves, and utter sacred words. Calamity, when the Lusitania went down, wrung from the lips of an awakened German, Kuno Francke, this noble burst of patriotism:

Ends Europe so? Then, in Thy mercy, God,
Out of the foundering planet's gruesome night
Pluck Thou my people's soul. From rage and craze
Of the staled Earth, O lift Thou it aloft,
Re-youthed, and through transfiguration cleansed;
So beaming shall it light the newer time,
And heavenly, on a world refreshed, unfold.
Soul of my race, thou sinkest not to dust.

If Germany's tragedy be, as I think, the deepest of all, the hope is that she, too, will be touched by the Pentecost of Calamity, and pluck her soul from Prussia, to whom she gave it in 1870. Thus shall the curse be lifted.

And what of ourselves in this well-nigh world-wide cloudburst?

Every man has walked at night through gloom where objects were dim and hard to see, when suddenly a flash of lightning has struck the landscape vivid. Trees close by, fences far off, houses, fields, animals and the faces of people—all things stand transfixed by a piercing distinctness. So now, in this thunderstorm of war, each nation and every man and woman is searchingly revealed by the perpetual lightnings. Whatever this American nation is, whatever aspect, noble or ignoble, our Democracy shows in the glare of this cataclysm, is even already engraved on the page of History, will be the portrait of the United States in 1914–15 for all time.

I want no better photograph of any individual than his opinion of this war. If he

has none, that is a photograph of him. Last autumn there were Americans who wished the papers would stop printing war news and give their readers a change. So we have their photographs, as well as those of other Americans who merely calculated the extra dollars they could squeeze out of Europe's need and agony. But that—thank God!—is not what we look like as a whole. Our sympathy has poured out for Belgium a springtide of help and relief; it has flowed to the wounded and afflicted of Poland, Servia, France and England. A continuous publishing of books, magazine articles and editorials, full of justice and of anger at Prussia's long-prepared and malignant assault, should prove to Europe that American hearts and heads by the thousand and hundred thousand are in the right place. Merely the stand taken by the New York Sun, New York Times, Outlook and Philadelphia Public Ledger—to name no more—saves us from the reproach of moral neutrality.

Yet, somehow, in Europe's eyes we fall short. The Allies, in spite of their recognition of our material generosity, find us spiritually wanting. In the London Punch, on the sinking of the Lusitania, Britannia stands perplexed and indignant behind the bowed figure of America, and, with a hand on her shoulder, addresses her thus:

In silence you have looked on felon blows,
On butcher's work of which the waste lands reek;
Now, in God's name, from Whom your greatness flows,
Sister, will you not speak?

Well—we did speak; but after nine months of silence. This silence, in the opinion of French and Belgian emissaries who have talked to me with courteous frankness, constitutes our moral failure.

"When this war began"—they say—"we all looked to you. You were the great Democracy; you were not involved; you would speak the justifying word we longed for. We knew you must keep out politically; this was your true part and your great strength. We altogether agreed with your President there. But why did your universities remain dumb? The University of Chicago stopped the mouth of a Belgian professor who was going to present Belgium's case in public. Your press has been divided. The word we expected from you has never come. You sent us your charity; but what we wanted was justice, ratification of our cause."

An American Answer

To this I have answered:

"First—Our universities do not and cannot sit like yours in high seats, inspiring public opinion. I wish they did. Second—We are not yet melted into one nationality; we are a mosaic of languages and bloods; yet, even so, never in my life have I seen the American press and people so united on any question. Third—Our charity is our very way—the only way we have—of telling you we are with you. I am glad you recognize the necessity of our political neutrality. Anything else would have been, both historically and as an act of folly, unprecedented. Fourth—Do not forget that George Washington advised us to mind our own business."

But they reply: "Isn't this your own business?"

And there they touch the core of the matter. Across the sea the deadliest assault ever made on Democracy has been going on, month after month. We send bread and bandages to the wounded; individually we denounce the assault. Columbia and Uncle Sam stand looking on. Is this quite enough? War being out of the question, was there nothing else? No protest to register? Did the wide ocean wholly let Columbia out?

I cannot tell what George Washington would have thought; I only know that my answer to my European friends leaves them unconvinced—and therefore how can it quite satisfy me? Minds are exalted now, and white-hot. When they cool, what will our historic likeness be as revealed in the lightnings of this cosmic emergency? Will it be the portrait of a people who sold its birthright for a mess of pottage? Viewing how we have given, and the tone of our press, I think this would hardly be just. If it is deemed that we missed a great opportunity in not protesting as signatories of the violated Hague conventions, are not our proofs of the violations more authentic now than at the time? What we heard was incredible to American minds. We had never made or known such war. By the time the truth was established a protest might have seemed somewhat belated.

It is too early to answer; certain it is that not as we are ourselves but as others see us, so shall we forever be. Certain it is also, and eternally, that through suffering alone men and nations find their greater selves. It is fifty years since we Americans knew the Pentecost of Calamity. We have prospered, we have been immune, and our prosperity has proved somewhat a curse in disguise. We have yet to find our greater selves. We have also yet to realize that Europe, since the Spanish War, has counted us in the concert of great nations far more than we have counted ourselves.

Somebody wrote in the New York Sun:

We are not English, German, Swede,
Or Austrian, Russian, French or Pole;
But we have made a separate breed
And gained a separate soul.

It sounds well; it means nothing; its sum total is zero. America asserts the brotherhood of man and then talks about a separate soul!

To speak of the Old World and the New World is to speak in a dead language. The world is one. All humanity is in the same boat. The passengers multiply, but the boat remains the same size. And people who rock the boat must be stopped by force. America can no more separate itself from the destiny of Europe than it can escape the natural laws of the universe.

Because we declared political independence, does anyone still harbor the delusion that we are independent of the acts and fortunes of monarchs? If so, let him consider only these four events: In 1492 a Spanish Queen financed a sailor named Columbus—and Europe reached out and laid a hand on this hemisphere. In 1685 a French King revoked an edict—and thousands of Huguenots enriched our stock. In 1803 a French consul, to spite Britain, sold us some land—it was pretty much everything west of the Mississippi. One might well have supposed we were independent of the heir of Austria. In 1914 they killed him, and Europe fell to pieces—and that fall is shaking our ship of state from stem to stern.

There may be some citizens down in the hold who do not know it—among a hundred million people you cannot expect to have no imbeciles. Thus, from Palos, in 1492, to Sarajevo, in 1914, the hand of Europe has drawn us ever and ever closer.

Yes, indeed; we are all in the same boat. Europe has never forgotten some words spoken here once: "That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." She waited to hear us repeat that in some form when The Hague conventions we signed were torn to scraps of paper. She waited in vain. I have tried to show why, and that she expected too much; that proofs came too late. Perhaps nothing save calamity will teach us what Europe is thankful to have learned again—that some things are worse than war, and that you can pay too high a price for peace; but that you cannot pay too high for the possession of your own soul.

If this war brings home to us that we now sit in the council of nations and share directly in the general responsibility for the world's well-being, we shall have taken a great stride in national and spiritual maturity, and our talk about the brotherhood of man may progress from rhetoric to realization.

WHAT NEXT?

Working Gas Overtime

ONE of the unforeseen possibilities of the gas engine is the idea, now being developed rapidly, of using the exhaust as a source of power—or making the gas work twice. The idea is hardly worth while for the gas engines of automobiles, because of the additional machinery; but in large gas engines for stationary operation it has many attractions.

The exhaust steam from steam engines is of little use except to supply heat for a building, in spite of the many inventions that have been patented, designed to get additional power out of this waste. It has been found, however, that gas engines which use gas made from coal, or use gasoline or kerosene, are not so discouraging.

In the gas engine the explosion or burning of gas in a cylinder makes the wheels go round, and the smoky fumes are then spit out of the cylinder. This burned gas, as it may be called, is still at a considerable degree of heat, and heat means power. It has been found practical to take this heat into a boiler and there make steam from it, which may be used for heating a building or for running a steam engine.

There are already some large installations of heating plants that get the heat from the exhaust of the gas engines; but the method of running a steam engine from these gases is a later development. Such steam boilers are now appearing on the market, one of the most practical having been devised by a British engineer.

Smoke for Sale

SELLING smoke is the very latest solution of the smoke problem in cities. Some practical railroad men are back of the idea, and they have had enough success so far to give hope that smoke from some of the worst offenders will soon be captured for the profit that is in it.

Their idea has been developed in a railroad roundhouse in Chicago, where locomotives are stabled. The engines awaiting their turn to go out on runs are kept fired up, and meantime they pour out much smoke through many roof openings of the house. It was decided to install some kind of system to reduce the smoke nuisance and benefit the neighborhood.

After some experiments an apparatus was installed that led all this engine smoke to a big concrete tank lined with wood and filled with water. The smoke passed through the water and reached the outside air fairly clean, practically as clear gases. Quantities of scum accumulated on the water due to the soot particles that the water captured. The scum was skimmed off and dried, and as much as five barrels a day of dry soot was thus collected.

This soot unquestionably has value, the first effort being to sell it as a substitute for lampblack. If it succeeds as lampblack the success of the installation will be complete; but, even if it does not have a satisfactory sale for that purpose, it is only a matter of time before some profitable disposition of it will be discovered.

Telephone Barkers

TELEPHONE barkers, to attract the attention of passers-by to a display in a store window, or to get the attention of crowds before an amusement pavilion, have appeared recently. The essential part of the outfit is a loud-speaking telephone, or two or three of them hitched up together.

In front of a store, for instance, passing people hear some phrase shouted in a mighty voice at them, and, on looking round, discover that the words come from big horns above the show window of a store. The words used—as "You men in the straw hats!"—make it obvious that it is not the operation of a talking machine, but of some concealed person.

Then it will be discovered that inside the store or the stand is a man with a telephone transmitter attached to his head or his shoulders, and that he is talking into the phone words which are greatly amplified in sound as they come from the horns, some distance away.

Full-View Freezing

ELECTRIC refrigeration is so simple and so clean that a large drug store in Chicago has now installed a refrigerating plant in the middle of the open store, for the purpose of making ice cream in sight of the patrons of the soda fountain.

Very little floor space is taken by the refrigerating machine, which is operated by electric power and uses the ammonia process—more space being taken for the forty-quart freezer and the cabinet for dry-hardening the cream after it has been frozen.

The refrigerating machine also serves to do the cooling for the soda fountain and for a storeroom in the basement.

You'll feel better and look better in one of these "No-wate" suits.

There's style, health and comfort in a Rosenwald & Weil Silk Suit.

Style in the smart cut and the fascinating weaves and colors.

Health in the immaculate cleanliness it makes possible.

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It won't cost you anything to look at our "No-wate" suits at your dealer's; very little more to own one.

Makers of good summer clothing, trousers, overcoats, raincoats, fancy and dress waistcoats, smoking jackets, bathrobes, automobile and golf apparel.

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"You Can't Drown"
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SWIM-WINGS
are the *last* word in Safety. The *final* word in Comfort. You can't sink. You can't capsize. Wings automatically adjust themselves to any swimming or floating position. No bags to blow up. Even a little tot is safe in the water with Kapo Swim-Wings. Crimson or navy blue colors. Adults' and children's sizes.
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VALVELESS ALUMINUM

El Perco

THE ELECTRIC COFFEE PERCOLATOR

It is not enough that you percolate your coffee—is not enough that the percolator be electrically operated—or that it be made of aluminum.

To preclude endless care and trouble it must be valveless [*without valves, traps or floats*].

Oh, certainly, Madam (*says the*
convert your *Hotpoint* ele
oven by merely setting this $
Yes, *Hotpoint Ovenette* is espec
as I am showing it here, or *El Grilsto*

Bakes and roasts fro

Just as well, just as quickly, as a large
biscuits—a roast—potatoes, or whate
extremely efficient, so very simple and
revolutionary advance in electric cook

Made of pressed steel, in three sections, ni
has no heater, but is made to fit on your
for on both the construction and design. Pr

The cheerful *blub blub* of *Hotpoint El Perco* is the sign of perfect coffee, always hot, on thousands of breakfast tables.

Why percolated? Why Aluminum? Why valveless? Why the low price?

Coffee should be ***percolated,*** because in that process the water drips through the ground coffee, extracting the flavor and aroma. It is boiling which extracts the caffein and imparts the "woody" or "brassy" taste—to boil it is to spoil it.

Percolation begins in less than half a minute, starting with cold water. Six cups of perfect coffee ready to pour in 8 minutes. The principle of construction by which this result is secured is extremely simple, and original with us. No traps, valves, or other loose parts to be cleaned and fussed over—to get out of order. The immersion heater (98% efficient) which operates El Perco, is shown in the tube above.

Every one agrees that ***aluminum*** is the best metal for a percolator, because it cannot contaminate the coffee. Aluminum El Perco is very highly polished and an ornament to the table or sideboard. Lighter weight than ordinary percolators, but a real, durable coffee pot.

The heater in El Perco is ***guaranteed*** for 5 years. Unless abused it should last a lifetime. Attaches to any lamp-socket.

The remarkably low ***price*** is explained by our extremely large production, which keeps down the cost of materials and factory overhead. Price $5.00; in Canada $6.50.

El Grilstovo boils, broils, fries, toasts. Two operations at the cost of one—one above the glowing coils, the other in the Underdish that is furnished with it. Nickeled and highly polished. Guaranteed 5 years. $5.00. Can. $6.50.

El Boilo provides shaving water or hot drinks in a jiffy. Polished nickel cylinder. Attaches to any lamp-socket. 2-year guarantee. Small size $3.00; Can. $4.00. Large size $4.00 and $5.00. Crook-neck $5.00 and $6.50.

El Cooko, the electric fireless cooker that operates from any lamp-socket. Instead of pre-cooking, you put the food in raw. When cooking is under way reduce heat to medium or low. Cooking continues as in the ordinary fireless. Bakes, roasts, boils. Retains the juices and flavors. Equipped with aluminum dishes. 5-year guarantee. Price $25.00. Canada $33.00.

A Roast? Certainly! From Any Lamp-socket

The middle section is to provide additional capacity to accommodate a beef roast, chicken, or operation requiring large space.

Meats roasted or baked in Ovenette retain all nutritious juices and the closely confined heat reduces shrinkage, as compared with ordinary ovens.

Look for the Hotpoint Display

Nearly all of the thousands of Hotpoint distributers display the Hotpoint stand pictured above. Look for the display stand.

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Toronto
25 Brant St. Limit

Do it the H

efficient electric oven for $2.50

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2.50 *Ovenette* on top of it.
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o, which you see there at your left.

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expensive oven. A pie—a pan of
ver is wanted. This *Ovenette* is so
economical, that it records another
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Reduced size for pie, biscuit, etc.
For a pie, biscuit, layer cake, and similar operations, omit the middle section, which decreases area to be heated, lessens current consumption and cost of operation. Bakes as quickly as a gas oven; browns perfectly. Economical too. For biscuits pre-heat five minutes and bake ten—current at a ten-cent rate costs one and one-half cents.

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If you cannot locate the Hotpoint distributer, send check to our nearest office. We ship prepaid. Give voltage, as on your electric bulbs

Hotpoint ELECTRIC IRON

For more than 10 years the Hotpoint Iron has led with the worthwhile improvements.

Which explains why it is today the standard beside which others are measured.

2,000,000 women now use a *Hotpoint* Iron to their entire satisfaction. This army of women is its highest endorsement.

Why the hot point? Why the attached stand? Why only $3.00?

We secure the ***hot point*** by bringing the two heating coils clear up into the point of the Iron. Putting extra heat into the point insures uniform heat all over the bottom of the Iron when it is in use, and the point is kept hot enough to do effective ironing. Without this extra heat the point of an iron, being constantly shoved into the cold, damp goods, soon becomes cold.

The ***switch-plug*** has a cool-grip fiber bar. It is metal encased and doesn't break like a porcelain plug. Interchangeable on most Hotpoint appliances.

The ***handle is always cool*** in service—you require no holder or protection for the hand. All the heat is held in the bottom of the Iron, where needed, and the room remains cool and comfortable. Attaches to any lamp-socket. Bottom is nickel-plated—no wax needed.

The ***attached stand*** does away with lifting a six-pound weight every few minutes. It does away with that nerve-racking scratching and banging. The Hotpoint is so balanced that a slight effort tilts it onto the attached stand. This stand is approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

See the binding 10-year ***guarantee*** that is attached to each Iron. Note the extremely high polished nickel finish and beautiful appearance. Nevertheless, the Hotpoint is sturdy and strong—it is built primarily for service.

And the ***price***—remember that the price in the United States is $3.00, Canada $3.50. At average rates it costs only three or four cents per hour to do regular household ironing. And you work in such comfort. Just slip the plug into place—in a couple of minutes the iron is hot. No waiting, no walking back and forth.

El Glostovo is a glowing-coil stove and toaster. Use regular cooking dishes. The under reflector makes it operate quickly. Attaches to any lamp-socket. Nickel plated. Guaranteed 5 years. $3.50. Canada $4.25.

Aluminum **El Comfo** applies heat to any part of the body instantly, day or night. Costs only three cents to operate it all night. 5-year guarantee. Price $4.50. Canada $6.00.

El Rangeo is a complete electric range consisting of two open-coil reflector-type stoves 7½ inches in diameter and Oven with broiler in top. When baking the Oven is set over one of the stoves. For warming oven it is used on shelf or in bottom opening. A separate appliance can be used on side shelf. All heaters controlled by 3-heat switch. Total consumption 2400 watts. Cannot be used on the lamp-socket. Price $50.00. Canada $65.00.

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On thousands of American factories—

THE photograph below shows a typical American factory.

It is an excellent example of a well-built, modern plant and is similar to thousands of others dotted all over the United States.

It is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The same could probably be said of a large majority of the other plants referred to, because a Barrett Specification Roof is the standard construction for permanent buildings of all kinds.

A Barrett Specification Roof is the cheapest permanent roofing made and it costs nothing to maintain.

It will last without any attention for twenty years or more. The unit cost accordingly is less than ¼ of a cent per foot per year of service.

These roofs take the base rate of insurance and are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Copies of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request. Address our nearest office.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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Roofers Commonwealth Roofing Co., Jersey City, N. J.

THE LOOK OF EAGLES

(Continued from Page 10)

And now came Blister, rather sheepish, and stood beside us.

"I got sore, Mr. Sanford," he said. "I oughta be kicked!"

Old Man Sanford proffered a lump of sugar to the slim black muzzle. It was accepted so eagerly that the sugar was knocked from the extended hand. Mr. Sanford pointed a reproving finger at the colt.

"Not quite so fast, young man!" he admonished. Then he turned to Blister with a gentle smile. "Youth is hasty," he said—"and sometimes—mistaken."

III

I RETURNED to Cincinnati and work that night, filled with speculations about a small black colt and his new owner. The latter, I felt, had reached a stubborn dotage.

Two months rolled by; they crawled for me. . . . The powers above decreed that the paper should fight the Bull Moose to the death. I trained the guns of the editorial page on a dauntless smile and adored its dynamic owner in secret.

Those were full days, but I found time somehow for a daily glance at the racing news. One morning I read the following:

"Postman, a bay colt, bred and owned by John C. Dillon, captured the two-year-old event without apparent effort. It was the winner's first appearance under colors. He is a big, rangy youngster, as handsome as a picture. He appears to be a very high-class colt and should be heard from."

"Poor Blister!" I thought; and later, as I read again and again of smashing victories by a great and still greater Postman, I became quite venomous when I thought of Old Man Sanford. I referred to him mentally as "That old fool!" and imagined Blister in horrid depths of despair.

Then the bugle called for the last time that year at Lexington, and the thoroughbreds came to my very door to listen for it.

For days thereafter, as luck would have it, I was forced to pound my typewriter viciously, everlastingly, and was too tired when night came to do anything but stagger to bed. At last there came a lull, and I fled incontinently to Latonia and the world of horse.

I approached Blister's stalls as one draws near a sepulcher. I felt that my voice, when I addressed him, should be pitched as though in the presence of a casket. I was shocked, therefore, at his lightness of mien.

"Hello, Four Eyes!" he said cheerfully. "How's the ole scout?"

I assured him that my scouting days were not yet over. And then:

"I've been reading about Postman," I said.

"Some colt!" said Blister. "He's bowed 'em home five times now. They've made him favorite fur the Hammond against all them Eastern babies."

There was genuine enthusiasm in his voice and I was filled with admiration for a spirit that could take a blow so jauntily. His attitude was undoubtedly the correct one, but I could not accomplish it. I thought of the five thousand dollars that went, with the floral horseshoe, to the winner of the Hammond stake. I thought of a gentle, fine, threadbare old man who needed that five thousand—oh, so desperately; and I was filled with bitter regrets, with malice and bad words.

"Of course he'll win it!" I burst out spitefully.

"Why, I dunno," drawled Blister, and added: "I thought Judge Dillon was a friend of yours."

"Oh, damn!" I said.

"Why, Four Eyes!" said Blister—"'n' Chick listenin' to you too!"

Chick grinned appreciatively.

"Don't let him kid ya," he advised. "He wasn't so gay hisself till ——"

"Take a shot of grape juice," interrupted Blister, "'n' hire a hall."

Chick's voice trailed off into unintelligible mutterings as he turned away.

"How about Mr. Sanford's colt?" I asked. "Have you still got him?"

To my astonishment Blister broke into one of his rare fits of laughter. He all but doubled up with unaccountable mirth.

"Say, Chick," he called when he could control his voice, "he wants to know if we still got the Sanford colt!"

Chick had turned a rather glum face our way; but at the words his expression became instantly joyous.

"Oh, say!" he said.

Then began a series of hilarious exchanges, entirely without meaning to me.

"He's hangin' round somewhere, ain't he, Chick?"

"Why, maybe he is," said Chick.

"You still throw a little rough feed into him, don't you, Chick?"

"When I got the time," said Chick; and the two imbeciles roared with laughter.

At last Blister began beating me between the shoulder blades.

"We got him, Four Eyes," he told me between thumps. "Yep—we got him."

"Stop!" I shouted. "What the devil's the matter with you?"

Blister became serious.

"Come here!" he said, and dragged me to a stall. He threw back the upper door and a shaft of sunlight streamed into the stall's interior, bathing a slim black head and neck until they glistened like a vein of coal. "Know him?" asked Blister.

"Yes," I said. "He's bigger though."

"Look at him good!" ordered Blister.

I peered at the relaxed inmate of the stall, who blinked sleepily at me through the shaft of sunlight. Blister pulled me back, closed the stall door, and tightened his grip on my arm.

"Now listen!" he said. "You just looked at the best two-year-old God ever put breath in!"

I took in this incredible information slowly. I exulted in it for a moment, and then came doubts.

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"How do I know!" exclaimed Blister. "It 'ud take me a week to tell you. Man, he can fly! He makes his first start to-morrow—in the Hammond. Old Man Sanford'll get in to-night. Come out 'n' see a real colt run."

My brain was whirling.

"In the Hammond?" I gasped. "Does Mr. Sanford know all this?"

Blister gave me a slow, a thoughtful look.

"It sounds nutty," he said; "but I can't figger it no other way. As sure as you 'n' me are standin' here—he knowed it from the very first!"

Until I closed my eyes that night I wondered whether Blister's words were true. If so, what sort of judgment, instinct, intuition, had been used that day at Thistle Ridge? I gave it up at last and slept, to dream of a colt that suddenly grew raven wings and soared over the grand stand while I nodded wisely and said: "Of course—the birthright of eagles!"

I got to Blister's stalls at one o'clock next day, and found Mr. Sanford clothed in a new dignity hard to describe. Perhaps he had donned it with the remarkable flowered waistcoat he wore—or was it due to his flowing double-breasted coat, a sprightly blue in color and suggesting inevitably a leather trunk, dusty, attic-bound, which had yawned and spat it forth?

"Welcome, suh; thrice welcome!" he said to me. "I take the liberty of presuming that the pu'ple and white is honored with yoh best wishes to-day."

I assured him that from the bottom of my heart this was so. He wrung my hand again and took out a gold watch the size of a bun.

"Three hours moh," he said, "before our hopes are realized or shattered."

"You think the colt will win?" I inquired.

Mr. Sanford turned to the southwest. I followed his eyes and saw a bank of evil-looking clouds creeping slowly up the sky.

"I like our chances, suh," he told me; "but it will depend on those clouds yondeh. We want a fast track foh the little chap. He is a swallow. Mud would break his heart."

"She's fast enough now," said Blister, who had joined us; and Mr. Sanford nodded.

So for three hours I watched the sky prayerfully and saw it become more and more ominous. When the bugle called for the Hammond at last, Latonia was shut off from the rest of the world by an inverted inky cup, its sides shot now and then with lightning flashes. We seemed to be in a great vacuum. I found my lungs snatching for each breath, while my racing card grew limp as I clutched it spasmodically in a sweating hand.

I had seen fit to take a vital interest in the next few moments; but I glanced at faces all about me in the grand stand and found them strained and unnatural. Perhaps in the gloom they seemed whiter than they really were; perhaps my own nerves pricked my imagination until this packed humanity became one beating heart.

I do not think that this was so. The dramatic moment goes straight to the soul of a crowd, and this crowd was to see the Hammond staged in a breathless dark, with the lightning's flicker for an uncertain spotlight.

No rain would spoil our chances that day, for now, across the center field at the half-mile post, a mass of colors boiled at the barrier. The purple and white was somewhere in the shifting, surging line, borne by a swallow, so I had been told. Well, even so, the blue and gold was there likewise—and carried by what? Perhaps an eagle!

Suddenly a sigh—not the customary roar, but a deep intaking of the grand stand's breath—told me they were on the wing. I strained my eyes at the blurred mass of them, which seemed to move slowly in the distance as it reached the far turn of the back stretch. Then a flash of lightning came and my heart skipped a beat and sank.

They were divided into two unequal parts. One was a crowded, indistinguishable mass. The other, far ahead in unassailable isolation, was a single spot of bay with a splash of color clinging above.

A roar of "Postman!" shattered the quiet like a bombshell, for that splash of color was blue and gold. The favorite was making a runaway race of it. He was coming home to twenty thousand joyful backers, who screamed and screamed his name.

Until that moment I had been the victim of a dream. I had come to believe that the little old man, standing silent at my side, possessed an insight more than human. Now I had wakened. He was an old fool in a preposterous coat and waistcoat, and I looked at him and laughed a mirthless laugh. He was squinting slightly as he peered with his washed-out eyes into the distance. His face was placid; and as I noted this I told myself that he was positively witless. Then he spoke.

"The bay colt is better than I thought," he said.

"True," I agreed bitterly, and noted, as the lightning flashed again, that the blue and gold was an amazing distance ahead of those struggling mediocre others.

"A pretty race," murmured Old Man Sanford; and now I thought him more than doddering—he was insane.

Some seconds passed in darkness, while the grand stand gave off a contented murmur. Then suddenly the murmur rose to a new note. It held fear and consternation in it. My eyes leaped up the track. The bay colt had rounded the curve into the stretch. He was coming down the straight like a bullet; but—miracle of miracles!—it was plain that he was not alone. . . .

In a flash it came to me: stride for stride, on the far side of him, one other had maintained a flight equal to his own. And then I went mad; for this other, unsuspected in the darkness until now, commenced to creep slowly, surely, into the lead. Above his stretching neck his colors nestled proudly.

He was bringing the purple and white safe home to gold and glory.

Nearer and nearer he came, this small demon whose coat matched the heavens, and so shot past us, with the great Postman—under the whip—two lengths behind him!

I remember executing a sort of bear dance, with Mr. Sanford infolded in my embrace. I desisted when a smothered voice informed me that my conduct was "Unseemly, suh—most unseemly!"

A rush to the track followed, where we found Blister, quite pale, waiting with a blanket. Suddenly the grand stand, which had groaned once and become silent, broke into a roar that grew and grew.

"What is it?" I asked. Blister whirled and stared at the figures that had appeared on the timing board. I saw a look of awe come into his face. "What is it?" I repeated. "Why are they cheering? Is it the time?"

"Oh, no!" said Blister with scornful sarcasm and a look of pity at my ignorance. "It ain't the time!" He nodded at the figures. "That's only the world's record fur the age 'n' distance."

And now there came, mincing back to us on slender, nervous legs, something wet and black and wonderful. It pawed and danced wildly in a growing ring of curious eyes.

Then, just above the grand stand, the inky cup of the sky broke suddenly and there appeared the light of an unseen sun. It turned the piled white clouds in the break to marvels of rose and gold. They seemed like the ramparts of heaven, set there to guard from earthly eyes the abode of the immortals.

"Whoa, man! Whoa, hon!" said Blister, and covered the heaving sides.

As he heard Blister's voice and felt the touch of the blanket the colt grew quiet His eyes became less fiery wild. He raised his head, with its dilated blood-red nostrils, and stared—not at the mortals standing reverently about him, but far beyond our gaze, through the lurid gap in the sky, straight into Valhalla.

I felt a hand on my arm.

"The look of eagles, suh!" said Old Man Sanford.

Sense and Nonsense

Off With the Old—On With the New

IN A GEORGIA town the darkies were out for their Saturday-afternoon good time. A mulatto woman, whose somber dress and wealth of crape betokened recent bereavement, attended by a man on each side and two in the rear—all clamoring for the pleasure of taking her to the picture show—came down the street. A plainly clad auntie stepped out of a crowd, accusingly fronting her:

"Say, how's dis, Minnie? Mister Saul skasely col' in 'is grave—an' you 'ceivin' de 'tentions o' gentermens!"

"Huh!" fired back Minnie with a toss of her head that swished her veil. "I ain't crazy 'bout no dead man!"

No Head Dress

A PROMINENT New York business man, who declines the use of his name for reasons most obvious, is telling this one on his wife: On his return from a long tour of the West this business man's wife was narrating to him the delightful times she had while he was away.

"One night I was invited to a dinner party at a smart café," she said, "and one of the guests was the Turkish Ambassador. He was well informed on every subject and was one of the most entertaining dinner companions I ever knew."

"Did he wear a fez?" asked the husband.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "He was clean-shaved."

Buried Oil

HIDDEN reservoirs of oil fuel for submarines, anchored on the bottom of the sea, have been suspected by the British to be the means by which German submarines have been able to operate far from the apparent bases of supply; and, though there is no proof that the German submarines are using such hidden reservoirs, or would even have any need of them, it has become known that such reservoirs have been constructed in a way which makes them practical.

The reservoir is a steel cylinder of varying size, up to one hundred and fifty feet long, with several compartments filled with oil fuel, and some compartments designed to hold sea water or air, as may be desired. The cylinder is towed to the hiding place and sunk by filling some compartments with sea water. An inconspicuous float on the surface marks the place where the cylinder is sunk.

To take oil from the cylinder the submarine crew locate the float and pull it up, bringing with it a flexible pipe. Air is then pumped into the pipe and the air forces the water out of the compartments of the cylinder, causing the whole outfit to come to the surface. An oil-supply hose from the submarine is then attached to a valve on the side of the oil tank and the oil is pumped to the submarine. After a supply is taken, water is again allowed to flow into the cylinder, which then sinks to its place on the bottom.

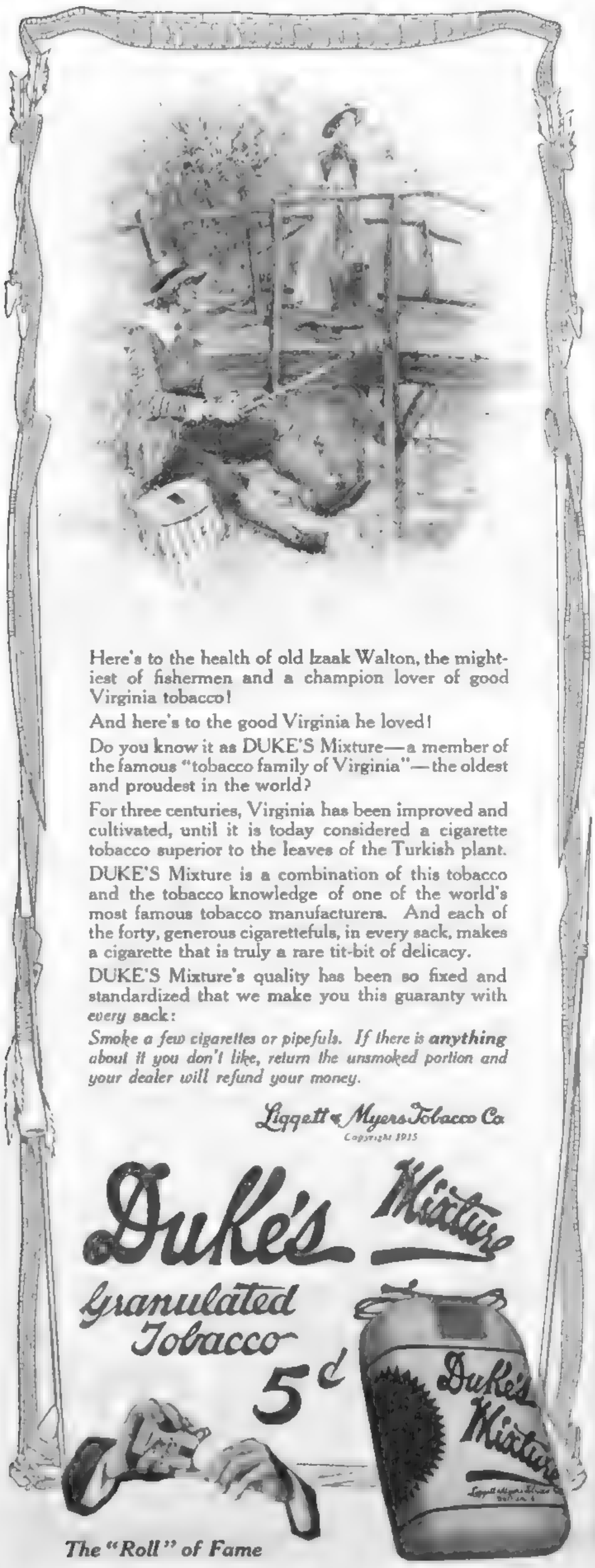
Three Men

disagreed as to the best form of Shaving Soap. One preferred the stick, another the powder, and the third the cream.

So each man bought the form he preferred and all secured the same shaving comfort and satisfaction for they all bought

Williams'

as wise men usually do.


Here's to the health of old Izaak Walton, the mightiest of fishermen and a champion lover of good Virginia tobacco!
And here's to the good Virginia he loved!
Do you know it as DUKE'S Mixture—a member of the famous "tobacco family of Virginia"—the oldest and proudest in the world?
For three centuries, Virginia has been improved and cultivated, until it is today considered a cigarette tobacco superior to the leaves of the Turkish plant.
DUKE'S Mixture is a combination of this tobacco and the tobacco knowledge of one of the world's most famous tobacco manufacturers. And each of the forty, generous cigarettefuls, in every sack, makes a cigarette that is truly a rare tit-bit of delicacy.
DUKE'S Mixture's quality has been so fixed and standardized that we make you this guaranty with every sack:
Smoke a few cigarettes or pipefuls. If there is anything about it you don't like, return the unsmoked portion and your dealer will refund your money.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
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Duke's Mixture
Granulated Tobacco
5 d
Duke's Mixture
The "Roll" of Fame

THE BY-PRODUCTS OF THE WAR INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 13)

was firmly established that this horrible and dreaded disease was conveyed chiefly, if not solely, by the bites of lice. So, by the mercy of heaven, the reappearance of this disease above the sanitary horizon in the wake of war had been preceded a scant year or so by the discovery of its antidote.

We now begin to understand why it is that this fever was so invariably associated with jails and camps and crowded slums, all of which furnish ideal conditions for the multiplication and spread of vermin. The disappearance of the disease was not due to any energetic campaign against it by the sanitary authorities, for we had not the slightest idea of its cause or method of spread; but simply by the general raising of the standards of cleanliness and decency—ably aided, of course, by modern medicine—through all ranks of the community.

The Common Carriers of Typhus

"Lousy" has always been a term of most scathing reproach and contumely, necessitating an immediate resort to arms in uncultured communities. And the simple rousing of this natural antipathy to verminousness to the *n*th power has been practically sufficient to stamp out the disease in civilized circles. How horribly deadly it was may be gathered from instances on record, where not merely all prisoners in a given jail were attacked, more than half of whom died, but where the jury, the lawyers, the officers of the court, and the judge himself, who came to conduct the assizes in the courtroom over the jail, were attacked by the disease, and many of them, including the presiding justice, lost their lives—one of the few instances on record where judges and lawyers were given a taste of the same punishment they had been so freely handing out to criminals, debtors and other offenders. The pity is that a wider application could not be given—in intelligently selected cases, of course.

The mortality in ordinary epidemics ranges anywhere from fifteen to thirty per cent of those attacked—nearly double that of its daughter, typhoid. And, under conditions such as now exist in Servia, with famine and destitution on every hand, from fifty to seventy-five per cent of those attacked seems not an unlikely mortality, as indeed is already reported. It has always been a disease peculiarly likely to be communicated to physicians and nurses in attendance on the sick. In some of our older hospitals as high as fifty per cent of the staff have been known to be attacked by it.

This is for the first time easily understandable, since it simply requires the transference of a louse that has bitten the patient. However, the important point is that we are now pretty nearly in a position to say: "No lice, no typhus!"

It is another illustration of what a surprisingly narrow margin divides between safety and serious risk. Personal cleanliness plays a wonderful part; and, as a matter of simple, sober fact, the invention of underwear that is of a light color and requires to be frequently washed in order to look decent was one of the greatest triumphs of sanitation. The simple linen or cotton undershirt has saved a thousand times more human lives than any shirt of mail ever wrought by the armorers.

Indoor Sports of the Lumberjacks

How rare and recent a luxury they are is almost incredible. The shirt, which is now regarded as the simplest and most inseparable covering of the human body, was a luxury worn only by the nobility and gentry, and by them only on gala occasions, up to the sixteenth century. Its very name is profoundly significant, being derived from the same root as "shift"—that which can be changed. Indeed, its universal wear is so recent that the term "shift" still persists in recent classic literature and in many provincial dialects of to-day.

Previously to its introduction humanity wore garments of coarse woolen stuffs or of soft-dressed leather, which were worn next to the skin and practically never taken off until they literally fell to pieces and dropped off. Consequently the smell of the Great Unwashed was regarded as one of the primary characteristics of plebeian humanity. Even the knights, under their coats of mail, and the nobles, under their superb embroidered robes of state, often wore only chamois-skin waistcoats or vests, and long, coarse woolen hose. Consequently human bodies and houses were simply paradises for vermin, literally flea pastures and lice heavens, in the metaphoric language of the cowboy.

Lest we should give ourselves unjustified airs and regard this state of affairs as peculiar to the Dark Ages, three recent survivals may be mentioned. In the lumber camps of the northern woods of Michigan and Canada forty years ago, I have been informed by eyewitnesses, the men, on going into the camp in the early winter after the first snow, put on one heavy woolen Mackinaw undershirt. About a month later, at the coming of the intensest cold, another was put on over this. In January or February a third was added to preserve external appearances; and then, when the thaw came in the spring and the weather was safely warm, all three were removed and a bath was taken.

As might have been expected, the men were simply swarming with vermin; and if anybody pretended to put on airs and tried to keep himself personally clean the others took pleasure in placing the parasites on his clothing while he slept, so that the vermin would have a fair field and no favor.

When a Man Can't Bathe

Another is the report of a committee appointed to investigate the old Bellevue Hospital of the city of New York in 1837, who found among other things that the patients were lying in bed on straw mattresses between filthy blankets, without either sheets or pillowcases, and that the bedding in many cases had not been changed for two or three months and vermin simply swarmed!

By a singular coincidence typhus fever fairly rioted through the wards, and more than half of the nurses and doctors of the hospital staff caught it.

Third and most recent, as illustrating the reversions to barbarism caused by war, the bitterest complaint of the soldiers in the trenches now in Europe and in the prison camps is of the swarms of vermin with which they are infested, and which make sleep at night almost impossible. Again, the cause is of an alphabetic simplicity—mere inability to wash their bodies and to change and wash and dry their underwear. Coming from cleanly homes, provided with the best of clothing and underwear, it takes only a month or two to turn high-grade modern troops into vermin-infested vagrants, so far as their bodily conditions are concerned.

The difficulty, of course, has been partly the absence of any opportunity of heating water for washing and bathing purposes, as this would attract the enemy's shellfire, and the risk of spreading out shirts or underwear to dry, even after they were washed, because this would instantly attract the hawklike eye of the birdmen war scouts and invite a hail of shrapnel on the reserve camp within a few hours.

German and French officers of high rank have actually written descriptions home of how delighted they were to get a "dry bath," or rubdown, with the meal adhering to the inside of a meal sack.

It needs but the falling of the spark of a single case of typhus, or even of a few typhus-infected lice, into these swarms of vermin to start a raging epidemic of the old war fever, jail fever—alias typhus.

What a difference a daily or even a biweekly bath, cleaning the skin and shaking out the underwear, even without opportunity to wash and dry the latter, will make, is shown by the fact that considerable parts of the British trenches are comparatively free from vermin on account of the historic and Spartan English habit of the cold tub. Some mitigation of the pest of vermin has also been obtained in the Russian trenches by the ingenious installation of bath trains, equipped to furnish the hot-steam or cabinet sweat bath, which is the favorite luxury of Russians of all classes.

(Continued on Page 37)

CHARLES Y. KNIGHT
SAYS:

The King of England owns Knight motored cars.

The Czar of Russia owns Knight motored cars.

The Emperor of Germany owns Knight motored cars.

The King of Belgium owns Knight motored cars.

In short, practically all the royal and titled families of Europe will have nothing else.

Their Knight cars cost them from $4000 to $8000 each!

Very shortly a large American automobile manufacturer will announce a new Knight motored car!

It will be the efficiency equal of the finest Knight automobiles of Europe.

But most surprising of all is the price!

This will be in the neighborhood of $1000!

Announcement July 17th

Have you ever really seen your skin—as others see it?

TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good. But who of us does not have to face every day—when we least dream of it—eyes that are bent on us in critical inspection?

Really see your skin

GO to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in. Look for tiny rough places that make your skin appear scaly when you powder, for conspicuous nose pores, for excessively oily skin or a shiny nose. Perhaps your skin is tender and sensitive, sallow and colorless, or unduly tanned.

Whatever condition you find, *it can be changed*. Make the following Woodbury treatment a daily habit and it will gradually but surely bring to your skin—as it has to thousands of others—that clearness, freshness and *charm* you long for.

Use this treatment once a day

LATHER your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Your skin changes every day

YOUR skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old dead particles. *Then*, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Use persistently—the charm will come to stay

IT is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today. Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing for greater attractiveness that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write today for a week's-size cake

FOR 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write or mail coupon today and begin to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., 303 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Canadians: The Woodbury preparations are now manufactured also in Canada and are sold by Canadian druggists from coast to coast. For sample, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 303 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Tear out this cake and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today. You will find it at dealers' everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

(Continued from Page 34)

Each train consists of about twenty cars, beginning with one used as a dressing room, where the men can throw off their clothing and have it taken to be steam-cleaned, freed from vermin, sterilized by superheated steam, dried and pressed; then a number of cars with twenty or thirty bath cabinets in each; then a couple of rest rooms, with cots; then a redressing room, where the men are given back their renovated clothing; and lastly a restaurant car, where they get a good, hot meal. There are over thirty of these "Hot-Springs on Wheels" traveling up and down behind the Russians' lines constantly.

The man who takes a daily bath secures a more invulnerable skin than did Baldur from the dragon's blood, or Achilles by being dipped in the Styx, provided the hookworm does not bite him on the heel, or the *Pediculus corporis*, otherwise known as the louse, does not bite him between his shoulder blades.

Our motto, then, against typhus is: "Take care of the lice and the typhus will take care of itself!" Some experts go so far as to declare that when a patient with typhus has been bathed and his hair fine-tooth-combed, his whole body and scalp thoroughly disinfected with a turpentine or kerosene spray, and his room and bedding disinfected—if all the members of his family and the inmates of the house are found to be free from lice—then he can be safely cared for in his own quarters without segregation. But few physicians or sanitary authorities would care to run that risk, except in case of the most extreme overcrowding of hospitals or asylums.

The campaign against the prevailing epidemic that is now devastating Servia, brought in by Austrian prisoners of war, will follow these lines: the complete and thorough sterilization of the bodies and clothing of all the patients by oiling them with kerosene, placing them in absolutely clean or vermin-proof houses or wards, where this can be secured; but if not, and, according to some experts, preferably, in tents without sides and with wooden floors raised a foot or more above the ground, and the ground underneath kept sprayed with kerosene.

By these means it is believed that, within a comparatively short time after all known cases are cared for, and a thorough—in the graphic and downright German term which needs no translation—*Entlausung*—*au* pronounced as *ow*—of everyone who has come or can possibly come in contact with them—the disease will be stamped out by breaking down the one bridge on which it can cross to the human body.

What the Schools Can Do

It is a quaint and interesting illustration of how good work in one field of human welfare helps in all—often quite unexpectedly—that probably one of the most powerful factors in promoting this sudden disappearance of vermin from civilized society has been our public schools—partly by the fierce light of reprobation and public disesteem that beats on any child or group of children who come to school in a dirty, ill-smelling, insanitary condition. The first ambition toward personal cleanliness has often been implanted in the uncultured bosom of a youth by sniffs and snorts and objections by his schoolfellows to sitting in the same seat with him or to leeward of him. Out-of-doors these little peculiarities are less vividly noticeable and may escape attention.

The elevation of home standards produced by the mere publicity and democracy of the public school has been something tremendous, as illustrated by the familiar classic story of the little Russian boy, of most unrefined personal habits and appearance, who, after several children had refused to sit in the same seat with him on the ground that his aura was offensive, was sent home by the teacher with a note to his mother requesting her to give him a bath. This ultimatum produced a return diplomatic note, brought by the youngster the next morning, which after many struggles was deciphered to read:

"*Deer teecher:* I wud like tu give Jakey a bath, but I carnt. He has bin sone up for the winter."

So from Moscow to the East Side is not such a far cry as it might at first appear.

Another element has been the vigorous and relentless war with the fine-tooth comb, waged not merely by school doctors and nurses but also by the more intelligent teachers for nearly forty years past. It may possibly prove that the labor expended on the outside of the heads of certain classes of our school children may be of as great benefit as any measure directed toward their inside contents. The fine-tooth comb ought to appear in the coat of arms of public education, along with the globe and the spelling book. Everything that raises the standard of personal cleanliness makes the spread of disease more difficult.

No modern school building now considers itself properly equipped without a row of shower baths or a series of tubs, not merely for cleanliness but also for refreshment and mental stimulus.

For the treatment of typhus we have no antitoxin or serum, or specially helpful drug. When the disease has once been literally bitten into the blood it runs its course in spite of everything that can be done. However, careful nursing, keeping up the strength of the patient by skillful feeding, and keeping down the temperature by bathing and sponging, and inducing him to drink large quantities of cool water—not merely quarts, but gallons a day—will considerably reduce the death rate; though in severe epidemics this will be high in spite of all that can be done.

From the fact that patients who are kept thoroughly clean and in clean surroundings usually show a lower death rate, it would seem that there is a risk of extra infection by additional lice bites; so that cleanliness is helpful to the patient as well as protective to others.

Keeping Out European Infections

Within the last few months the organism or germ of the disease has apparently been discovered by Dr. Harry Plotz, of the city of New York, and a vaccine prepared from cultures of this germ has already been injected into several of the American Red Cross doctors going to Servia, though with what degree of protection yet remains to be seen. If the situation is intelligently met the actual danger of the spread of disease to this country is comparatively small, and of a general epidemic still less, because the disease cannot spread except where filthy, overcrowded and verminous conditions exist.

A careful inspection of emigrants at the port of embarkation, spraying their hair and skin with turpentine or kerosene, sterilizing their clothing and baggage with superheated steam, and a repetition of the examination on this side of the Atlantic before they are allowed to land, would ward off nearly all danger.

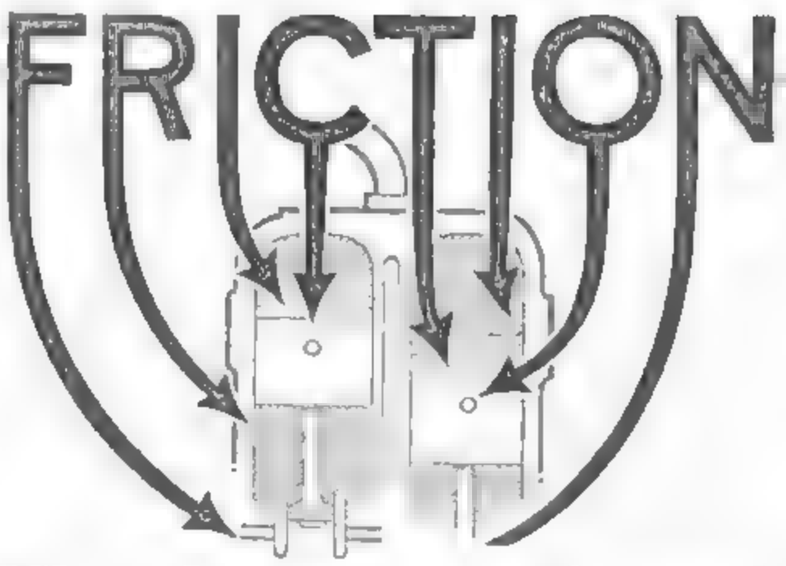
It takes from seven to fourteen days for the disease to develop after infection, and few instances occur after the last period. Any slumbering cases on shipboard will be pretty certain to declare themselves if a voyage lasts ten days or longer, which is usually the case on most ships coming from southern Mediterranean ports. The chief danger of the spread of the disease in Europe consists in war conditions—overcrowded and vermin-ridden trenches and prison camps, and shelters into which the peasantry have been driven in the countries actually fought over—the only places that would furnish the necessary tinder for its spark.

Two other grave disease possibilities of the war should be borne in mind, and these are plague and cholera. The first of these falls into the same class with typhus, as far as method of spread is concerned; while the other lines up with typhoid as a waterborne disease. The two together are probably the most terrible pestilences that afflict mankind.

This is particularly true of the first, as may be illustrated by the fact that it is the only widespread disease that has an invariable death rate of from eighty to ninety per cent of all those attacked. And no method of treatment that the wit of man has been able to devise appears to have the slightest effect on its deadliness.

Though it has become little more than a name and a half-forgotten terror to us, it was the most terrific scourge of the whole civilized world for over two thousand years, from Grecian times up to the late Middle Ages.

Its ravages sound like a fairy tale to-day; but one invasion of it is recorded to have cost thirty million lives in Europe and the Mediterranean countries, and this was only a fair sample of its power. Yet the whole of that volcano of fire and pestilence, that lava flood of disease and death, is now



The destroyer of steel

Like the weight of an extra passenger, friction always rides with you.

It drags at your bearings. It robs you of power. It wears down metal. There are several thousand piston-strokes in a cylinder for each mile the car runs.

As friction can never be entirely overcome, it is imperative then that you use the best possible friction-reducing oil for *your* motor.

Unless the *body* of your oil is adapted to *your* motor and feed system, it will not properly distribute between the moving parts.

That is certain.

And, unless its *quality* or lubricating efficiency is of the highest, it too quickly "wears out" under the constant rubbing between the moving metal surfaces.

At the right we print a scientific Chart of Automobile Recommendations. This chart for a number of years has been the motorist's standard guide to correct lubrication.

The *body* of the oil specified for your car in this Chart enables it to feed in correct quantities to every friction point.

After it reaches these friction points, its *quality* assures a constant and proper oil cushion.

That oil cushion is your only insurance against premature motor wear.

It is your only safeguard against the noisy complaints of worn-down metal parts.

If you want to make certain of this protection, note down the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified for your car. Then ask for that grade and see that you get it.

If your car is not listed in the partial chart at the right, send for the complete Chart, which embraces 585 makes of car.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electrical Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

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Detroit New York Philadelphia Minneapolis
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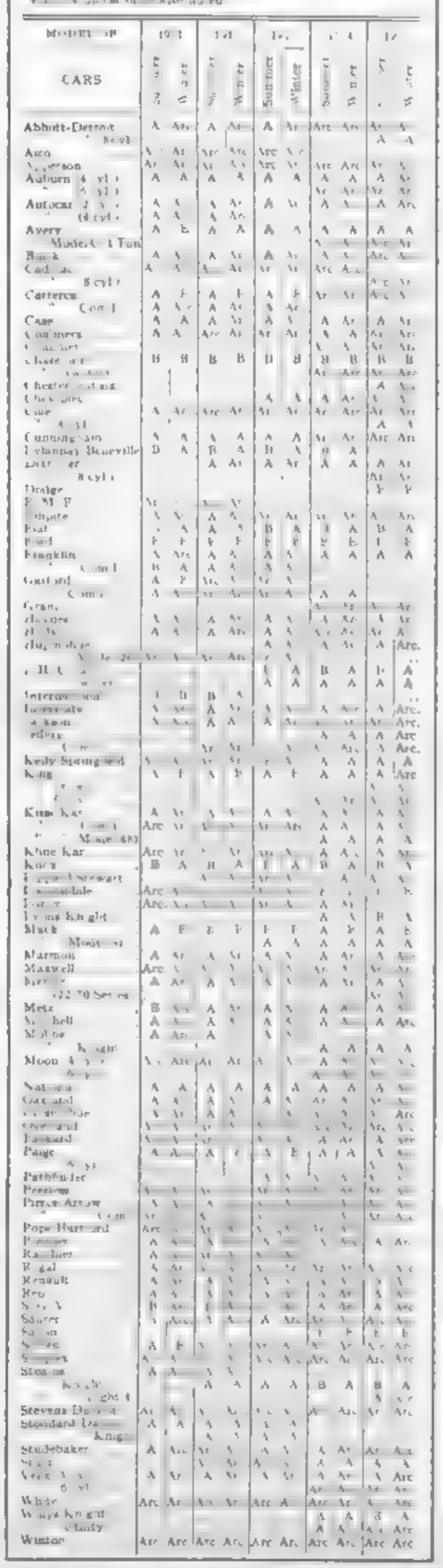
Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below the [illegible] grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil [illegible] Arctic [illegible] both passenger and commercial [illegible]



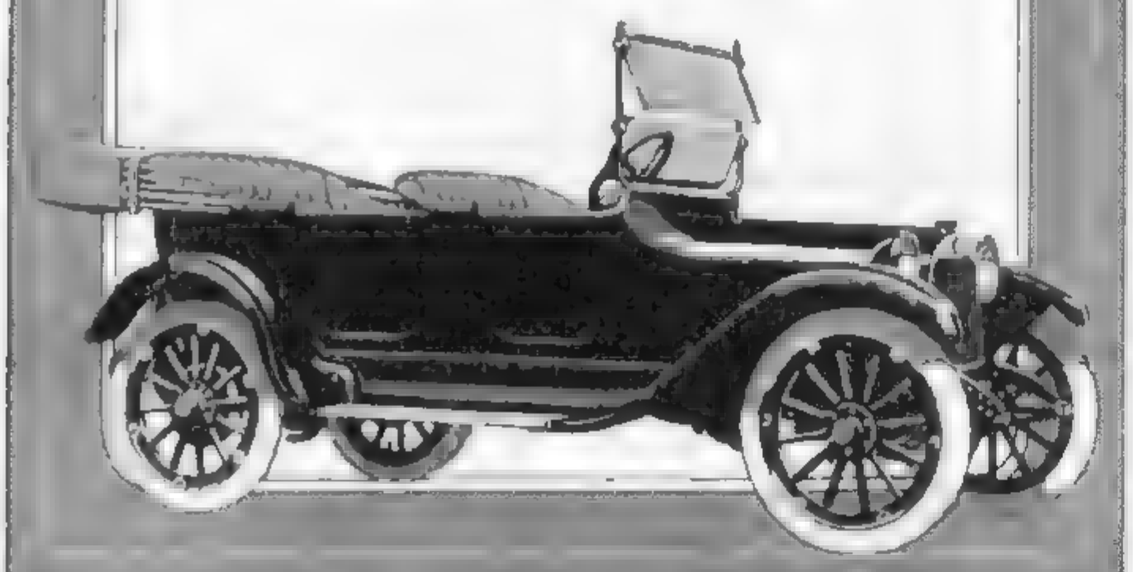
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

The specifications indicate why the car is so splendidly responsive, so swift in getting into action, so comfortable, so silent, so steady; and they are also worthy of being carefully studied because they evidence how high was the standard the manufacturers set for themselves:—

One-man top, Jiffy curtains; real leather upholstery; deep, soft tufting of natural curled hair, streamline steel body; oval moulded fenders; 30-35 h. p. bloc motor with removable head; full floating rear axle; Timken bearings thruout; imported Swiss ball bearings in clutch and transmission; waterproof Eisemann magneto; 12-volt Northeast motor generator for starting and lighting; self lubricating Chrome Vanadium steel springs; drop forgings and drawn work instead of castings

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Her Son will go to College

MRS. PRUE A. PLATT, of Oregon, determined that her son should have a college education. With this end in view she took up Curtis subscription work in her spare time. Mrs. Platt writes:

"My earnings in the time devoted to Curtis work compare very favorably with other ways of making money. My profits are buying shares in a Building and Loan Company, to be used toward my little son's education and expenses."

We offer to any man or woman of good address the same opportunity to make money that Mrs. Platt enjoys. No experience is necessary; we'll instruct you. Write for information to

Agency Division, Box 941
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

believed to have been due to one tiny, insignificant little rodent, the rat, which liberated this monster as the mouse of the fable is said to have liberated the lion.

This sounds impossible; but the sober fact is that the chief, if not the only, way in which this fearsome pest can be transmitted to human beings is by the bite of a rat flea—that is, a species of flea which lives on and in the fur of the common rat, but which will spread to and bite human beings when the opportunity is afforded; though it will not continue to live and breed on their bodies or in their clothing.

Again, as in the case of typhus, an insect, and one whose very name has been a synonym for insignificance, has been our deadliest enemy. The classic paraphrase of Scripture, "the wicked flea," has proved true in a most sinister and unexpected manner.

Though there has been no great eruption of this disease in Europe or America since the seventeenth century, yet it has smoldered along continuously in the Far East, with frequent rumblings and outbursts, one of which occurred no farther away than India and no less recently than from 1900 to 1905, when more than fifteen million deaths were caused by it in that great and populous land. So that all that war has to do is to provide the appropriate conditions of filth, vermin and overcrowding, and the soil is prepared for another crop of pestilence.

The terror of the disease is something almost incredible nowadays. Its names alone would be enough to indicate this: the plague, the pest, the Great Plague, the Black Death, the bubonic plague, are only a few of them. It strikes almost with the suddenness of lightning. One hour, the victim is in perfect health; the next, he is prostrated with headache and raging fever. Five or six hours later swellings appear in the glands of the groin and in the glands of the armpits, which rapidly reach the size of a hen's egg or even of a closed fist, and turn first reddish, then purplish black in color.

These swellings—buboes—have given one of its names to the disease, the bubonic plague. Stagnation and putrefaction of the blood and flesh spread over every part of the body. The face becomes purple; the tongue turns black; there is agonizing headache and backache, as though the body were being broken in two. Within twelve hours the patient is unconscious, and within from thirty-six to forty-eight he is dead. And for hours before the end comes gangrenous decay of his blood and tissues seems to have set in.

The Unconquered Plague

No need to speculate on how it got its name, the Black Death. Those frightful purple swellings in the groin and armpits are now believed to be due to the fact that the virus gets into the body by bites, or possibly through scratches, on the feet and legs or on the arms, the points at which a flea can most readily reach the human body. It is arrested by the first chain of lymphatic glands it comes to—in the groin or the axilla, as the case may be—and thus produces the first recognizable mark of the disease.

There is no known method of treatment that can be relied on to produce the slightest effect. In the small group of cases which occurred in the San Francisco Chinatown, an infection from the Orient, the death rate was exactly the same as that in the Middle Ages. Out of some hundred and twenty cases more than a hundred died, though these included some fifteen or twenty white victims.

On the other hand, we have a fairly strong line of defense against it—first, by campaigning for the destruction of rats and their fleas, both of which can be as completely exterminated as mosquitoes or flies—or, for the matter of that, wolves or tigers, or other more dreaded but far less dangerous animals; and, second, it is believed that a very high degree of protection is afforded against the spread of the plague by a somewhat unexpected barrier—boots and shoes, especially with high tops or combined with leather or canvas leggings, or putties, so as to protect the feet and legs from scratches and the bites of fleas hopping from the ground.

In the long and bitter fight against the epidemic in India carried on by the British Government, regiments of soldiers, both native and Europeans, were extensively used in cleaning up the infected quarters of the villages and cities. It was first noticed that the English troops were very seldom attacked by the disease, even on this dangerous duty, while the native troops quite frequently contracted it. A little further observation showed that those native troops which continued to wear their regulation army boots and gaiters were almost free from the disease, while those who stripped them off and reverted to a state of nature for this dirty work suffered frequently.

An order was issued commanding, under strictest penalties, that boots and gaiters be worn, and the native troops also became almost exempt; so that we may console ourselves with the belief, with a fair degree of confidence, that under civilization all classes which can be kept above the flea line and which have entirely abandoned the habit of going barefoot, or wearing loose slippers or flimsy foot and leg gear, will furnish unfavorable ground for any extensive epidemic of the true plague.

The infection will, however, undoubtedly be brought into the war zone, especially in Turkey, Asia Minor or Southern Russia; in fact, several cases have already been reported. If the struggle lasts long enough and includes a sufficiently wide devastation of countries and destruction of dwellings and crowding into refuge camps, so as to make personal cleanliness impossible and spread vermin broadcast, it is not at all impossible that we may see a repetition of the horrors of the Thirty Years' War or of the Great Plague of London.

How the Cholera Comes Back

The last of the great half-forgotten pestilences that war has brought back to us is cholera. This is of an utterly different type from typhus and the Black Death. It is a water-borne disease and wreaks its chief destruction on the intestinal canal; in fact, it is a terrific summer diarrhea, raised to the *n*th power, as the common names of some of our summer bowel troubles, such as cholera infantum, cholera morbus, cholera nostras, still suggest.

In deadliness it is second only to the Black Death itself, as it kills anywhere from twenty to forty per cent of all those attacked. The swiftness with which it kills may be even greater than that of the Black Death. Cases of death have been known within twelve hours from its attack, and most of those attacked by it are either dead or convalescent within four or five days.

Fortunately we possess a serum that gives a considerable degree of protection against the disease; and by the vigorous use of this, and the immediate isolation of all cases found, and disinfection of their discharges, small outbreaks have been prevented from spreading and, in most instances, have been stamped out.

The greatest danger comes with hot weather, however; and a widespread epidemic of cholera is certainly among the possibilities to be reckoned with in the coming summer.

It would not be too much to say that, for every vigorous young male killed in battle, or by the deadlier diseases of the camp, at least three noncombatants have been wiped out of existence; and women and children constitute the majority of these. We are perpetually assured, even by grave and reverend professors, that it is one of the plainest and most thoroughly established facts of history that wars have ever been followed by a shortage of men and a surplus of women; but not a single instance has been brought forward, with reliable statistical evidence, that this has actually occurred.

For instance, our own Civil War, with its tremendous loss of life, was an event the results of which, at least, are in the memory of all of us who are over fifty years of age. How many war widows can anyone recollect personally, or involuntary old maids, who remained single on account of the lack of men to marry them?

Even in the present horrible struggle, where there are as many millions engaged as there were tens of thousands before—and where, on the western battle front alone, they are fighting, in the soldiers' own graphic phrase, "five Waterloos a week"—the death rate in the trenches is already equaled if not exceeded by the dreadful mortality, from disease, exposure and shellfire, among the defenseless noncombatants—men, women and children—in Belgium, Northern France, Servia and Poland.

So far from war being peculiarly dangerous and deadly to men, it is as true here as everywhere else that "it is always the woman who pays."

What's the Answer to the Touring Question?

Miller Tires
MILLER
Miller
Geared-to-the-road
Tires gear your car to the road through mud, sand or slush. With Miller tires on your car you're in control. Its tread is an integral part of the tire and retains its safety features until the entire tire is worn out. The greater mileage you get from them will make your choice of Miller Tires an economy, as well as a permanent safeguard.
MILLER TUBES answer the tube question.
All Roads Look Alike to MILLER TIRES

But they can't give you the greatest enjoyment—the most comfort—and freedom from excessive tire bills—unless they're on your car.

IF ALL roads were smooth as billiard tables: if there were no ruts or thank-ye-ma'ams—no tracks, cobblestones or rough streets to jolt and jar: if all roads were ideal it would not be necessary to equip with strong, sturdy and rugged Miller Tires.

But roads are far from being ideal. The man who wants the most pleasure from his car must select the tire built to give him the utmost in mileage, safety and service under all road conditions.

All Roads look alike to Miller Tires

because the exclusive Miller Method of building tires does not cook the life out of either fabric or rubber in vulcanizing! Life in the cotton fabric means miles on the road. ***The Miller Method retains the natural vegetable wax and oil in the cotton fibre for wear in your tire.***

This natural lubricant carbonizes at 240 degrees. The old method of vulcanizing requires about 287 degrees to properly vulcanize a tire. And a brittle and lifeless fabric, with the power of resistance gone, results in short mileage on the road.

But the Miller Method of vulcanizing with a low degree of heat—overcomes all that.

And just as this exclusive Method retains the natural vegetable wax and oil in the fabric, so does it conserve all the toughness and wearing qualities in the rubber. Thus it makes a rugged unit of both rubber and fabric—without carbonizing the wax and oil in the fabric—or cooking the native endurance out of the rubber.

The result is a tire that insures practical immunity from blow-outs and irritating road-side repairs.

Get yours from the Miller dealer to-day, and make touring what it should be—a constant pleasure.

If you don't know the Miller Dealer in your town, it will pay you to write us.

The Miller Rubber Co., Akron, U. S. A.

Distributors in the Principal Cities

Sound the cymbals for two kinds of independence joy!

Rip things right up the back on the Fourth; cut-loose a racket that will give the old town a hot time, because it's the nation's birthday, *and because* Prince Albert tobacco has *set free* men who yearned for the joys of jimmy pipe "packing" and *real* cigarette makin's—and who shied at tortured tongues and throats! Bang, smash, boom-away like a 16-inch gun, because it's freedom's frolic!

Kick-off the covers early; fire-up the first thing. Let the orators pump patriotism into your spirit *while you puff* P. A. into your smokeappetite! And keep on puffing "P. A. forever" because it's the *happiest* tobacco, the *truest* tobacco, and the *friendliest* and *chummiest* you could wish to jam in a jimmy pipe or roll into a cigarette! The patented process fixes that! *And removes the bite and parch!* It'll be a *regular* celebration, via

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You open up a toppy red bag of P. A. (mighty handy for rollers) or a tidy red tin, like it was a package from home, then you'll know something good that has made men *smoke* Prince Albert and *boom* Prince Albert from one land's end to the other! You get that independence spirit on the tobacco question right now.

So, unlimber your jimmy pipes or makin's papers—and *fire away!* Because, men, Prince Albert will put *new* ideas of tobacco goodness and pleasure into your system, no matter how much you *think* you can't smoke that old pipe or roll cigarettes! We tell you Prince Albert is *all* we, or any friendly smoker, can claim for it—*and then some!* Just write it down in your little diary: "Today I started smoking Prince Albert." This is the joy'us time to become pals with P. A. and declare yourself for smoke happiness!

A nickel buys Prince Albert in the toppy red bag (protected with three wrappings to keep the goodness in); 10c for the tidy red tin. P. A. is also sold in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that classy pound crystal-glass humidor with the sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco at the high point of perfection—always!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 16)

remain a certain exciting substratum. A man who shouts that he will give five thousand dollars for a thing may very well mean he will give five hundred, and Joan's finances were perpetually in a condition which makes five hundred dollars a sum to be gasped at.

"He wasn't serious, surely!"

"I think he was," said Aline.

"But five thousand dollars!"

"It isn't really very much to father, you know. He gave away a hundred thousand a year ago to a university."

"But for a grubby little scarab!"

"You don't understand how father loves his scarabs. Since he retired from business he has been simply wrapped up in them. You know collectors are like that. You read in the papers about men giving all sorts of money for funny things."

Outside the door R. Jones, his ear close to the panel, drank in all these things greedily. He would have been willing to remain in that attitude indefinitely in return for this kind of special information; but just as Aline said these words a door opened on the floor above, and somebody came out, whistling, and began to descend the stairs.

R. Jones stood not on the order of his going. He was down in the hall and fumbling with the handle of the front door with an agility of which few casual observers of his dimensions would have deemed him capable. The next moment he was out in the street, walking calmly toward Leicester Square, pondering over what he had heard.

Much of R. Jones' substantial annual income was derived from pondering over what he had heard.

In the room Joan was looking at Aline with the distended eyes of one who sees visions or has inspirations. She got up. There are occasions when one must speak standing.

"Then you mean to say that your father would really give five thousand dollars to anyone who got this thing back for him?"

"I am sure he would. But who could do it?"

"I could," said Joan. "And what is more, I'm going to!"

Aline stared at her helplessly. In their schooldays, Joan had always swept her off her feet. Then, she had always had the feeling that with Joan nothing was impossible. Heroine worship, like hero worship, dies hard. She looked at Joan now with the stricken sensation of one who has inadvertently set powerful machinery in motion.

"But, Joan!" It was all she could say.

"My dear child, it's perfectly simple. This earl of yours has taken the thing off to his castle, like a brigand. You say you are going down there on Friday for a visit. All you have to do is to take me along with you, and sit back and watch me get busy with the scarab."

"But, Joan!"

"Where's the difficulty?"

"I don't see how I could take you down very well."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"But what is your objection?"

"Well—don't you see?—if you went down there as a friend of mine and were caught stealing the scarab, there would be just the trouble father wants to avoid—about my engagement, you see, and so on."

It was an aspect of the matter that had escaped Joan. She frowned thoughtfully.

"I see. Yes, there is that; but there must be a way."

"You mustn't, Joan—really! Don't think any more about it."

"Not think any more about it! My child, do you even faintly realize what five thousand dollars—or a quarter of five thousand dollars—means to me? I would do anything for it—anything! And there's the fun of it. I don't suppose you can realize that, either. I want a change. I want something new. I've been grubbing away here on nothing a week for years, and it's time I had a vacation. There must be a way by which you could get me down —— Why, of course! Why didn't I think of it before! You shall take me on Friday as your lady's maid!"

"But, Joan, I couldn't!"

"Why not?"

"I—I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well!"

Joan advanced on her where she sat and grasped her firmly by the shoulders. Her face was inflexible.

"Aline, my pet, it's no good arguing. You might just as well argue with a wolf on the trail of a fat Russian peasant. I need that money. I need it in my business. I need it worse than anybody has ever needed anything. And I'm going to have it! From now on, until further notice, I am your lady's maid. You can give your present one a holiday."

Aline met her eyes waveringly. The spirit of the old schooldays, when nothing was impossible where Joan was concerned, had her in its grip. Moreover, the excitement of the scheme began to attract her.

"But, Joan," she said, "you know it's simply ridiculous. You could never pass as a lady's maid. The other servants would find you out. I expect there are all sorts of things a lady's maid has got to do and not do."

"My dear Aline, I know them all. You can't stump me on below-stairs etiquette. I have been a lady's maid!"

"Joan!"

"It's quite true—three years ago, when I was more than usually impecunious. The wolf was glued to the door like a postage stamp; so I answered an advertisement and became a lady's maid."

"You seem to have done everything."

"I have—pretty nearly. It's all right for you idle rich, Aline—you can sit still and contemplate life; but we poor working girls have got to hustle."

Aline laughed.

"You know you always could make me do anything you wanted in the old days, Joan. I suppose I have got to look on this as quite settled now?"

"Absolutely settled! Oh, Aline, there's one thing you must remember: Don't call me Joan when I'm down at the castle. You must call me Valentine." She paused. The recollection of the Honorable Freddie had come to her. No; Valentine would not do! "No; not Valentine," she went on—"it's too jaunty. I used it three years ago, but it never sounded just right. I want something more respectable, more suited to my position. Can't you suggest something?"

Aline pondered.

"Simpson?"

"Simpson! It's exactly right. You must practice it. Simpson! Say it kindly and yet distantly, as though I were a worm, but a worm for which you felt a mild liking. Roll it round your tongue."

"Simpson."

"Splendid! Now once again—a little more haughtily."

"Simpson—Simpson—Simpson."

Joan regarded her with affectionate approval.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "You might have been doing it all your life."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Aline.

"Nothing," said Joan. "I was just thinking of something. There's a young man who lives on the floor above this, and I was lecturing him yesterday on enterprise. I told him to go and find something exciting to do. I wonder what he would say if he knew how thoroughly I am going to practice what I preach!"

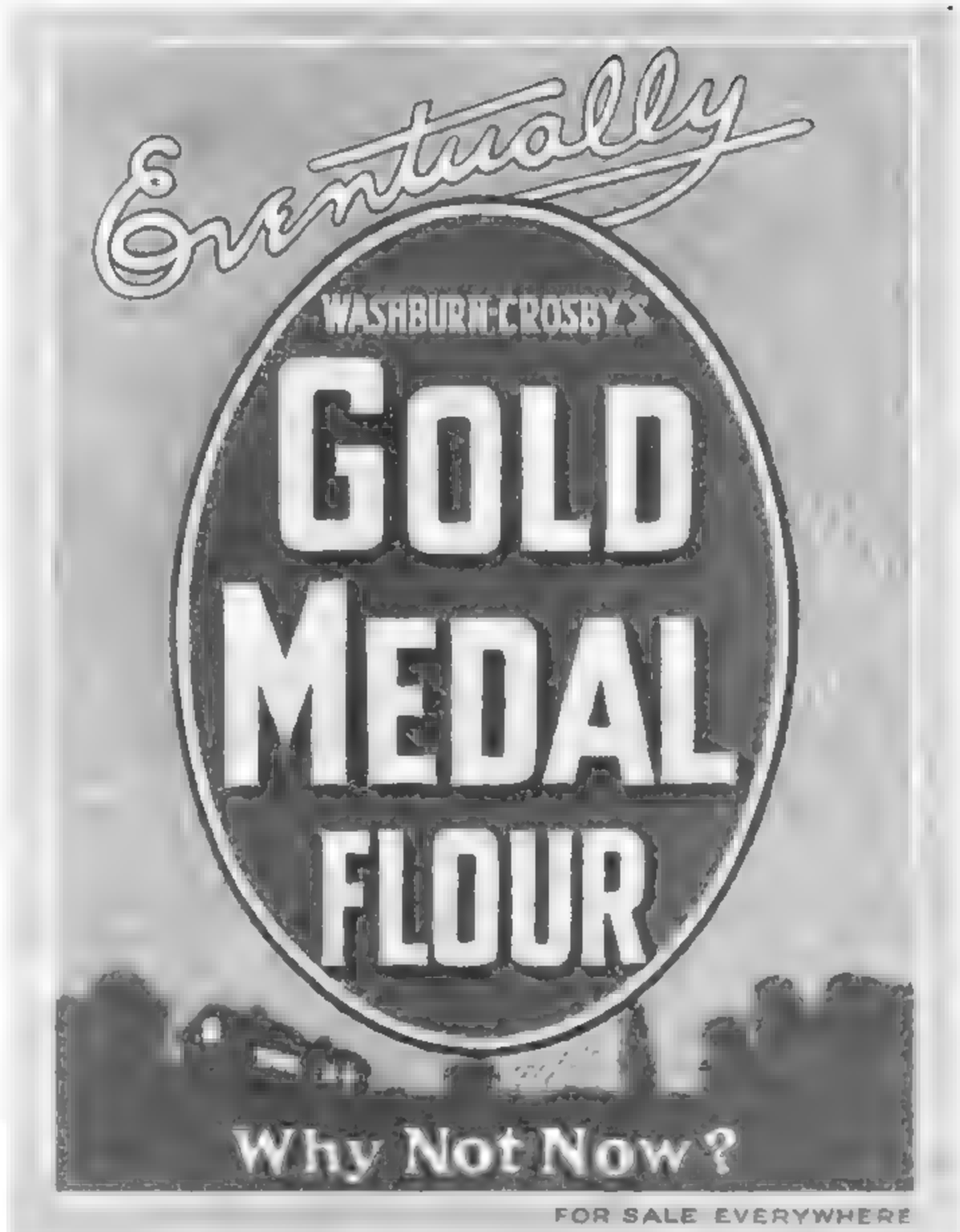
IV

ON THE morning following Aline's visit to Joan Valentine, Ashe sat in his room, the Morning Post on the table before him. The heady influence of Joan had not yet ceased to work within him; and he proposed, in pursuance of his promise to her, to go carefully through the columns of advertisements, however pessimistic he might feel concerning the utility of that action.

His first glance assured him that the vast fortunes of the philanthropists whose acquaintance he had already made in print were not yet exhausted. Brian MacNeill still dangled his gold before the public; so did Angus Bruce; so did Duncan Macfarlane; so, likewise, did Wallace Mackintosh and Donald McNab. They still had the money and they still wanted to give it away.

Ashe was reading listlessly down the column when, from the mass of advertisements, one of an unusual sort detached itself:

Wanted: Young Man of good appearance, who is poor and reckless, to undertake



FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

You'll enjoy yourself more if you wear a Pongeplay

When you work, play tennis, baseball, golf or auto—this summer—make sure of shirt comfort. Get a Pongeplay and you'll be cool and serene on the hottest day.

Pongeplay $1

—the ideal shirt for work or recreation

The specially designed collar makes it an out-and-out comfort shirt—but when you put on a tie *you're dressed up.* It's just the shirt to take with you on your vacation.

Here's why the Pongeplay will make a hit with you! It's made of fine pongee or chambray; we put an extra button at the bottom to stop gaping; extra strong stitching to prevent ripping; comes in short or long sleeves with fine soft cuffs; coat style. It has all the Signal improvements and it is the best fitting shirt made.

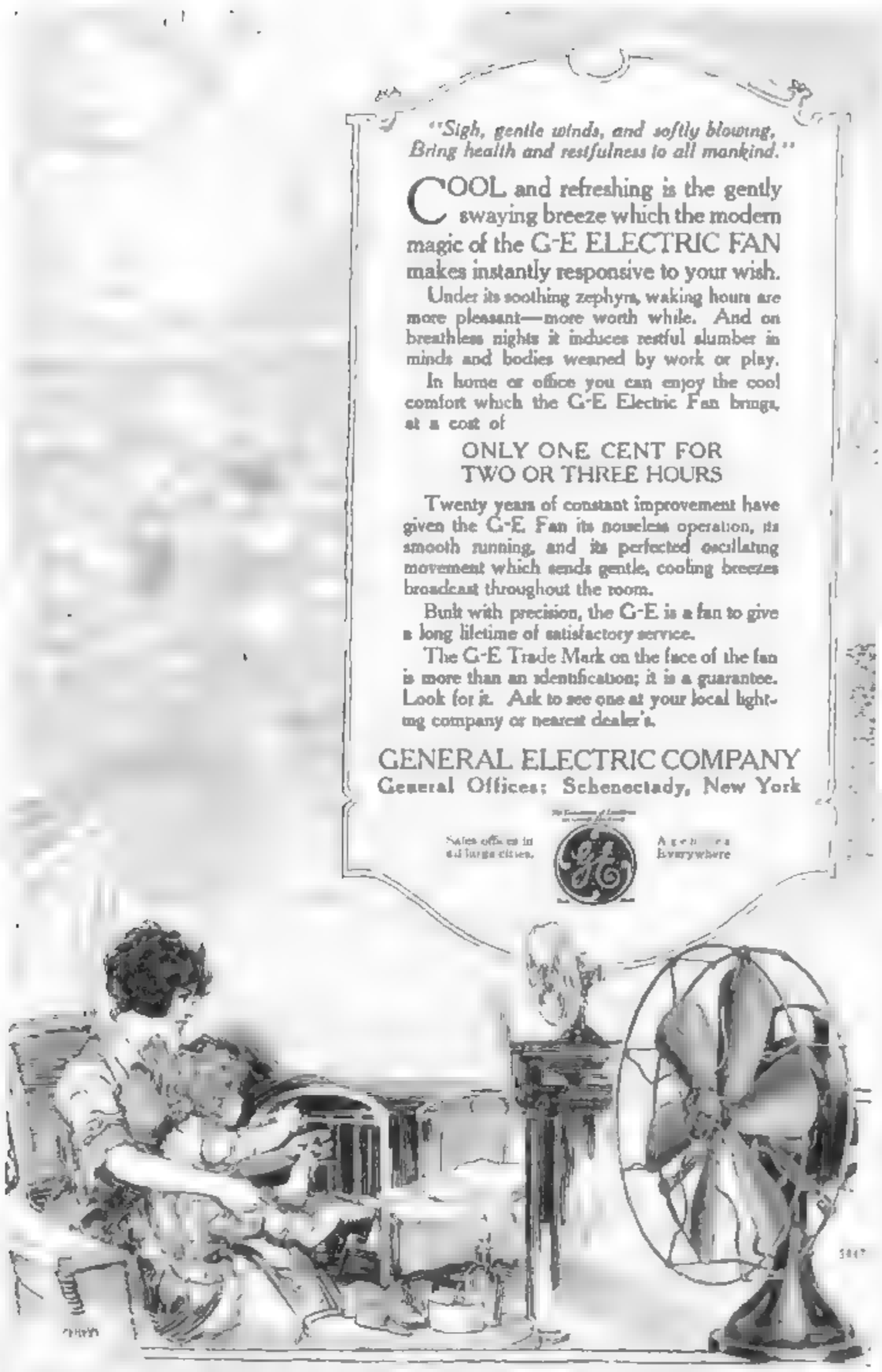
Splendid values in other Signal Soft Shirts

Before investing in any soft shirts, examine the Signal line. Comfort and style are built right into every Signal Shirt—starting with the exact size collar band; big, wide armholes; double needle stitching to stop rips. They are true to size and give genuine satisfaction.

Buy one at your nearest dealer's or send $1.00 to us

If unable to purchase a Pongeplay locally, send us a dollar bill and we'll send you one, with long or short sleeves, made of pongee or chambray. If you don't like the shirt, your money will be refunded. Other Pongeplays made of crêpe, oxfords, or madras, $1.50 to $2.50.

HILKER-WIECHERS MFG. CO.
Dept. F-3
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.
Makers of the famous Signal Brand Clothing



"Sigh, gentle winds, and softly blowing,
Bring health and restfulness to all mankind."

COOL and refreshing is the gently swaying breeze which the modern magic of the G-E ELECTRIC FAN makes instantly responsive to your wish.

Under its soothing zephyrs, waking hours are more pleasant—more worth while. And on breathless nights it induces restful slumber in minds and bodies wearied by work or play.

In home or office you can enjoy the cool comfort which the G-E Electric Fan brings, at a cost of

ONLY ONE CENT FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS

Twenty years of constant improvement have given the G-E Fan its noiseless operation, its smooth running, and its perfected oscillating movement which sends gentle, cooling breezes broadcast throughout the room.

Built with precision, the G-E is a fan to give a long lifetime of satisfactory service.

The G-E Trade Mark on the face of the fan is more than an identification; it is a guarantee. Look for it. Ask to see one at your local lighting company or nearest dealer's.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Offices: Schenectady, New York

Sales offices in all large cities. Agents everywhere

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

BILLINGS & SPENCER
Machinists and Auto TOOLS
When you "need them bad", you need them *good*.
Hartford Ct.
TRADE MARK
Wrenches
Pliers
Sc. Drivers
Hammers
Ratchets
Wrench Kits
Tool Kits

A road to success that is open to all

WALTER C. ADAMS, of New York, earned the money for his first year in Columbia University's School of Journalism by securing subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

This summer, with renewal orders to help him, he will easily earn his second year's expenses.

MR. ADAMS is following a road to success which you too can follow. Curtis subscription work will pay for your college course just as it is paying for his. We shall be glad to explain our plan. Address

Educational Division, Box 942

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

a delicate and dangerous enterprise. Good pay for the right man. Apply between the hours of ten and twelve at offices of Mainprice, Mainprice & Boole, 3, Denvers Street, Strand.

And as he read it, half past ten struck on the little clock on his mantelpiece. It was probably this fact that decided Ashe. If he had been compelled to postpone his visit to the offices of Messrs. Mainprice, Mainprice & Boole until the afternoon it is possible that barriers of laziness might have reared themselves in the path of adventure; for Ashe, an adventurer at heart, was also uncommonly lazy. As it was, however, he could make an immediate start.

Pausing but to put on his shoes, and satisfying himself by a glance in the mirror that his appearance was reasonably good, he seized his hat, shot out of the narrow mouth of Arundel Street like a shell, and scrambled into a taxicab, with the feeling that—short of murder—they could not make it too delicate and dangerous for him.

He was conscious of strange thrills. This, he told himself, was the only possible mode of life with spring in the air. He had always been partial to those historical novels in which the characters are perpetually vaulting upon chargers and riding across country on perilous errands. This leaping into taxicabs to answer stimulating advertisements in the Morning Post was very much the same sort of thing. It was with fine fervor animating him that he entered the gloomy offices of Mainprice, Mainprice & Boole. His brain was afire and he felt ready for anything.

"I have come in ans——" he began, to the diminutive office boy, who seemed to be the nearest thing visible to a Mainprice or a Boole.

"Siddown. Gottatakeyerturn," said the office boy; and for the first time Ashe perceived that the anteroom in which he stood was crowded to overflowing.

This, in the circumstances, was something of a damper. He had pictured himself, during his ride in the cab, striding into the office and saying: "The delicate and dangerous enterprise. Lead me to it!" He had not realized until now that he was not the only man in London who read the advertisement columns of the Morning Post, and for an instant his heart sank at the sight of all this competition. A second and more comprehensive glance at his rivals gave him confidence.

The Wanted column of the morning paper is a sort of dredger, which churns up strange creatures from the mud of London's underworld. Only in response to the dredger's operations do they come to the surface in such numbers as to be noticeable, for as a rule they are of a solitary habit and shun company; but when they do come they bring with them something of the horror of the depths.

It is the saddest spectacle in the world—that of the crowd collected by a Wanted advertisement. They are so palpably not wanted by anyone for any purpose whatsoever; yet every time they gather together with a sort of hopeful hopelessness. What they were originally—the units of these collections—Heaven knows! Fate has battered out of them every trace of individuality. Each now is exactly like his neighbor—no worse; no better.

Ashe, as he sat and watched them, was filled with conflicting emotions. One half of him, thrilled with the glamour of adventure, was chafing at the delay, and resentful of these poor creatures as of so many obstacles to the beginning of all the brisk and exciting things that lay behind the mysterious brevity of the advertisement; the other, pitifully alive to the tragedy of the occasion, was grateful for the delay.

On the whole, he was glad to feel that if one of these derelicts did not secure the "good pay for the right man," it would not be his fault. He had been the last to arrive, and he would be the last to pass through that door, which was the gateway of adventure—the door with Mr. Boole inscribed on its ground glass, behind which sat the author of the mysterious request for assistance, interviewing applicants. It would be through their own shortcomings—not because of his superior attractions—if they failed to please that unseen arbiter.

That they were so failing was plain. Scarcely had one scarred victim of London's unkindness passed through before the bell would ring; the office boy, who, in the intervals of frowning sternly on the throng, as much as to say that he would stand no nonsense, would cry "Next!" and another dull-eyed wreck would drift through, to be followed a moment later by yet another. The one fact at present ascertainable concerning the unknown searcher for reckless young men of good appearance was that he appeared to be possessed of considerable decision of character, a man who did not take long to make up his mind. He was rejecting applicants now at the rate of two a minute.

Expeditious though he was, he kept Ashe waiting for a considerable time. It was not until the hands of the fat clock over the door pointed to twenty minutes past eleven that the office boy's Next! found him the only survivor. He gave his clothes a hasty smack with the palm of his hand and his hair a fleeting dab to accentuate his good appearance, and turned the handle of the door of fate.

The room assigned by the firm to their Mr. Boole for his personal use was a small and dingy compartment, redolent of that atmosphere of desolation which lawyers alone know how to achieve. It gave the impression of not having been swept since the foundation of the firm in the year 1786. There was one small window, covered with grime. It was one of those windows you see only in lawyers' offices. Possibly some reckless Mainprice or harebrained Boole had opened it in a fit of mad excitement induced by the news of the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and had been instantly expelled from the firm. Since then no one had dared to tamper with it.

Looking through this window—or, rather, looking at it, for X rays could hardly have succeeded in actually penetrating the alluvial deposits on the glass—was a little man. As Ashe entered, he turned and looked at him as though he hurt him rather badly in some tender spot.

Ashe was obliged to own to himself that he felt a little nervous. It is not every day that a young man of good appearance, who has led a quiet life, meets face to face one who is prepared to pay him well for doing something delicate and dangerous. To Ashe the sensation was entirely novel. The most delicate and dangerous act he had performed to date had been the daily mastication of Mrs. Bell's breakfast. Yes, he had to admit it—he was nervous; and the fact that he was nervous made him hot and uncomfortable.

To judge him by his appearance the man at the window was also hot and uncomfortable. He was a little, truculent-looking man, and his face at present was red with a flush that sat unnaturally on a normally lead-colored face. His eyes looked out from under thick gray eyebrows with an almost tortured expression. This was partly owing to the strain of interviewing Ashe's preposterous predecessors, but principally to the fact that the little man had suddenly been seized with acute indigestion, a malady to which he was peculiarly subject.

He removed from his mouth the black cigar he was smoking, inserted a digestive tabloid, and replaced the cigar. Then he concentrated his attention on Ashe. As he did so the hostile expression of his face became modified. He looked surprised and—grudgingly—pleased.

"Well, what do you want?" he said.

"I came in answer to——"

"In answer to my advertisement? I had given up hope of seeing anything part human. I thought you must be one of the clerks. You're certainly more like what I advertised for. Of all the seedy bunches of dead beats I ever struck, the aggregation I've just been interviewing was the seediest! When I spend good money in advertising for a young man of good appearance, I want a young man of good appearance—not a tramp of fifty-five."

Ashe was sorry for his predecessors, but he was bound to admit that they certainly had corresponded somewhat faithfully to the description just given. The comparative cordiality of his own reception removed the slight nervousness that had been troubling him. He began to feel confident—almost jaunty.

"I'm through," said the little man wearily. "I've had enough of interviewing applicants. You're the last one I'll see. Are there any more hobos outside?"

"Not when I came in."

"Then we'll get down to business. I'll tell you what I want done, and if you are willing you can do it; if you are not willing you can leave it—and go to the devil! Sit down."

(Continued on Page 45)

The Story of Milwaukee County's Concrete Roads

Janesville Concrete Road

Loomis Concrete Road

Blue Mound Concrete Road

Another Stretch, Blue Mound Concrete Road

HERE'S a story that's of interest to every taxpayer, to every person who ever uses a road or pays a dollar for road building or maintenance. It is of vital interest to you personally.

In 1912 the Milwaukee County road authorities built 6 miles of concrete roads; the next year 21 miles; in 1914, 25½ miles; and this year over 39 miles will be completed.

Here's a total of over 91 miles of concrete roads in one county. And the most striking fact is that *out of approximately 42 miles* of new roads being built this year *over 39 miles are of concrete.*

H. J. Kuelling, County Highway Commissioner of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, says:

> *"Our idea of concrete roads, generally, for country road construction, is shown by the fact that out of approximately forty-two miles of road to be built in 1915 we will build about thirty-nine miles of concrete. As shown by our report, the increase in traffic is very marked, and without a doubt there is also a very marked increase in property values and general prosperity along the roads."*

You can see from these pictures the prosperity that is found along the concrete roads of Milwaukee County. It's a typical prosperous American community, with rich agricultural acres, dairies, truck farms, and substantial farm houses and buildings.

Go out on any of these smooth, dry, dustless concrete roads and watch the hundreds of automobiles, trucks, wagons, carriages and pedestrians that will pass you. Watch the big four-horse milk wagons from distant dairies unhitch two horses where the concrete road begins, and drive to town with only the other two. Notice the children roller skate to school along these smooth concrete highways.

You can do all this today, right where you live, if you demand the concrete road.

Macadam, with its dust, mud, ruts and big annual repair bills, has had its day. Motor traffic is increasing every year; the concrete road is the road that will permanently and satisfactorily withstand it.

You want a road that will give you service, under every condition, in every season; you want a road that is not expensive to build, that can be maintained in perfect condition at the lowest cost; you want a road that will increase your property values, reduce your taxes, put you in easy and cheap communication with town and market; a road that will withstand the wear and tear of motor and every other kind of traffic. THAT ROAD IS THE CONCRETE ROAD.

Concrete for Permanence

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

CHICAGO, ILL. ALLENTOWN, PA. SPOKANE, WN.

12 Mills—Annual Capacity Over 12,000,000 Barrels

LEHIGH CEMENT

THE STANDARDIZED

COLE 8

1916—SERIES TWELVE

Divorces its passengers from road jolts

A public highway can never be free from rough spots—most of our present roads are full of them.

So, if passengers are to be free from jolts and jars, a smooth road bed must be built into the car itself.

This the Cole Eight's peculiar spring drive *does*.

The echo of a bump dies before it gets up to the body of the Cole Eight, much less to the passengers.

You can ride all day in a Cole Eight without a sense of weariness—no bracing for the bumps—no tightening of muscles—no nerve strain.

Cole Eight's charm lies in the feeling of perfect confidence and relaxation which it inspires.

A seventy horsepower is combined with less than 3500 pounds in Cole Eight
—SUCCESSFULLY.

The wheelbase is 126 inches.

Seven full-grown passengers are seated comfortably.

All the new improved luxury features are embodied in Cole Eight, including aisleway front seats, out-of-the-way auxiliary seats, one-man top, and a perfect harmonization of all the standardized Cole units.

The car as a whole is extraordinarily
—BEAUTIFUL.

The price is $1785 f. o. b. factory.

"Why an Eight" is a little non-technical book brimful of interesting things—and your copy will be sent upon request—without obligation or cost to you.

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Builders of the Standardized Car

(Continued from Page 42)

Ashe sat down. He resented the little man's tone, but this was not the moment for saying so. His companion scrutinized him narrowly.

"So far as appearance goes," he said, "you are what I want." Ashe felt inclined to bow. "Whoever takes on this job has got to act as my valet, and you look like a valet." Ashe felt less inclined to bow. "You're tall and thin and ordinary-looking. Yes; so far as appearance goes, you fill the bill."

It seemed to Ashe that it was time to correct an impression the little man appeared to have formed.

"I am afraid," he said, "if all you want is a valet, you will have to look elsewhere. I got the idea from your advertisement that something rather more exciting was in the air. I can recommend you to several good employment agencies if you wish." He rose. "Good morning!" he said.

He would have liked to fling the massive pewter inkwell at this little creature who had so keenly disappointed him.

"Sit down!" snapped the other.

Ashe resumed his seat. The hope of adventure dies hard on a spring morning when one is twenty-six, and he had the feeling that there was more to come.

"Don't be a damned fool!" said the little man. "Of course I'm not asking you to be a valet and nothing else."

"You would want me to do some cooking and plain sewing on the side, perhaps?"

Their eyes met in a hostile glare. The flush on the little man's face deepened.

"Are you trying to get fresh with me?" he demanded dangerously.

"Yes," said Ashe.

The answer seemed to disconcert his adversary. He was silent for a moment.

"Well," he said at last, "maybe it's all for the best. If you weren't full of gall probably you wouldn't have come here at all; and whoever takes on this job of mine has got to have gall if he has nothing else. I think we shall suit each other."

"What is the job?"

The little man's face showed doubt and perplexity.

"It's awkward. If I'm to make the thing clear to you I've got to trust you. And I don't know a thing about you. I wish I had thought of that before I inserted the advertisement."

Ashe appreciated the difficulty.

"Couldn't you make an A-B case out of it?"

"Maybe I could if I knew what an A-B case was."

"Call the people mixed up in it A and B."

"And forget, halfway through, who was which! No; I guess I'll have to trust you."

"I'll play square."

The little man fastened his eyes on Ashe's in a piercing stare. Ashe met them smilingly. His spirits, always fairly cheerful, had risen dangerously high by now. There was something about the little man, in spite of his brusqueness and ill temper, which made him feel flippant.

"Pure white!" said Ashe.

"Eh?"

"My soul! And this"—he thumped the left section of his waistcoat—"solid gold. 'You may fire when ready, Gridley.' Proceed, professor."

"I don't know where to begin."

"Without presuming to dictate, why not at the beginning?"

"It's all so darned complicated that I don't rightly know which is the beginning. Well, see here: I collect scarabs. I'm crazy about scarabs. Ever since I quit business, you might say that I have practically lived for scarabs."

"Though it sounds like an unkind thing to say of anyone," said Ashe. "Incidentally, what are scarabs?" He held up his hand. "Wait! It all comes back to me. Expensive classical education, now bearing belated fruit. *Scarabæus*—Latin; noun, nominative—a beetle. *Scarabæum*—accusative—the beetle. *Scarabæi*—of the beetle. *Scarabæo*—to or for the beetle. I remember now. Egypt—Rameses—Pyramids—sacred scarabs! Right!"

"Well, I guess I've got together the best collection of scarabs outside the British Museum, and some of them are worth what you like to me. I don't reckon money when it comes to a question of my scarabs. Do you understand?"

"Sure, Mike!"

Displeasure clouded the little man's face.

"My name is not Mike."

"I used the word figuratively, as it were."

"Well, don't do it again. My name is J. Preston Peters, and Mr. Peters will do as well as anything else when you want to attract my attention."

"Mine is Marson. You were saying, Mr. Peters?"

"Well, it's this way," said the little man.

Shakspere and Pope have both emphasized the tediousness of a twice-told tale; so the Episode of the Stolen Scarab need not be repeated at this point, though it must be admitted that Mr. Peters' version of it differed considerably from the calm, dispassionate description the author, in his capacity of official historian, has given earlier in the story.

In Mr. Peters' version the Earl of Emsworth appeared as a smooth and purposeful robber, a sort of elderly Raffles, worming his way into the homes of the innocent, and sparing only that portion of their property which was too heavy for him to carry away. Mr. Peters, indeed, specifically described the Earl of Emsworth as an oily old second-story man.

It took Ashe some little time to get a thorough grasp of the tangled situation, but he did it at last. Only one point perplexed him.

"You want to hire somebody to go to the castle and get this scarab back for you. I follow that. But why go as your valet?"

"That's simple enough. You don't think I'm asking him to buy a black mask and break in, do you? I'm making it as easy for him as possible. I can't take a secretary down to the castle, for everybody knows that, now I've retired, I haven't got a secretary; and if I engaged a new one and he was caught trying to steal my scarab from the earl's collection it would look suspicious. But a valet is different. Anyone can get fooled by a crook valet with bogus references."

"I see. There's just one other point: Suppose your accomplice does get caught—what then?"

"That," said Mr. Peters, "is the catch; and it's just because of that I am offering good pay to my man. We'll suppose, for the sake of argument, that you accept the contract and get caught. Well, if that happens you've got to look after yourself. I couldn't say a word. If I did it would all come out, and so far as the breaking off of my daughter's engagement to young Threepwood is concerned it would be just as bad as though I had tried to get the thing back myself.

"You've got to bear that in mind. You've got to remember it if you forget everything else. I don't appear in this business in any way whatsoever. If you get caught you take what's coming to you without a word. You don't turn round and say: 'I am innocent. Mr. Peters will explain all'—because Mr. Peters certainly won't. Mr. Peters won't utter a syllable of protest if they want to hang you

"No; if you go into this, young man, you go into it with your eyes open. You go into it with a full understanding of the risks—because you think the reward, if you are successful, makes the taking of those risks worth while. You and I know that what you are doing isn't really stealing; it's simply a tactful way of getting back my own property. But the judge and jury will have different views."

"I am beginning to understand," said Ashe thoughtfully, "why you called the job delicate and dangerous."

Certainly it had been no overstatement. As a writer of detective stories for the British office boy he had imagined in his time many undertakings that might be so described, but few to which the description was more admirably suited.

"It is," said Mr. Peters; "and that is why I'm offering good pay. Whoever carries this job through gets five thousand dollars in cash."

Ashe started.

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Five thousand."

"When do I begin?"

"You'll do it?"

"For five thousand I certainly will."

"With your eyes open?"

"Wide open!"

A look of positive geniality illuminated Mr. Peters' pinched features. He even went so far as to pat Ashe on the shoulder.

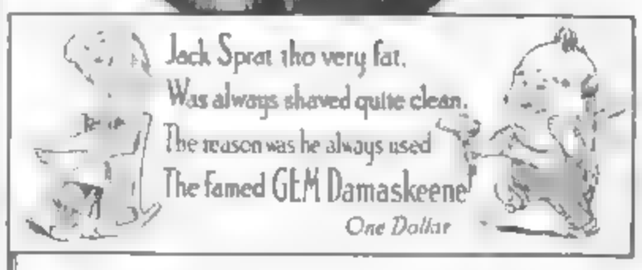
"Good boy!" he said. "Meet me at Paddington Station at four o'clock on Friday. And if there's anything more you want to know come round to this address."

There remained the telling of Joan Valentine; for it was obviously impossible not

Off for a Vacation?

THAT'S the time to use a GEM SAFETY RAZOR, because *then* you feel the need of an easy, comfortable, quick, clean shave, which is the GEM kind—make a memorandum now and don't go away without a GEM.

Gem Damaskeene Blades, 7 for 35c
(50c in Canada)

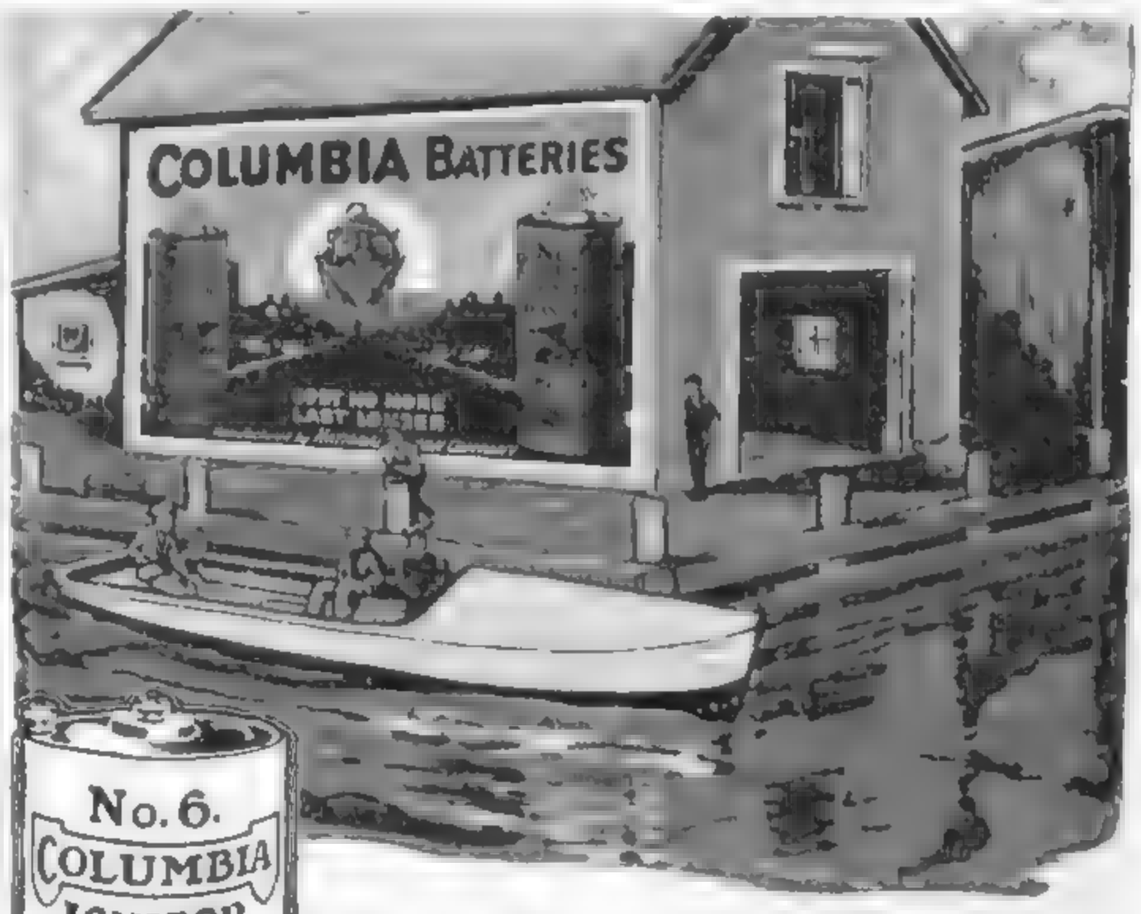


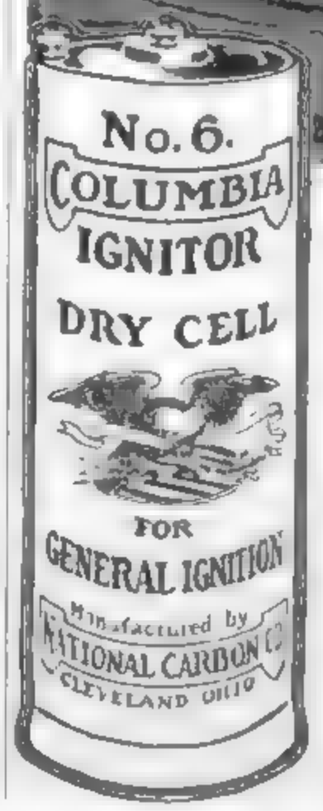
"It's all in the edge of the blade"—that's what made the GEM DAMASKEENE BLADE world famous.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

No summer outfit is complete without a GEM.





Better Batteries, Better Service

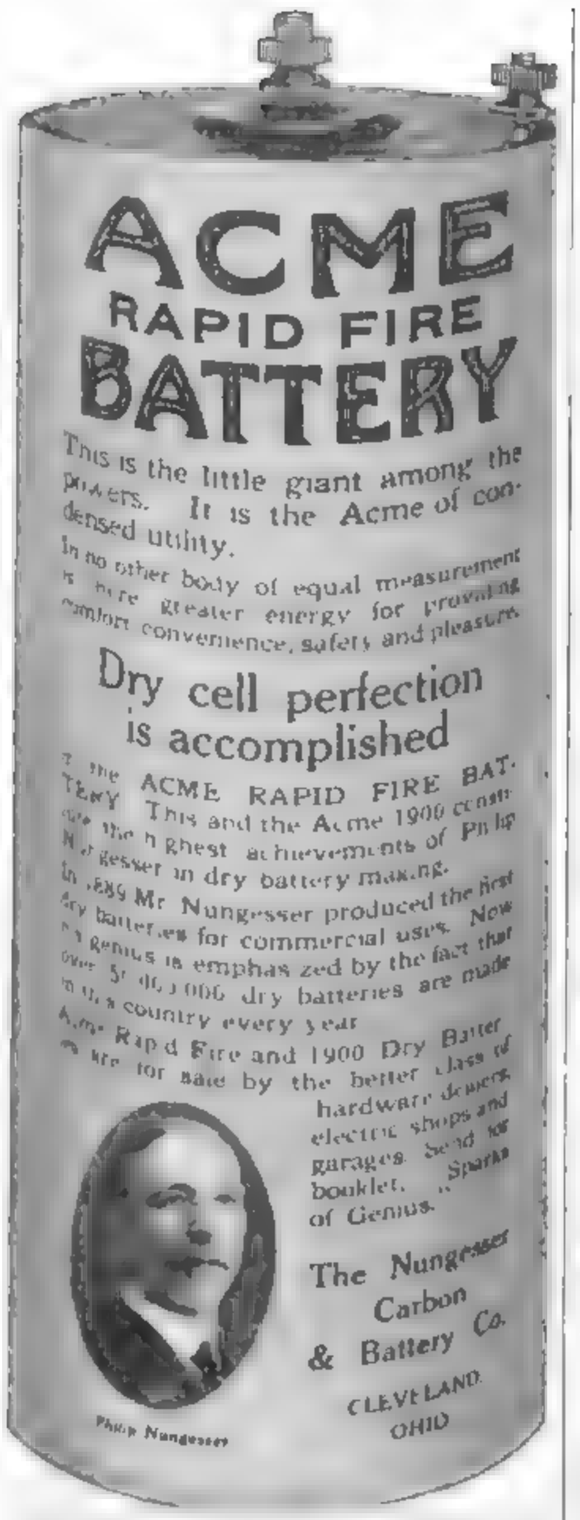
A battery is always far less expensive than the thing it runs. And unless it is a very good battery, the thing it runs won't run right, if at all.

Show your battery wisdom. All you need to do is to remember the name. Insist on getting Columbia Batteries.

Sold and used all over the world. Backed by quarter century reputation for steady, dependable service even under adverse conditions. Buy the battery that gives you more service. That's Columbia—for all battery purposes. Costs no more—lasts longer.

National Carbon Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Factories in U. S. A. and Canada

Convenient Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts—no extra charge.



to tell her. When you have revolutionized your life at the bidding of another you cannot well conceal the fact, as though nothing had happened. Ashe had not the slightest desire to conceal the fact. On the contrary, he was glad to have such a capital excuse for renewing the acquaintance.

He could not tell her, of course, the secret details of the thing. Naturally those must remain hidden. No; he would just go airily in and say:

"You know what you told me about doing something new? Well, I've just got a job as a valet."

So he went airily in and said it.

"To whom?" said Joan.

"To a man named Peters—an American."

Women are trained from infancy up to conceal their feelings. Joan did not start or otherwise express emotion.

"Not Mr. J. Preston Peters?"

"Yes. Do you know him? What a remarkable thing!"

"His daughter," said Joan, "has just engaged me as a lady's maid."

"What!"

"It will not be quite the same thing as three years ago," Joan explained. "It is just a cheap way of getting a holiday. I used to know Miss Peters very well, you see. It will be more like traveling as her guest."

"But—but ——" Ashe had not yet overcome his amazement.

"Yes?"

"But what an extraordinary coincidence!"

"Yes. By the way, how did you get the situation? And what put it into your head to be a valet at all? It seems such a curious thing for you to think of doing."

Ashe was embarrassed.

"I—I—well, you see, the experience will be useful to me, of course, in my writing."

"Oh! Are you thinking of taking up my line of work? Dukes?"

"No, no—not exactly that."

"It seems so odd. How did you happen to get in touch with Mr. Peters?"

"Oh, I answered an advertisement."

"I see."

Ashe was becoming conscious of an undercurrent of something not altogether agreeable in the conversation. It lacked the gay ease of their first interview. He was not apprehensive lest she might have guessed his secret. There was, he felt, no possible means by which she could have done that. Yet the fact remained that those keen blue eyes of hers were looking at him in a peculiar and penetrating manner. He felt damped.

"It will be nice, being together," he said feebly.

"Very!" said Joan.

There was a pause.

"I thought I would come and tell you."

"Quite so."

There was another pause.

"It seems so funny that you should be going out as a lady's maid."

"Yes?"

"But, of course, you have done it before."

"Yes."

"The really extraordinary thing is that we should be going to the same people."

"Yes."

"It it's remarkable, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Ashe reflected. No; he did not appear to have any further remarks to make.

"Good-by for the present," he said.

"Good-by."

Ashe drifted out. He was conscious of a wish that he understood girls. Girls, in his opinion, were odd.

When he had gone Joan Valentine hurried to the door and, having opened it an inch, stood listening. When the sound of his door closing came to her she ran down the stairs and out into Arundel Street. She went to the Hotel Mathis.

"I wonder," she said to the sad-eyed waiter, "if you have a copy of the Morning Post?"

The waiter, a child of romantic Italy, was only too anxious to oblige youth and beauty. He disappeared and presently returned with a crumpled copy. Joan thanked him with a bright smile.

Back in her room, she turned to the advertisement pages. She knew that life was full of what the unthinking call coincidences; but the miracle of Ashe's having selected by chance the father of Aline Peters as an employer was too much of a coincidence for her. Suspicion furrowed her brow.

It did not take her long to discover the advertisement that had sent Ashe hurrying in a taxicab to the offices of Messrs. Mainprice, Mainprice & Boole. She had been looking for something of the kind.

She read it through twice and smiled. Everything was very clear to her. She looked at the ceiling above her and shook her head.

"You are quite a nice young man, Mr. Marson," she said softly; "but you mustn't try to jump my claim. I dare say you need that money too; but I'm afraid you must go without. I am going to have it—and nobody else!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Steel Need Not Rust!
Wood Need Not Rot!
Nor Concrete "Dust"!
MILLIONS invested in house-walls, bridge-spans, cement floors and other structures, are needlessly wasted every year through the ravages of time and the elements.
REMEMBER IT'S WATERPROOF
R.I.W.
PRESERVATIVE
PAINTS AND COMPOUNDS
TOCH BROTHERS
320 Fifth Avenue, New York

42
Circle
Scenic
Tours
To California
and the Expositions
via
ROCK ISLAND LINES
If you are going west this year nearly everybody is—you need our descriptive booklets on the Expositions, particularly our folder describing the 42 most popular tours to the Expositions.
You see Colorado, Salt Lake, the Southwest, Southern California, the Pacific Coast, Both Expositions—the cool, comfortable way.
Choice of fast through trains, including the famous "Golden State Limited," "Rocky Mountain Limited," "Californian," "Colorado-California Express" and "Colorado Flyer."
Automatic Block Signals
Finest Modern All-Steel Equipment
Superb Dining Car Service
Write for free booklets today.
J. M. ALLEN
Passenger Traffic Manager
710 La Salle Station, Chicago

This Man

Has the World's Master Memory

HE can give the population of any place in America of over 5,000—
HE can give every important date in world-history—
HE has 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in his brain.
William Berol is this man's name, and a few years ago his memory was distressingly poor. His amazing efficiency was developed through his own simple, practical method.
He is now teaching his system with great success to large classes at leading educational institutions in New York City. He desires to impart his method to YOU.

He Can Build YOUR Memory So That It Need Never Fail

His simple system will aid average men and women to remember names, faces, dates, telephone and street numbers; it will enable you clearly to remember the facts in what you read or study; in public speaking you will get a firm grip on what you want to say; it will strengthen your faculties of observation, concentration, will-power, and develop you into a clear, logical thinker. Give him a few spare minutes daily, at home. He makes no promise to you that he can not substantiate in his own person. Write to-day for full free particulars of this man's wonderful memory and our offer to YOU.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 305, New York

DIPHTHERIA TESTS

ONE of the greatest successes of modern medicine is now being accomplished by the latest weapon against diphtheria—the Schick skin reaction. In the United States, as abroad, boards of health and individual physicians are rapidly adopting the new method; so that it is already in common use in a great many cities, though its existence was largely confined to articles in the medical journals less than a year ago. It is so simple and it is standing the practical daily tests so well that evidently it is to be one of the universally applied measures of ordinary medicine.

This Schick reaction is not intended to cure diphtheria, but it tells who can catch diphtheria and who cannot catch it. Consequently when diphtheria is reported in a neighborhood or in a school it is perfectly easy for the doctors to discover what persons need to be protected against contagion either by removal from the zone of danger or by injections of antitoxin if that is deemed wise.

To apply the test, the doctor injects under the outer skin of the suspect a little fresh diphtheria toxin. Applied according to the standard way, there is not the slightest danger to the person, according to present records; and this standard way, or technic, has all been worked out fully. If the person is immune to diphtheria nothing happens. If the person is liable to catch the disease a little red spot of about the size of a dime appears within twenty-four hours.

It has been discovered that a considerable proportion of all people are immune to diphtheria, because their blood contains the antibody which will kill off any diphtheria germs that may get in. This immunity is possessed by many times as many people as those who are known to have had diphtheria, and may, of course, be due to slight attacks of the disease that were not recognized as such at the time; but the same immunity or partial immunity is possessed by a majority of children at birth.

Three-fourths of the people of a community may be immune to diphtheria and only one-quarter susceptible. The existence of this immunity in so many people adds greatly to the value of the Schick reaction, because it reduces the number of people who need attention after the test has been applied to a group.

The success of the test has roused scientists to increased activity in the hunt for similar tests that will apply to other diseases. A few others have been known for some time, though hardly any of them seems to have been so successful as the one for diphtheria. The tuberculosis reaction is comparatively old, but not completely satisfactory; and it gives evidence as to the existence of tuberculosis rather than tuberculosis immunity.

A physiologist of the University of California has announced his discovery of a skin test for typhoid immunity, and before long doctors will be reporting how it works in practice. Vaccination for typhoid is supposed to be good for only about two years, and the efficacy of this vaccination varies somewhat in different individuals. A simple and fairly sure skin test would greatly enhance the value of typhoid vaccination. Then, in an army, occasional tests would show which soldiers need re-vaccination.

In the same way the battle against all the germ diseases would be fought with greater success if practical skin or other reactions could be found for them.

Going to College Next Fall?

You can earn a year's college expenses during the summer months, representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Write to Educational Division, Box 940, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 117, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

Preserve this list.
Take it with you when you tour.

Fisk Branches

Alabama
Birmingham—431 So. 20th St.

California
Fresno—1367-69 I Street
Los Angeles—1037-39 Hope Sts
Oakland—2418 Broadway
Pasadena—732 E. Colorado St
Sacramento—1410-12 K St.
San Francisco—1431-39 Van Ness Avenue
San Jose—280-282 No. First St.

Colorado
Denver—1635 Broadway

Connecticut
Bridgeport—284 Fairfield Avenue
Hartford—292 Asylum Street

District of Columbia
Washington—1313 New York Ave., N. W.

Georgia
Atlanta—489-491 Peachtree St.

Illinois
Chicago—1440 So. Michigan Blvd
Chicago—1371 So. Wabash Ave
Chicago—5813-15 Indiana Ave
Chicago—9229-31 South Chicago Avenue
Chicago—1100 N. Clark St.
Peoria—413 So. Jefferson St.
Springfield—314 So. Fourth St

Indiana
Evansville—110 Upper Fourth St
Fort Wayne—Broadway at Washington Street
Indianapolis—346-348 N. Illinois Street
South Bend—301 No. Michigan St
Terre Haute—14-16 So. Ninth St

Iowa
Cedar Rapids—512 Second Ave
Davenport—320 Harrison St
Des Moines—911 West Locust St.
Mason City—Cor. Main and Ninth Streets
Waterloo—224 East Fifth Street

Kansas
Wichita—219 So. Lawrence Ave.

Kentucky
Louisville—941 So. Third Street

Louisiana
New Orleans—742 St. Charles St.

Maryland
Baltimore—105 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

Massachusetts
Boston—811-813 Boylston St.
Lowell—313 Central Street
Lynn—135 Broad Street
Springfield—141 Chestnut Street
Worcester—730 Main Street

Michigan
Detroit—262 Jefferson Avenue
Grand Rapids—54 Division Ave. So.
Saginaw—812 Genesee Avenue

Minnesota
Duluth—402½ East Superior St.
Minneapolis—14-16-18-20 Hennepin Ave.
St. Paul—160 West Sixth St

Missouri
KansasCity—Grand Ave. & 20th St.
St. Joseph—811 Francis Street
St. Louis—2208 Locust Street

Montana
Billings—Montana Ave. and Broadway
Butte—101 East Broadway
Great Falls—12 Second St. No.

Nebraska
Hastings—319 No. Hastings Ave.
Lincoln—212 So. 11th St.
Omaha—2210 Farnam Street

New Jersey
Newark—177 Central Avenue

New York
Binghamton—217 Washington St
Brooklyn—1207 Bedford Ave
Buffalo—718 Main Street
New York—1700 Broadway
Rochester—211 East Ave
Syracuse—441 So. Warren St
Utica—510 Cherry St.
Yonkers—89 Warburton Ave

North Carolina
Raleigh—419 Fayetteville St.

North Dakota
Fargo—405-407 North Pacific Ave
Minot—108 West Central Ave

Ohio
Cincinnati—816 Main Street
Cleveland—2037 Euclid Ave.
Columbus—206 East Gay St.
Dayton—212 West First St
Toledo—[illegible] 21st Street

Oklahoma
Oklahoma City—211 West First St.

Oregon
Portland—349-351 Oak Street

Pennsylvania
Erie—915 Peach Street
Harrisburg—19 So. Third St
Philadelphia—258 No. Broad St
Pittsburg—[illegible]
Scranton—325 Adams Avenue

Rhode Island
Providence—17 Dorrance St.

South Carolina
Columbia—905 Main Street

South Dakota
Aberdeen—Wright Building
Sioux Falls—113 No. Main Ave.

Tennessee
Memphis—227 Monroe Avenue

Utah
Salt Lake City—163 E. Broadway

Virginia
Richmond—1205 W. Broad St.

Washington
Seattle—910-914 East Pike St.
Tacoma—725-727 Broadway

Wisconsin
Milwaukee—452 Milwaukee St.

The Fisk Co. of Texas
Dallas—Cor. Commerce and Harwood Streets
Houston—1305-7-9 Main Street
San Antonio—204 Avenue C

Fisk Tire Service Is *Free* Service And is *Free* to All

IT is extended to all car owners regardless of the make of tires used.

This Service Policy is uniform, and in any one of the many Fisk Branches throughout the country you will find the desire to accommodate and the facilities for doing for *you* any work that may be needed in connection with *your* tires.

Aside from actual repairs any attention we can give is given gladly and without charge. Our entire Service Organization stands as a unit back of all Fisk Tires. This organization, with its more than a thousand members, has been established and educated in our policies that we may make every effort to see that the owner is satisfied with every detail of the transaction, from the time a tire is sold until it has given full mileage and is ready to be discarded.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

You Can Buy Fisk Tires From ALL Dealers—Fisk Branches in Principal Cities

The result of 23 years' successful experience in building motor cars

America's Greatest "Light Six" $1385

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Business Is Fine!

New Haynes at New Price Creates Unprecedented Demand

AS THIS issue of The Saturday Evening Post goes to press, 2642 orders have been received for the 1916 Haynes "Light Six".

—a quick response on the part of dealers and car buyers to the announcement of the $100 reduction in price with the addition of many comforts and refinements.

Every inch of factory space is crowded to the limit—adjoining ground has been acquired and new additions are being rushed to completion.

Every department has been working overtime for the past eight months. 914 Haynes "Light Six" chassis, crowded from our assembling department by our increased production, are parked in a five acre tract adjoining the factory.

Scores of dealers, both old and new, arrive at the factory daily to close contracts for the 1916 season. Haynes cars are being distributed more widely than ever before.

Such activity can have but one meaning—the Haynes "Light Six" is right—it's a car people want—it is selling through its actual performance.

With our increased facilities we are able to take care of all orders promptly.

The Performance That Makes the Haynes "Light Six" so Popular

has been driven from one to sixty miles per hour on high without shifting gears.

—has traveled 166 miles on low gear in 11 hours 7 minutes, without a stop of the motor, averaging 15 miles per hour.

—and during this trip the water temperature was never raised above 130 degrees.

—The Haynes "Light Six" has developed 41.6 horsepower at the rear wheels.

has made 30 miles per hour in 7½ seconds from a standing start.

—has gone over the top of Heberton Hill, Pittsburgh, which ends with a 19% grade, at 30 miles per hour with a full load of five passengers and from a standing start.

—The Haynes "Light Six" has averaged 18 to 22 miles per gallon of gasoline.

—has averaged 7500 miles to a set of tires.

—has traveled 400 miles to a quart of oil.

—has made 54,513 miles with a wear on the crank shaft bearings of only five ten-thousandths of an inch.

See the Haynes for your own satisfaction before you buy *your* car. If you do not know the nearest dealer handling the Haynes, please let us know. We shall be glad to inform you.

Catalog with Complete Specifications on Request

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

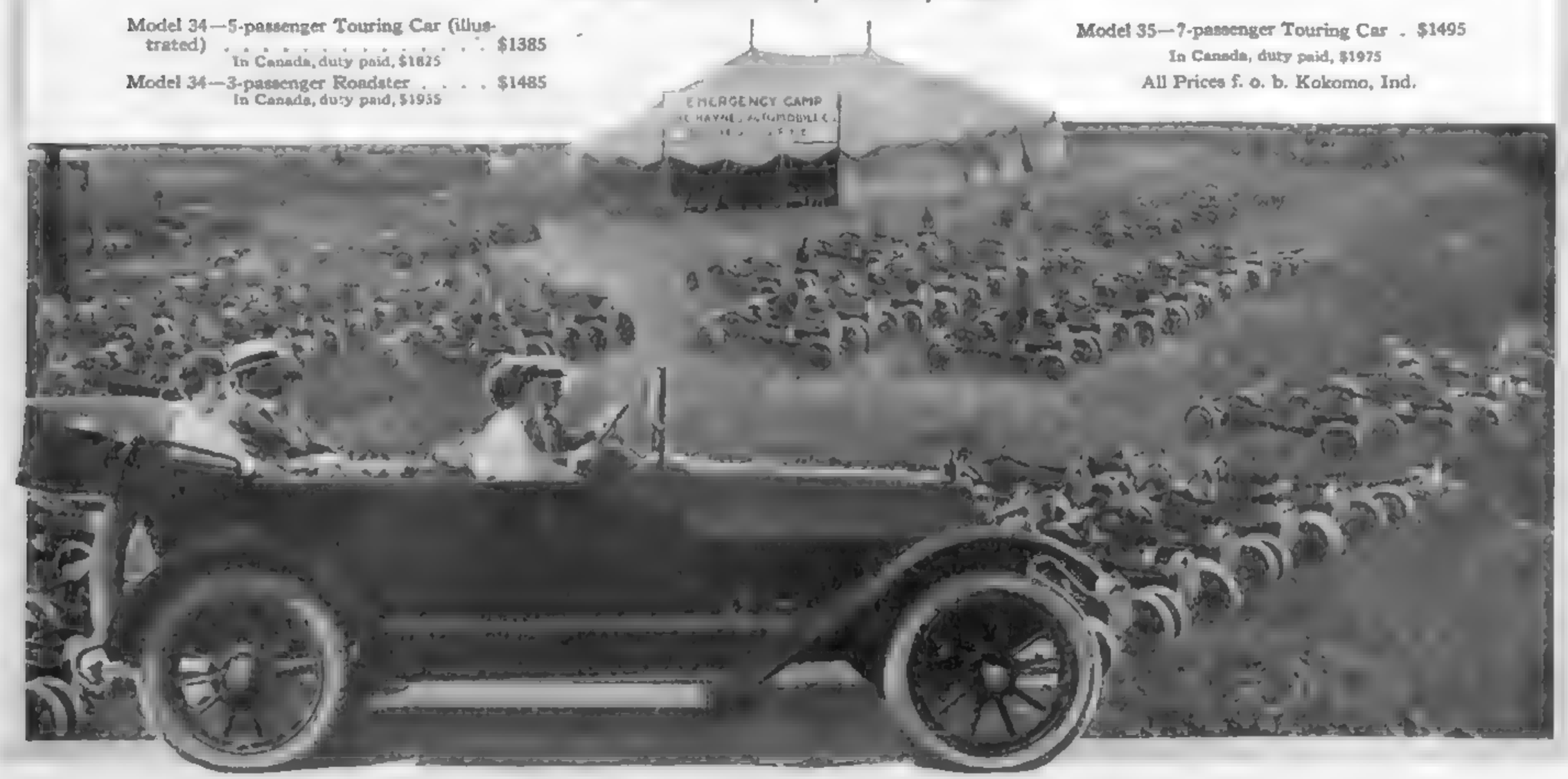
40 South Main Street, Kokomo, Indiana

Model 34—5-passenger Touring Car (illustrated) $1385
In Canada, duty paid, $1625

Model 34—3-passenger Roadster $1485
In Canada, duty paid, $1935

Model 35—7-passenger Touring Car . $1495
In Canada, duty paid, $1975

All Prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Ind.



H. R.

(Continued from Page 21)

emerged freemen—self-supporting, well-fed, useful, artistic. They have been the efficient instruments of fame. It is they who have made you known from one end of the city to the other."

"Yes; but sandwiches!" doggedly repeated Grace.

She could never forgive him. His kiss had upset her terribly. She had forgotten everything. She had been in love with him.

"I have worked," said H. R. sternly, "with human souls ——"

"Sandwiches!" corrected Mr. Goodchild.

H. R. flushed angrily.

"The sandwich," he told them all, with an angry finality, "is here to stay. Our net receipts, after paying big wages, are over a thousand dollars a day. What do you think I am—an ass? Or a quick lunch? Or a bank president? We've only begun! A capitalization of over five million dollars at the very start and the business growing like cheap automobiles; and me owning forty per cent of the stock and controlling sixty per cent in perpetuity! These men have made me their leader. I will not forsake them!"

"Can you give me," said Mr. Goodchild seriously, "evidence to prove your statements?"

If the love affair was not to end in an elopement it would be wise to have a business talk with this young man who, after all was said and done, had a valuable asset in his newspaper publicity.

"You may be a wonderful man," said Grace to H. R.; "but all my friends would ask me whether I should have a mammoth sandwich instead of a wedding cake! I ask you not to persist ——"

She stopped because the imminent loss of H. R. made her desire to keep him. H. R. smiled sympathetically and said:

"You poor darling! Is that all you are afraid of?"

She thought of her trip and a quiet life, and shook her head sadly. Why could not he have made her famous by unobjectionable methods? But H. R. said:

"I'll guarantee that my name will never again be associated with sandwiches ——"

"You can't do it!" declared Grace, with conviction, thinking of humorous American girls. When they are friends all you have to do is to take out the "r" to turn them into fiends.

Mrs. Goodchild frowned but said nothing. It had just occurred to her that here they all were, amicably talking with the man who had made their lives grievous burdens. Mr. Goodchild also was silent, but shrewdly eyed H. R.

"I'll do it!" repeated H. R. confidently.

"How can you, without killing everybody?" challenged Grace skeptically. "Everybody knows you as the leader of the sandwich men; and if you form companies ——"

"My child," H. R. told her gently, "I don't know anything about finance. That is why I want to get father's advice about my business. Every man to his trade. But I do know New York. I ought to—hang it! My grandfather owned what is now the Hotel Regina, and —— Well, look here! If by the first of June nobody even remembers that I had anything to do with sandwiches, will you marry me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Goodchild. If H. R. could do that he was fit to be anybody's son-in-law. If he could not the annoyance would end.

"Grace?" asked H. R.

Grace shook her head.

"I'm willing to take a chance for two weeks," said Mr. Goodchild, feeling certain he was displaying Machiavelhan wisdom; but Grace shook her head.

"Everything you've done," she told H. R., "is child's play ——"

"What?" interrupted H. R. indignantly. "Making all those New Yorkers give money for charity that they might have spent for their own pleasure!"

"Nothing alongside of making them forget that you invented sandwiches! If it had been anything else you might—I might—you ——" Grace floundered helplessly. Her life for weeks had been so full of excitement that she could not coordinate her ideas quickly.

"You don't know me, dear," said H. R. "I hate to say it myself, but really I'm a wonder!"

He looked so confident, so masterfully sure of himself, so little like a dreamer, and so much like a doer, that Grace was impressed.

"Can you?" she asked, more eagerly than Mr. Goodchild liked to see. But then H. R. had not kissed him.

"With your hand for the prize and your love for my reward! Can you ask me whether I can?"

"Yes; I can. Can you?"

"Yes!" he said. "But, of course, I'll need your help."

"My help?" Doubt came back into her eyes.

"Yes. This way." He took Grace in his arms and kissed her.

Mrs. Goodchild stared open-eyed. Mr. Goodchild grew purple and shouted:

"Here! This is ——"

H. R. turned to him and said:

"This is all right." And again he pressed his lips to hers and kept them pressed this time.

"I won't have it!" shrieked Mr. Goodchild, going toward the young people, one fist upraised.

H. R. ceased kissing and spoke rebukingly:

"What do you want me to do? Kiss her in the vestibule before ringing the doorbell, as though we were plebeian sweethearts? Or in a taxi in the Park? Listen! Fear not to intrust your daughter to a man who never kisses her save in the sight of those who brought her into this world!" He spoke so aphoristically that Mr. Goodchild thought it was a quotation from Ecclesiastes.

H. R. took the ring out of his waistcoat pocket and gave it to Grace:

"Here, my love!"

It was a magnificent green diamond, the rarest of all. Mrs. Goodchild rose quickly and said: "Let me see it!"

Motherlike, being concerned with her only daughter's happiness, she took the ring to the window. Grace followed. It was her ring.

"Say, Big Chief," H. R. asked his prospective father-in-law, "do I get the sand —— Do I get some slices of bread with some slices of viands—two bread to one viand—and a cup of tea?"

"Tea be hanged! Have a man's drink," hospitably and diplomatically said Mr. Goodchild. There was still a chance of escaping. He knew what violent opposition had done to sentimental daughters.

"Yes; but you'll have to allow us a decent rate of interest on our balances."

"How much do you carry?" asked Mr. Goodchild carelessly.

"Enough for Dawson to offer three per cent—but let us not talk business here. I'll call on you to-morrow."

"All right. But Dawson can't do it, not even on time deposits; and ——"

"Scotch for mine!" said H. R. "Is Frederick coming?"

Mr. Goodchild was, after all, a gentleman. He rang for Frederick. He also was thirsty.

"Hendrik, it's beautiful!" said Grace enthusiastically. "But are you perfectly sure you can ——"

"Empress, don't you wish it done?"

"Of course."

"Then, of course, it is done. You'll be able to yell sandwich anywhere in New York, and nobody will think of anything except that you are the most beautiful girl in the world. Give me another before Frederick brings 'em."

"Brings what?"

"Lamb chops!" answered H. R., who was a humorist of the New York school. "Quick!" And he kissed her twice.

"We'll have tea upstairs if you're really going to be one of the family," said Mrs. Goodchild, with the dubious smile so familiar on the faces of mothers of girls.

"Come, Grace!" said H. R., taking her by the unringed hand. He knew better—by instinct.

It was a very satisfactory day. Such was the compelling force of his self-confidence that, before he left the house, Mr. and Mrs. Goodchild sincerely hoped he could accomplish the impossible and wipe out the sandwich stain from the old Knickerbocker name of Rutgers.

xxxi

THE next morning H. R. called Andrew Burrett into the inner office.

"Shut the door," said he. Andrew Barrett did so and looked alarmed—alarmed rather than guilty.

Nature's Own Sparkle in Every Bottle of

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

GINGER ALE

Made in America

Best in the World

In the woods, on the water, at the club, on the field, at work or at play—you need Clicquot Club Ginger Ale if you're hot or thirsty.

The tonic snap in its real ginger lends new zest to Summer joys. Made from pure and choice ingredients, its real quality costs no more than near ginger ales, because each bottle holds two long glassfuls. Perfectly safe even when you're overheated.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale mixes agreeably with almost any good drink or fruit flavor.

Try some mixtures and see how many good new drinks you can invent. Get into the habit of ordering it by the case.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO
Millis, Mass.

New York Office, 100 Hudson St
Chicago Office, 350 North Michigan Ave.

CLICQUOT CLUB BEVERAGES
Ginger Ale
Orange Phosphate
Root Beer
Sarsaparilla
Lemon Sour
Birch Beer

Champion

TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLDS TRADE

Dependable Spark Plugs

When You Must Have Reliability

You need your motor's last ounce of power to carry you over the crest of that steep hill.

Against maximum resistance, you match your maximum power.

Your Spark Plugs must stand the terrific force of those "hill-crest" explosions in your cylinders.

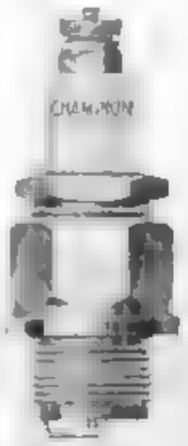
Even the porcelain insulation must take that punishment without "cracking".

It will—*if they're Champions.*

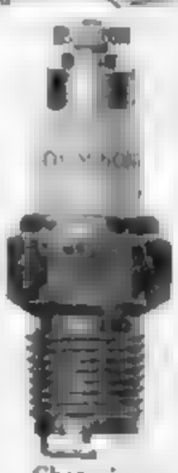
Champion endurance—reliability—dependability are developed by repeated testing under just such strains, in the motors they are built to serve.

75% of all American made gasoline motors for every purpose are equipped when new with Champion Spark Plugs. Insist on Champions when you replace your plugs. Get them of your dealer or write direct to us.

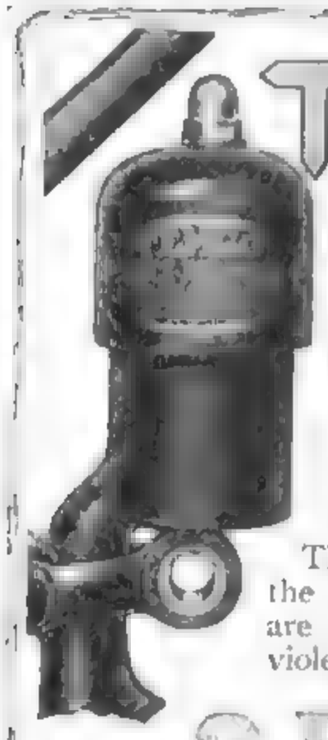
[illegible] Champion Spark Plug Co., 107 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio



Champion Regular
⅛-18, $1.00
All Maxwell cars are equipped at the factory with this plug



Champion Heavy-Duty
½ inch, $1.00
All Studebaker cars are equipped at the factory with this plug



TEMCO
Shock Absorber
For FORD Cars

They take all the slight jars which your big springs would pass along to you. They catch the first shock of all big jars and hand the load to the springs gradually. They take the rebound from the springs gradually—and you are saved from all sudden or violent jars and jounces.

3 Big Features
Combined In No Other Ford Shock Absorber

Telescoping Dust Cap

The fender rods on Ford cars would ordinarily strike the top of a shock absorber as tall as the Temco. But Temcos *telescope* and "duck" the blow.

So Temcos stand absolutely vertical and yet avoid the fender rod. That troublesome fender rod *can't* strike Temcos and scratch or mar them—can't knock the cap off.

Longer Springs Stronger Springs

Even when telescoped, Temcos are as tall as others. When normal, they are the *tallest*. This is a big advantage.

It lets us use *longer* springs.

And we make them *stronger* and more *flexible* too. We use *two* Genuine, Crucible, *Vanadium*, Helical Steel Springs in each shock absorber. They *couldn't* be longer—they *couldn't* be stronger.

Radius Links To Prevent side-Sway

Temco Shock Absorbers never lean one way or the other. They stand uncompromisingly erect—attractive in appearance—giving full, free spring action.

Radius Links *hold* them straight.

This prevents that tiring side-sway.

And side-sway is the beginning of the dangerous skid. By preventing side-sway, Temcos minimize skidding

Unlimited Guarantee

Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you may return them and get your money back.

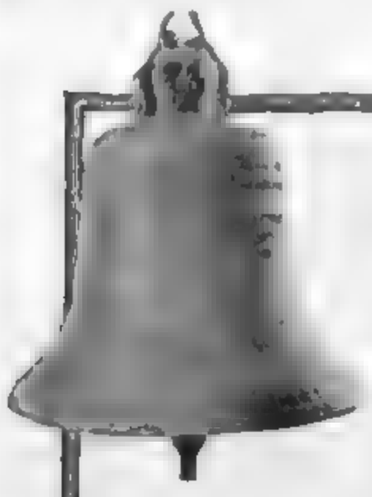
$15 Complete Set of 4

See your dealer at once

He has Temcos or can quickly get them for you. Most dealers gladly install Temcos and let you try them.

Write today for descriptive matter. If you have trouble getting Temcos write us promptly. We'll see that you are supplied.

THE TEMCO ELECTRIC MOTOR CO., 520 Sugar St., Leipsic, Ohio



THOUSANDS of men and women have declared themselves independent of financial worries by taking care of the local, new and renewal orders for The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman.

Our Booklet

"The Way to an Independent Income" tells how you can turn your spare time into money. A copy will be sent to you on request.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Box 943 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"To-morrow, and until further notice," said H. R. sternly, "you will tell the department-store sandwiches to parade in front of the various newspaper offices from morning until night."

"But not in Park Row, surely?"

"Exactly! And find out whether the business managers of the various newspapers have been holding conferences with the managing editors. They probably will—this afternoon or to-morrow."

"How can I ——"

"By office-boy scouts. Of course, lady stenographers being more in your line No! Look me in the eye!"

Andrew Barrett blushed and said feebly: "I'm taking the count, Chief."

"Very well. I shall now go out and do your work. See that you do mine!" And H. R. went out, leaving Andrew Barrett full of devastating curiosity.

"I wonder what he has up his sleeve now?" mused young Mr. Barrett. "I'll bet it's a corker!"

H. R. himself called on the head of one of the most progressive of New York's great department stores—a man to whom full pages on week days were nothing. He, therefore, had heard of H. R., and also had used sandwiches. He greeted the founder of the S. A. S. A. with respectful interest. H. R. said calmly:

"I am here now to make you a present of from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year—in cash!"

Mr. Liebmann, of course, knew that H. R., though an aristocrat, was neither a fool nor a lunatic. He diplomatically asked:

"And my gratitude for your kindness may be expressed just how, Mr. Rutgers?"

"By accepting the cash and putting it in your pocket, to have and to hold until death do you part."

"Mr. Rutgers, I am an old man and suspense is trying." And Mr. Liebmann smiled deprecatingly.

"I have come to show you how you may save the amount I have mentioned in your newspaper-advertising appropriation. You big advertisers are now helpless to help yourselves. There are no rebates and you can't play one paper against the others. Those days are over. Will you hear me to the end and not go off at half cock while I am talking?"

"Yes," promised Mr. Liebmann.

"Mr. Liebmann, you must write a letter to all the advertising managers of all the newspapers, saying that you have decided to discontinue all advertising in the daily papers as soon as your contracts expire. Hold your horses! Explain that you intend to reach your suburban trade through the fashion magazines, local papers and circulars; and that for Manhattan and Brooklyn you have decided to use sandwiches —— Don't talk yet!

"The newspapers know that you are a Napoleonic advertiser. They will pay to your communication the double compliment of belief and consternation. They know you know your business and that you are not only ultramodern but a pioneer. You have always been a highly intelligent advertiser. You will then let me supply you with one hundred of our best men, who will parade in front of the newspaper offices in full regalia, and also in plain sight of your dear friends, the advertising managers. You know their psychology. Take it from me, you'll win.

"The only thing you mustn't do is to call the reductions rebates. There is no way by which the papers can get back at you. If I can make New York feed the hungry, would it be very difficult for me to make the advertising managers act wisely? Of course, if your letter does not bring about a saving of not less than ten thousand dollars a year you will not have to pay a penny for the sandwiches. I wish nothing written from you. The word of a Liebmann is enough for a Rutgers. My family has been in New York long enough for you to know whether a Rutgers is a man of his word or not."

"I'd like to shake hands with you," said Mr. Liebmann.

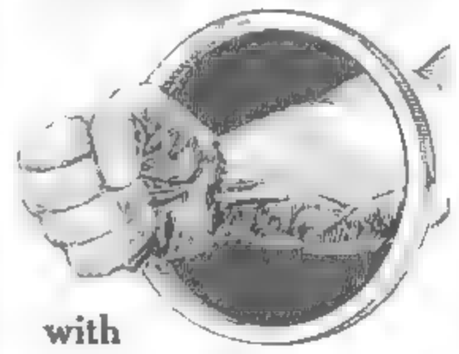
Bareheaded, he proudly escorted H. R. to the sidewalk. He thanked him to the last.

H. R. called on the other liberal advertisers and, with more or less ease, succeeded in impressing them as he had Mr. Liebmann.

Then he visited the managing editors of all the daily papers. He began with the best. The managing editor was delighted to see the man he had helped to make famous.

"I have come," H. R. told him, "to ask a great favor of you. I am, as you know,

Put a Punch in Your Motor



with

LEAK-PROOF

Piston Rings

MADE BY McQUAY NORRIS MFG CO

THEY secure perfect compression of each fuel charge and the utilization of the whole force of the succeeding power impulse. They also prevent impairment of valve action by carbon caused by surplus lubricating oil getting past worn or imperfect piston rings into the combustion chamber of the cylinder.

The patented two-piece, angle-to-angle interlocking construction is the exclusive Leak-Proof design—absolutely essential to true leak proof service. It is the only mechanical principle by which exact fit [illegible] during expansion of a piston ring can be maintained. Look for this feature—identify the Leak-Proof Ring—insist on it when you order

In use in over 500,000 motors
Sold by all up-to-date supply houses, garages and repair shops

FREE BOOK [illegible]

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory
[illegible]

New York [illegible] Pittsburg [illegible] Kansas City [illegible] Bldg. Chicago [illegible] San Francisco 164 Hansford Bldg. Los Angeles [illegible] Dallas, 509 Juanita Bldg. St. Paul [illegible]

"Ask the User"

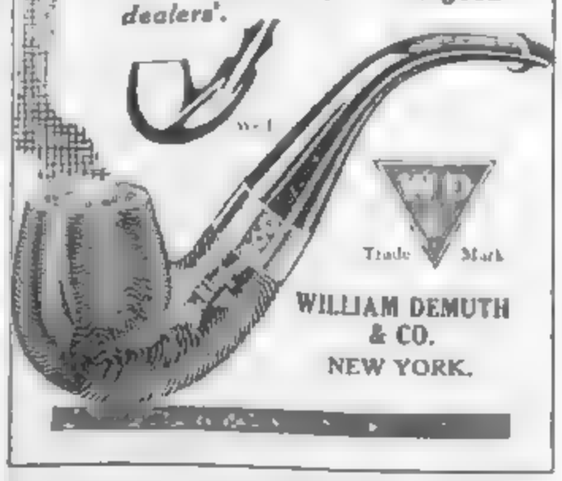
Leak-Proof

A pipe that's built right is one you'll enjoy.

The Wellington

keeps clean and sweet and dry. It has a well in the bowl that keeps moisture away from the tobacco.

25c. 35c, 50c up. At all good dealers'.



WILLIAM DEMUTH & CO.
NEW YORK.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who reads and *heeds* it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

very greatly interested in charity work. Your paper has been good enough to publish my views."

H. R. spoke with a sort of restrained zeal simply, not humorously, obviously as a one-idea man, a crank, still young and tindyspeptic. The editor prided himself on his quick and accurate insight into character. He said:

"Oh, yes; I know about your work."

"Thank you. Well, sir, I find my usefulness to the cause somewhat impaired by the persistence with which my name is associated with the merely commercial phase of sandwiching. You know the sandwich men commercially were vermin, and I have taught them to pay for their own food. I took paupers and unpauperized them."

"And the signs in your parade were great. I told them at the Union League Club that at least one poor man's parade had shown brains. Not a single threat! Not one complaint! Not one window smashed! Not one spectator insulted! It showed genius!" and the editor held out his hand.

"And so," continued H. R. earnestly, "if you please, if you would only tell your reporters not to mention me in connection with sandwiches I could do more for the cause. You see, what I did with the sandwiches was merely the entering wedge. I don't want you to think I am complaining of your reporters, sir; they have been more than kind to me; but if you could see your way clear to not speaking about sandwiches as though they were my personal property ——"

"You are the man who gave free sandwiches to New York," smiled the editor, as though he had said something original.

The situation was more serious than H. R. had believed; but he said with dignity:

"I made freemen of pariahs, sir. That job is finished. The newspapers have helped nobly; and to-day, thanks to them, charity is brought daily before their readers."

"But it is less picturesque than your courtship of Miss Goodchild with sandwiches."

"There were"—and H. R. smiled deprecatingly—"peculiar circumstances about my personal relations with Mr. Goodchild. Of course I also desired to prove to intelligent but not very original business men that sandwiching is the most effective form of advertising. It is like all art, sir.

"When you read a play you see the printed words; but when you see the same play well acted you find that the same words you have read and liked reach the public through the senses of sight and of hearing as well as through the intellect. It is thus trebly efficient on the stage. Now, sandwiching is beyond question the highest form of commercial advertising. It succeeds even in love! And ——"

"I congratulate you," said the editor heartily. H. R. looked so serious that the editor found himself saying with even greater seriousness: "What you say is extremely interesting."

"I have long studied—in my humble way—the psychology of the crowd. I have discovered some very interesting things—at least they are interesting to me, sir," apologized H. R. almost humbly. "I am led to think, indeed I feel certain, that the art of sandwiching is in its infancy. The marvelous imagination of the American people, their resourcefulness and ingenuity, will make the development of artistic sandwiching one of the most extraordinary commercial phenomena of the twentieth century. But personally I am not interested in advertising, sir, except as a means to an end. When the result is reached that is the end of my interest.

"And so, sir, though I feel gratitude for the noble work your paper is doing for the cause of charity, I really and honestly think that less attention should be paid to the business side of one of our successful experiments with the submerged tenth, and more to charity itself. Can't you tell your reporters that sandwiching at union wages has nothing to do with it?"

"News is news," said the editor, shaking his head regretfully. "We print what is of interest to our readers."

"If your readers were made to think of filling other people's stomachs instead of their own, there would be less dyspepsia—and more newspaper readers, sir. It is a discouraging fact that the world appears to be more concerned over making money than over the unspeakable folly of dying rich."

"We can do without death more easily than without money," observed the editor.

"Oh, no! Death was invented in order to teach men how to live wisely. This is the only reason why the cessation of the organic functions, which is life's one great commonplace, has at all times attained to the dignity of rhetoric. But I am taking your time. I hope you will be good enough to drop sandwiches and stick to charity. I thank you for your kindness; and—and," he finished diffidently, "I should like to shake hands with you."

He looked appealingly at the editor, who thereupon shook his hand warmly.

"I'll do what I can for you, Mr. Rutgers. I am very glad to have met you. Anything we can do to help you in your efforts we shall gladly do. You are a very remarkable man and you have done greater work than you seem to realize."

H. R. shook his head vehemently, however, and retired in obvious confusion.

With a few trifling differences, due to the divers editorial personalities, he did the same thing to the other managing editors. All of them thought that none of the reporters really knew what manner of man H. R. was. Withal, all of them were right. He was a wonder!

On the next morning the eyes of the business managers of the great metropolitan dailies, morning and evening, were made to glow by twenty-seven letters from their biggest advertisers. The tenor of the communications was that, as soon as existing contracts expired, the twenty-seven biggest would do their urban advertising by means of S. A. S. A. sandwiches. They expected to reach the suburbs through fashion journals, circulars and local media.

The advertising managers smiled, not only at the palpable bluff but at the evidence of an infantile conspiracy. Before ten o'clock, however, the vast crowds in front of their very doors made them swear. Scores of sandwich men, advertising the said twenty-seven shops and the day's bargains, were parading up and down, causing said crowds to collect and to comment audibly and admiringly.

The advertising managers rushed to the managing editors to tell them that something must be done to prevent their sudden death. The managing editors recalled H. R.'s prophecy of the marvelous growth of this most effective form of advertising.

"That H. R.," said one managing editor, "is a wizard!"

"You fellows made him," bitterly retorted the business manager. "He's had more free advertising than I can book in a hundred and ten years!"

"Why, he particularly asked me not to mention sandwiches!"

"Well, by gad, you'd better not!" Then, "What d'ye want?" he snarled at his first assistant, who came in with a sheet of paper in his right hand and a look of perplexity in both eyes.

The assistant silently gave him the copy:

"All the leading shops and the big department stores of Greater New York are using our sandwiches. They employ the best advertising talent in the world.

"Their experts unanimously have decided that sandwiching is the highest form of advertising yet discovered. It is the cheapest, when returns and results are considered.

"Are you using our sandwiches, Mr. Merchant?

"They will move your shop to Fifth Avenue.

"Try it! Employ only union men.

"Society American Sandwich Artists,
"Allied Arts Building."

For the first time in history the familiar "O. K.—H. R., *Sec.*," was absent.

It bore out the managing editor's assertion of H. R.'s distaste of publicity.

"Go out and lasso your maverick advertisers," said the managing editor sternly, after he had read the S. A. S. A. advertisement—full-page too!

He then summoned the city editor and said sternly: "Mr. Welles, under no circumstances whatever must this paper mention sandwiches or sandwich advertising or the S. A. S. A."

"Did you see their latest exploit? Two hundred and seventy-six sandwiches to the block. Talk about high art!"

"They have commercialized it," frowned the managing editor. "Not a line—ever!"

The same thing must have happened in all the other offices. The public talked about the advertising revolution and the wonderful new styles in boards; and they looked in the next morning's papers to get all the picturesque details, as usual. Not a word!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Safe Milk

Always ready for use

The distinctive, *different* flavor is your guaranty of purity and richness when you solve your milk problem for *good* by using

Carnation Milk

Clean—Sweet—Pure *From Contented Cows*

It is as sweet and wholesome as when fresh from the cow. Nothing taken out but water—and nothing is added. It is sterilized and hermetically sealed to keep it free from contamination, to protect you, and to retain all its richness and wholesomeness.

Use it in cooking and baking whenever the recipe calls for milk or cream and get most pleasing results—with economy, convenience, safety.

Ask your grocer, the Carnation Milkman, for a copy of our booklet, "The Story of Carnation Milk," containing choice recipes—or write us for it.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company
132 Stuart Building, Seattle, U. S. A.

GET More Miles

Lydon Speedler

Prevents Carbon — Eliminates Carburetor Adjusting

LYDON MFG. CO., Dept. 1, Chicago

The Hand That Steers, Controls This Motor

Cadillac 5 Speed Motor

Push-Button Controlled

The Cadillo Perfection Motor Co.
1519 Cadillac St. Detroit Mich.

10 A circular screw-driver

Send 10c. Graduated edge—fits any screw. Hardened steel. Size of a quarter—goes on your keyring for motorists—sportsmen—everybody. Write for dealer proposition

HESS AND SON
1031 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

HERZ PLUG

The Bougie Mercedes famous Spark Plug of Europe

Adopted by U. S Army and Navy

Why?

HERZ & CO. 245 W. 59th St. New York

CONGRESS BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES Hoyle up-to-date

50c GOLD EDGES CLUB INDEXES 25c

For Social Play

Shuffling and dealing Congress Cards is a real pleasure because Air-Cushion Finish prevents sticking

Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

For General Play

You pay not a cent for the reputation of Bicycle Cards, but for the quality that made and keeps it up

Ivory or Air Cushion Finish

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Some plain truths about buying cigarettes

Get all the smoke-pleasure you pay for. Find the right cigarette—a SENSIBLE one that fits your own likes and dislikes

It may or may not be Fatima

—but this will help you find it

TASTES differ — in fashions, foods, and pretty girls. Also in cigarettes. A cigarette that started out to please every man's taste would end up by pleasing none.

Most of us like our cigarette smoke deliciously *cool* and *refreshing*. The Mexican likes his hot and dry, with a nice little peppery *sting* in it.

Some men like a cigarette wholesomely, fragrantly *mild*. Others of us hunt for a cigarette almost as heavy as a black cigar.

Most of us want an "*easy*" cigarette—a SENSIBLE one, so that no matter how many we smoke, we'll feel as fit as a fiddle. Other men, though, don't care about that. They smoke only a few—so they want a kick like a mule's in each puff.

All of us want our smoke "full bodied"—it must *satisfy* that smoke-hunger. But the cigarette that just fills the bill for *you* may not do at all for your next-door neighbor.

Somewhere—among all the brands on the market—is the one just-right cigarette for YOU!

Maybe it's the very one you have now in your pocket—*but are you SURE?* Maybe it's some entirely "different" cigarette—it may or may not be Fatima.

But find it! Until you do, you're cheating yourself out of a whole lot of smoke-pleasure. Also you're wasting some money.

How to Find it

To avoid blindly trying too many different cigarettes, ask yourself, first of all, this question:

"*Just what do I like in a cigarette?*"

If you smoke only a few every day, you may prefer a cigarette which is rather rich or heavy and "oily." Or you may like one which has a rather strong "oriental" taste, with a pungency almost like perfume. Or you may want a cigarette with that noticeably "sweetish" Egyptian flavor.

But if you smoke quite often — if you would *like* to smoke just as *often as you feel like it* and without any effect on the tongue or throat or any fear of a heavy or "heady" feeling afterwards—then you should choose some cigarette such as Fatima, a cigarette composed of all-pure tobaccos of considerable aroma, mellowed by being aged and carefully blended to produce a fragrant and wholesomely mild, yet "*full-bodied*," smoke. And the smoke must be noticeably COOL. For otherwise your tongue or your throat will soon signal you to stop smoking so often.

If you will ask any Fatima smoker, he will tell you that Fatimas never make him "feel mean"—no matter how many he smokes.

That is why Fatimas are considered the one *sensible* cigarette by such a large majority of smokers. *And that is probably the main reason why hardly any Fatima smokers ever switch!* They like a *sensible* cigarette—and one with a good, pure taste to it.

But the Taste is up to You

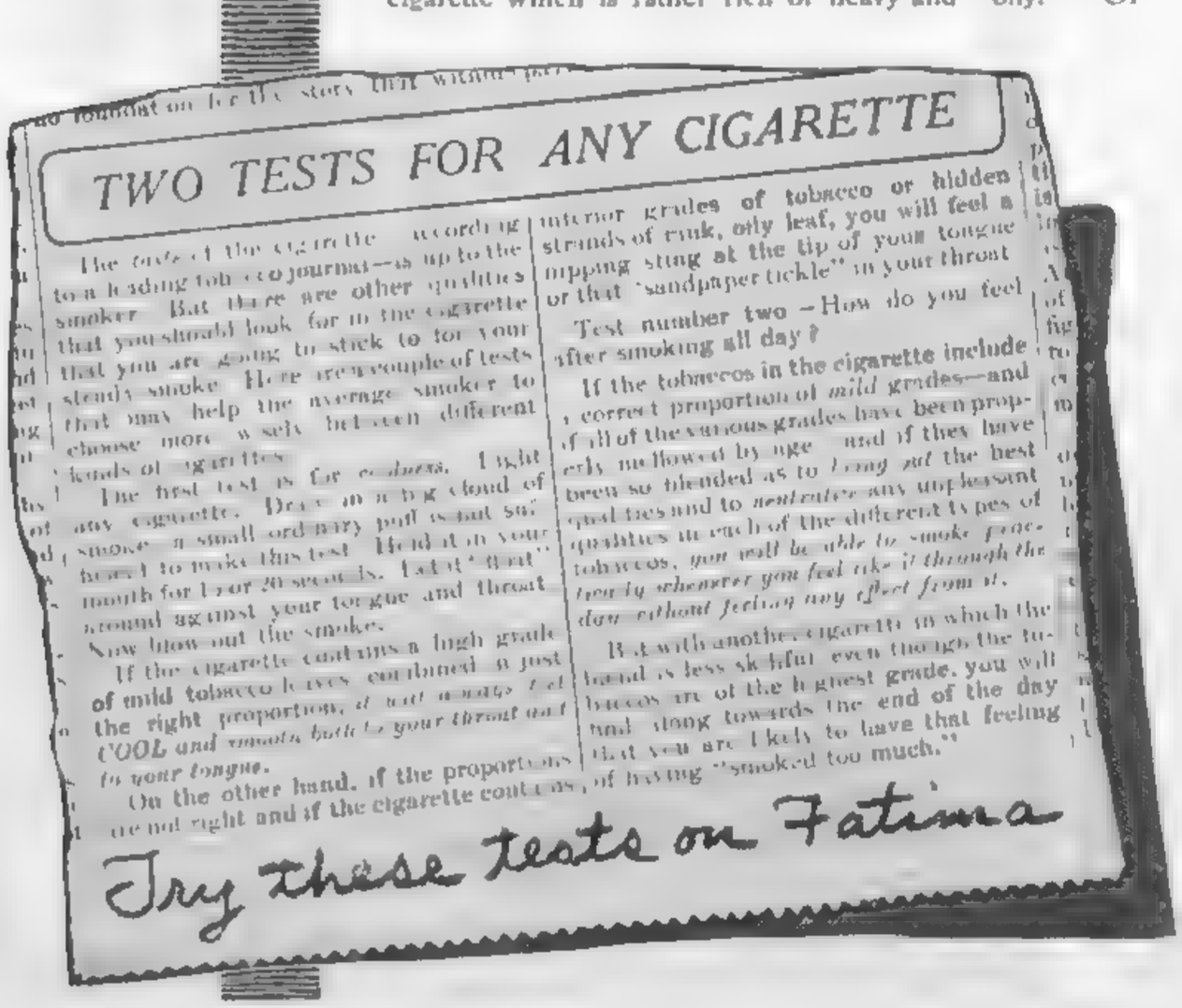
All cigarettes are pure, but when it comes to the *taste*, nobody can help you choose. You simply have to try different kinds.

Most men who try Fatimas like the taste so well that they seek no further—otherwise Fatimas could never have *won* and *held* their enormous and growing leadership, amounting to over one and a half BILLION cigarettes a year. But Fatima's taste may not appeal to *you*, at that.

However, *the one purpose of this advertisement* is to ask you in a fair and square way to give Fatimas *(20 for 15c)* a good trial. If they don't happen to suit your taste, you'll quit smoking them of course. But if you like Fatimas as well as MOST men do, you'll stick to them for life.

Here are two simple tests which you can easily make and which may help you find *your* sensible cigarette.

It may or may not be Fatima. But be fair to yourself and find "that one just-right cigarette for you."



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Largest cigarette manufacturer in the U. S. as shown by Internal Revenue reports

Copyright, 1915, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

THE MERRY WINDOW

Continued from Page 18

about it. We'll have some of those late corsets hanging over a chair, to show how to get that new Louis Philippe basque effect. Run along now—and, say, you might hustle Fi-fi into one of those hooped petticoats and put that pretty little pink Godey-Book negligée over her fair young shoulders. Meantime I'll plan out a dinky 1850 boudoir and get the furniture from upstreet."

Leaving the chief in communion with his big textbook on furniture the assistant went into the next room, where the boy was still gilding fixtures and where the four beauteous wax ladies, without embarrassment and without goose flesh, still waited for the clemency of clothes.

First of all, the assistant took up the subject of the dark-haired Fi-fi; and from the way he went about it you might have thought he was of the type of the Red Queen who varied her remarks by saying: "Off with her arms!" One twist and the right arm came off! Another, and the second member was laid on the table! This accomplished, he put on some pink things, laced her into one of the newest pink corsets, flung over her head the combination slip, with the hooped petticoat, thrust the detached limbs into the sleeves of the Godey-Book negligée, and then affixed both arms and garment to the torso.

Even so, however, he was not satisfied. Standing off and squinting at the object of his attentions he discovered a flaw.

"Nope, Fi-fi; you won't do," he muttered. "Your head looks like the horsehair trunk and Little Annie Rooney." Then, raising his voice, "I say, chief," he called, "these figures will have to be recoifed."

"Sure!" snapped the chief from the next room. "Hair-dresser's coming up this afternoon. She'll fix them up."

Three hours later Rackameer, Fi-fi, and the other three, newly coifed, manicured, and freshly dressed in the latest lingerie creations, awaited their transference to the window. The 1850 furniture, even to a steel engraving and an old-fashioned bird cage containing a songster with a note of black—that was considered as much more effective in the color scheme of pink and white than his note of C — was gathered in from a neighboring antique shop. Everything, down to the minutest detail, was ready for the display of the morrow. And the next morning it was a question of less than thirty minutes to install the entire scene in the window.

Ladies Whose Heads Come Off

It will be seen from the above narrative that the window trimmer has certain advantages in the performance of his duties as lady's maid. The detachability of the arms is, for instance, a very amiable arrangement. Even more spectacular, however, is the fact that the decorator can decapitate most of his ladies as readily as Henry the Eighth. If, for example, he desires the blond head of a certain standing figure to rest on the shoulders of that reclining model there in the corner, he makes the exchange without any difficulty.

Another fact that considerably lightens the labors of the dressing-maid window trimmer is the absolute adaptability of the wax figure to mode. The window beauty never has to sigh: "Oh, that this too too solid wax would melt!" If the fashions call for slim, slinking lines, her Pygmalion makes her just that way. As a matter of comment, however, it may be said that the change from *bouffante* to *svelte* creates a great deal of expense and trouble for the display manager. Thus when, seven years ago, we first shaved down our skirts, every display man in New York had to discharge all his old wax ladies, with their hourglass figures, and employ a new force with the required width of waist and contraction of hips. This year he is saved the cost of another shift by the fact that the wide skirts conceal the slimness of the figures.

If your sole responsibility to the window show consists in a casual glance as you stroll up and down Fifth Avenue with your Pekingese under your arm, you are not likely to appreciate how great a factor the wax model is in all display equations. As a matter of fact, this colony of beauties that shows off the finest of Paris creations, sporting clothes, bathing suits, and every other type of merchandise, forms the most important item in the list of decorating properties. No longer is the wax model a creature with the archaic smile, differentiated only by blond or brunette hair. She catches and holds a fleeting mood. She assumes a dozen different attitudes; each one of her is a separate chapter—provocative, appealing, gay or pensive—from the tremendous folio of Woman.

Some idea of the range of types afforded to the display manager of these times is given by a catalogue of a domestic manufacturer of wax figures, which you find lying on the desk of the manager of Rackameer. Glance through this volume and you will find that your choice may hover, moth-like, over the following wax tapers: "A fine, motherly old lady in gray hair, who might move in diplomatic circles"; "a haughty society woman, proud and somewhat disdainful"; "a young society woman of the temperamental type, who would probably be found in music or art circles"; "a saucy colleen with blue eyes and glinting chestnut locks"; and "the genial, smiling-hostess type of woman, who instantly places you at your ease."

In the Property Room

Nor does the display man select these at random. Inquiring of him just how he goes about picking out some type of femininity for a particular window, you hear of a psychological insight into the adjustment of feminine character to surroundings that is worthy of Meredith himself.

"Now, just take that dignified woman with the gray hair, here in the catalogue," says he, "the one they say is fitted to move in diplomatic circles. Do you know how I should use her? Well, say I was doing a display of dining-room furniture—beautiful Sheraton, or something like that—I'd place this old lady at the head of the table, as though she were welcoming the guests. See? Or suppose, on the other hand, I wanted a model for sporting clothes; then, you see, I'd select one of those independent, suffragettish-looking girls, with the lifted head and the clear, direct gaze.

"By the way, look at that picture of the elderly woman again. See the double chin she's got! Why, only a few years ago you would never have found anything like that. The face would have been all ironed out and smiling like a young girl's. That's a good-enough tip for me on the improvement that our business has made in the last ten years."

To-day not only the dignified old wax lady but store realism itself has grown a double chin. As has been told, the window decorator's chief ambition is to present each article of attire or furnishings in the setting for which it is destined. So careful is he of every detail, he will tell you of the severe wound to his sensibilities inflicted by a window where a Romney portrait was hung up over some William-and-Mary furniture. So meticulous is he, he never prepares a furniture or china display without constant references to textbook and pictures. And, to meet his practical demands, he has a collection of properties worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, to which he is always making additions. Of these, his thirty wax beauties, at a cost of anywhere from a hundred and fifty dollars for a domestic model to three hundred dollars for a fine imported one, represent only one item.

Imagine a small boy who loves to make believe—who is always inventing some new and fascinating play—imagine him in possession of every facility for carrying out his games. If you do this you will gain some idea of the position of the store display manager. Neatly indexed there in his desk are hundreds of fascinating playthings revealed by a tour through the rooms of his department. Velours, tapestries, rugs, furniture, electric lights, wooden horses, stage grass, stage flowers, marble fountains and urns and vases, stuffed peacocks and birds, imitation butterflies, scenic backgrounds, gilded tables and stands and pilasters, perhaps a suit of armor, garments that become too much worn to return to the departments from which they were borrowed, hundreds of yards of ribbon, Japanese dwarf gardens, bird cages, wax figures of Washington and other historical characters, antiques, historical costumes—all these may be drawn on for the weekly games of the display man.

Among these queer bits of patois the fundamentals of the display man's language

The Gillette on Tour

ALL roads lead to San Francisco this year.

Machines being groomed for the tour—traveling kits overhauled—packets of Gillette Blades and new Gillette Sets being bought by the thousands all over the country.

Your tourist, perhaps better than any other man, can appreciate the quick, clean, cool *Gillette Shave*, and "no stropping—no honing."

He may be willing to camp by the wayside, and rustle his meals from likely-looking farm houses—but he is *not* taking chances with his daily shave.

You too like your own kind of shave and the Gillette ensures it—$5 to $50—Blades 50c. and $1 a packet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

ROW BOAT MOTOR
FERRO

Don't Go Rowing
Go FERROWING

For Fun and Health

The Ferro gives pleasure and profit all summer, at little cost and no trouble. Easy to carry, is quickly attached to any rowboat or canoe, gives 2 to 10 miles speed per hour.

Powerful, dependable, a child can run it, yet all the grown-ups enjoy it. Send for complete information about the Ferro and its special features. If you don't find dealer, we will ship direct for motor. Some good territory still open for men who can qualify as Ferro agents. Write at once, giving references.

$85 with Bosch Reversible Waterproof Magneto. $65 with Waterproof Battery Ignition

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.
740 Hubbard Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

"The Roofing Development of the 20th Century"
Is spark-proof and weather-proof. Double width cuts cost of laying.

NEPONSET SHINGLES
PATENTED
are also very attractive in appearance

The only built up shingle

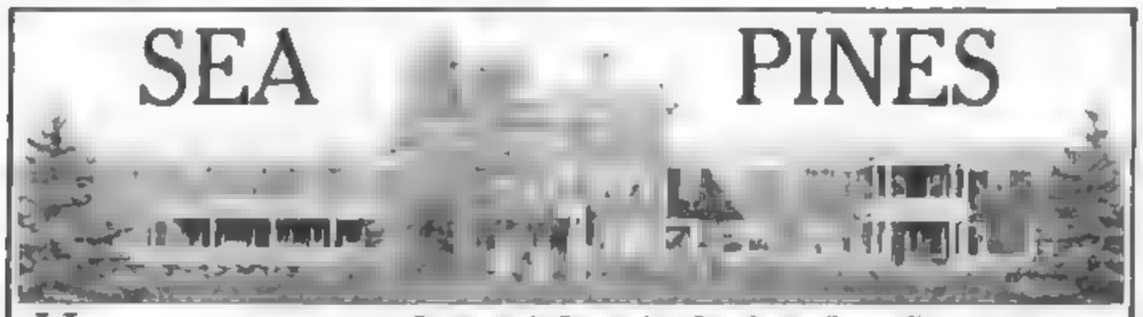
They are not [illegible] Two of these [illegible] buildings. This built-up, tapered shingle puts seven layers on your roof. Sold by dealers everywhere

Book—"Repairing and Building"—Free
This book gives good advice on questions that are coming up for you to answer

BIRD & SON, 110 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.
Established 1795
Chicago Office, 1434 Monadnock Bldg
New York Washington San Francisco
Canadian Office and Plant
Hamilton, Ont.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

SEA PINES



Home School for Girls

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personality

Genuine Cape Cod [illegible] and care. Growing girls inspired by whole[illegible] the Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an out-door life [illegible] refining. One hundred acres [illegible] groves, 1000 feet of sea [illegible]ore, ponies, horseback riding [illegible] especially for results in health, character and education. Golf, Tennis, Music, Handwork, Domestic Arts, French [illegible] Spanish native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

Rev. THOMAS BICKFORD, Miss FAITH BICKFORD, Princs., P. O. Box M, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Massachusetts. Ten Miles from Boston.

[illegible]n Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with photo instruction in the theory and practice of Art [illegible] Home Economics, Physical Training, Secretarial Studies, Music [illegible] Dramatic Art [illegible] encouraged. Two [illegible] Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph D., Principal
116 Woodland Road

Southern Seminary

49th Year. For Girls and Young Women

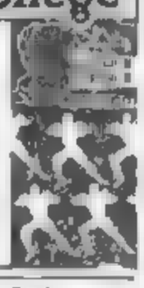
In Blue Ridge Mountains in famous Valley of [illegible] Near [illegible] Hinds Life [illegible] to manners, character. Sports [illegible] Building; Beautiful and [illegible] from every section. Recommended by [illegible] J. H. Vincent, Chicago. Rate, $295. Catalog

SOUTHERN SEMINARY Box 976 Buena Vista, Va.

Southern Normal College

Hot Springs, N. C. Open the Year Round
The Recreation Center of the South
Pure mountain air, pure water, pure food

Summer School of Physical Education and Play
Summer Faculty of Specialists in Gymnastics, Dancing, Games and Athletics [illegible] Diploma [illegible] Bachelor's Degree [illegible] and Certificate [illegible]



Address Box 104. WM. W. HASTINGS, Pres.

The Oxford College for Women

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* * *

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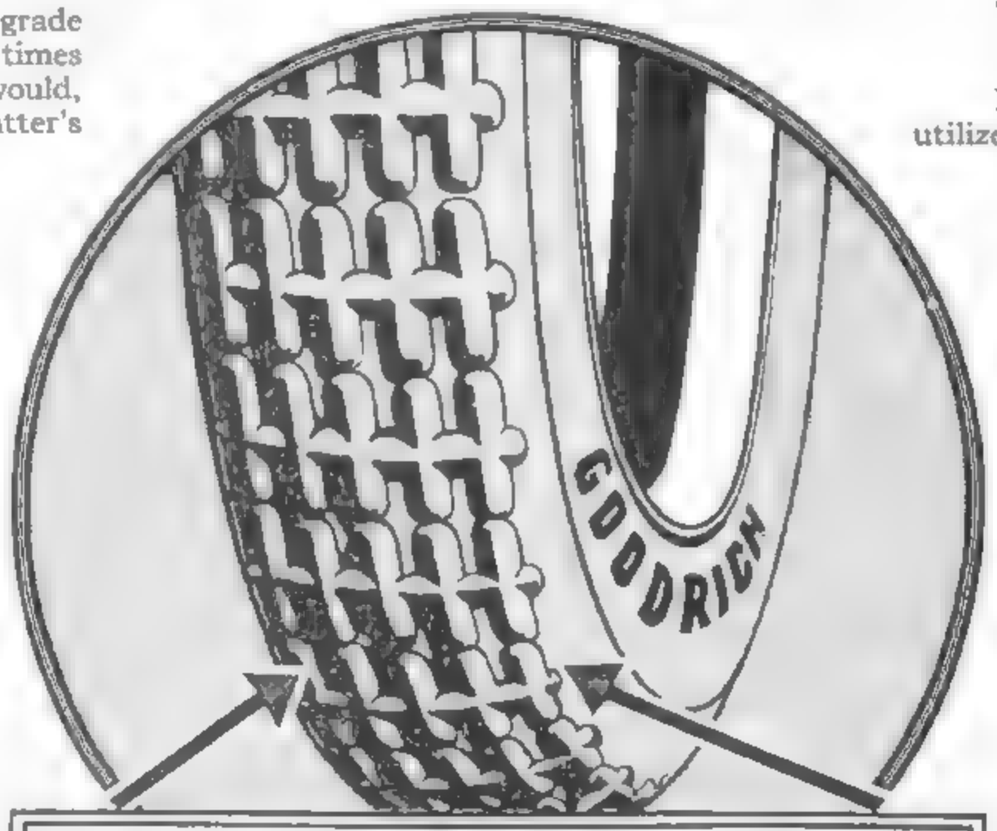

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30 x 3½	12.20	13.35	14.20	21.70	23.60
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34 x 4	20.35	22.30	23.80	31.15	33.55
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BATTLE royal

(Continued from Page 7)

among six men? There would be crumbs wasted. And then: Why divide it among six men?

"I'm for drawin' lots," Bald proposed.

"Loser goes without?"

Bald nodded.

"Loser goes without."

It would be high play. It would have a brutal issue. One man would go without. Well, it was every man for himself! There were five chances to one against loss, and every man had faith in his own star. It was agreed by nods, without dispute, to draw lots. Uncle Billy was custodian of the bread. He had fallen abstracted again—sat, with his lean arms round his lean knees, staring into the north, where the gray wind was brewing.

Tom Bald, by tacit consent, arranged the lottery. He discovered pencil and paper, tore six ragged squares, marked one ragged square with a black, sprawling cross, placed them all in his cap, and with a shaking hand held the cap high for Uncle Billy and the four shivering others to draw from.

The man who drew the square marked with the sprawling cross was to lose his share of the bread.

Bald lost.

"One o' them bits o' bread," said he quickly, "won't do nobody no good!" And there were tears in his eyes.

The implication was that the five cakes of bread together would do somebody a great deal of good. It was an attractive suggestion. Why not? Why not draw lots for the whole?

The winners were flushed and overbold with triumph. There was no dissent. Yes—they would draw again; but when Bald declared, "I'm in on this new deal!" they protested. Bald had lost. What right had he to the bread?

"Well, it's a new deal, isn't it?" he argued; and they squabbled bitterly until nearly dusk—the heat of anger and self-interest and hatred growing momentously hotter all the while.

It was manifestly unfair for Bald to claim a part in the new lottery; but Bald was a big man, and when he swore—"By God, I'll be in on this thing or there'll be trouble!" they took him in.

Again the ragged squares and the black cross—this time the cross to win.

Uncle Billy won.

"I'm a ol' codger," he complained crossly, "an' I don't want no bread."

Uncle Billy settled himself for death. He turned impatiently from the incredulous group. It may be he thought with regret of his strawberry plant. Twice now he had failed with the strawberry plant—there had been no fruit; but he had cherished it, and this season—this season, in the garden of his cottage by Thimble Rock, who could say there would be no miracle of a strawberry?

It was worth living for—the mere expectation. Though Uncle Billy was old and worn out with labor, and cold, and not troubled by the fear of death, which now seemed to have drawn very close, his renunciation wore the aspect of nobility and did not fail of a momentary impression; for with the wind rising—and five cakes of bread ——

Bald was eager.

"Want us t' draw again, Uncle Billy?"

"Mm-m!" Uncle Billy agreed.

With Uncle Billy eliminated, the chance for each was enormously improved—four to one now. With Bald cast out, it would be three to one. The outcry against him broke with fury.

"I was in afore," said he grimly, "an' I'll be in again!"

A snarling show of teeth was an indiscretion that brought him into a gathering peril. The animosity against him was forearmed and consolidated. He was not acute enough to be aware of this. He was a big man, with a big man's defiant faith in his own physical strength. He was the big wolf of the pack. They knew it.

Bald had thrashed them all at one time or another since they were boys at Tumbleton Tickle. His superiority in this respect had not been questioned in years. They were individually in terror of him.

When Bald roared, "I'll be in on this or you'll all go overboard!" they left him alone, to tear the ragged squares and make the sprawling cross; but his threat had stirred up fear. Overboard? It contained a suggestion. What if Bald lost? He was in an ugly mood. What would he do? They reflected. It was disquieting.

Here was high play—men could not play higher—and there was cruel suspense in the situation; yet the drawing, accomplished in the fast failing light, was without visible agitation. And its progress was silent, so that the wind, sweeping over the field of ice, asserted itself; and the hiss and swish of the waves, breaking now over the windward edge of the pan and crawling persistently in, was ominously distinct.

Sandy Lee won.

"My God!" Bald sobbed. "Oh, my God, I'm so hungry!"

Sandy Lee began to cry. His lips were awry and working; he was mouthing foolishly, and tears overran the deep, black sockets of his eyes. Dan Luff sobbed. David Rumm turned away. Jabob Ingils wrung his hands and prayed. Tom Bald stormed at Lee and his luck.

The bread was beside Uncle Billy. Sandy Lee gathered it in his two hands and retreated to the leeward edge of the pan. It was dry there. He squatted—the bread on the ice before him, one hand encircling it in defense. The others watched him with flaring curiosity and interest. Their mouths watered again. They gulped. Except in physical appearance, they were like a pack of famished wolves.

Sandy Lee took up one cake, glanced furtively from man to man, like a dog uncertain of permission to eat, and approached the bread to his twitching lips.

Bald started. Dan Luff started. David Rumm started. Jacob Ingils started. A start and tremor might run through a circle of hungry wolves at the same instant of climax in the same circumstances. Sandy Lee hesitated.

"Eat it, you fool!" Bald screamed.

"You won't let me," Sandy Lee whimpered.

Bald flung off his jacket and sprang to the center of the pan.

"I'll fight you for it!" he roared.

It was every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost! Starvation had crazed them. Bald had precipitated a battle royal for the bread. No man could elect to stand aside—a divine reluctance would not excuse him. It was fight or perish. The object was clear—each to cast the other off the pan and be rid of him. And the end was clear—one man would survive.

And so they began—those five starving, furious wretches—fighting in a delirium, each in terror of the others and every man for himself. But Uncle Billy was not concerned; he was a very old man—exhausted, near death, apathetic. He sat apart on his lean haunches, with his lean old arms round his lean old knees. The direction of the wind, rising in the dusk, engaged his attention.

When the struggle staggered near him he hunched and braced himself, and turned his back.

In a promiscuous encounter of this sort the general strategy is always the same. It was inevitable now. It is not the weakest who perishes first—it is the strongest. Bald had terrified them; he was the common enemy; and there was a concerted rush to dispose of him. He was caught off his feet and flung into the water. He perished.

The men sprang apart. Each was afraid of the others. There was a pause. In this there was a swift exchange of glances. They settled on Jacob Ingils. He was most to be feared by the others. Jacob Ingils screamed. He perceived that he was to be the next victim—and he was. The strength was frightened out of him. His resistance was inconsiderable. They combined and rushed him off the pan. He, too, perished.

Not more than a minute and a half had elapsed since Tom Bald sprang to the center of the pan and roared: "I'll fight you for it!"

Precipitate affairs of this sort, no matter how pious and inoffensive the previous disposition of those engaged, go swiftly, mercilessly, without reflection, to their consummation.

As though by prearrangement, Sandy Lee and Dan Luff turned on David Rumm and locked with him. It was a slower struggle. Weak from starvation in the beginning, and now with a depleted reserve, Sandy Lee and Dan Luff could not easily overcome David Rumm. The struggle

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staggered and sprawled from the center of the pan to the edge and back to the center. It went then, in a rush, to the edge, where it halted on the brink.

It was not David Rumm who perished then—it was Dan Luff.

For a moment the three men swayed on the brink. They were poised over the sea—locked and struggling in mutual horror for balance. The lightest impulse of old Billy Tuft's hand could have overturned them. A gust of wind might have toppled them off. Presently they settled back on the ice—Dan Luff the innermost; and Dan Luff, wriggling free, in a flash of cunning flung his weight against Sandy Lee and David Rumm to dispose of them both at once.

The assault failed. It was treachery. Sandy Lee so regarded it. And the recoil was instant; Sandy Lee and David Rumm combined against Dan Luff. Luff collapsed. His limp and unconscious body was kicked into the sea. Lee and Rumm, a fair match, both gasping, confronted each other.

Both despaired. Each knew his own weakness. Had there been a pause, there would have been a compromise. There was no pause. Neither dared wait. They grappled.

It was nearly dark now of a thickening night; the light was gray and thin, the last of it flowing from a cold, silver streak low in the west; and the wind had whipped the floe under way toward the land in the south.

Sandy Lee and David Rumm fought to the death. An equality of exhaustion prolonged the struggle. The light failed altogether. It was dark. They fell, squirmed, rose, staggered toward the hiss and flash of the edge of the pan, revolving, each in a forlorn effort to swing the other into place for the last push; stumbled and fell again—and rolled off the pan together.

By and by old Billy Tuft cocked his ear. His ear caught no unusual sound. It was over, then? He turned. Aye, he was alone on the pan! They had done for themselves. Not a man was saved from the bestial turmoil. Beasts—they had fought for life like beasts! For life? Uncle Billy reflected. He said: "Mm-m!" He muttered:

"Might's well see anyhow."

It was black-dark. He took his bearings. He had no strength left to rise, but crawled, a little at a time, in the direction of that spot on the pan which the terrified Sandy Lee had occupied when Tom Bald roared: "I'll fight you for it!"

The bread was there. It was dry and sweet. No wave of salt water had immersed it. Uncle Billy's fingers closed on a cake. It was his.

Uncle Billy sat up.

"Might's well nibble a bit," thought he.

In the warm sunshine of the morning three men of Whalebone Bight, having mistaken the old man for a seal on the stranded floe, carried him ashore to the comfort of their cottages. He mumbled something about a strawberry. Nobody could fathom the mystery of this. There were no strawberries on the floe.

Automatic Switches

A SIMPLE and ingenious safety device to prevent a train from running at a dangerous speed has been developed and applied to the main line of an Eastern railroad. The grades on this division are such that occasionally a heavy train in running downgrade accumulates a momentum which the train crew has hard work to control; and, though there is not much chance of a serious accident, any extra precaution is in line with the safety-first idea.

At the foot of such a grade a spur track has been built running up the side of a hill, and an automatic switch is set to send up the spur track any train that is going too fast. Whenever an approaching train passes a point some distance away the automatic switch sets itself to sidetrack the approaching train. In a certain number of minutes the switch throws itself over, in order to allow the train to continue on the main line.

Thus, if the approaching train comes along at a safe speed and takes a proper amount of time to make that block, nothing will interfere with its continued progress along the main line. On the contrary, if the train covers that distance in less time than it should, and so is proceeding too fast, it is automatically sent up the side of the hill, where it sticks until pulled out.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Thomas Normal Training School

Special One and Two-year Course in

Home Economics

A teacher's special course in Domestic Science which [illegible] Cooking, Foods, Household Economy, Sewing, Cutting and Fitting, Dressmaking and Millinery.

Music and Drawing

Thoroughly equipping young men and women to teach these subjects in the Public Schools. The demand for teachers of these subjects is greater than the supply. We have calls for more graduates than we can place. Graduates in paying positions for twenty-five years.

Manual Training

This department prepares teachers for manual and **physical training** work from First Grade through High School. One year's work qualifies for greatly increased salary. Good situations always open to well-equipped teachers.

We also qualify for teaching **Industrial Arts.**

Strong faculty, beautiful location, adequate equipment in all departments. For catalog address

THE REGISTRAR
2750 West Grand Boulevard Detroit, Mich.

This Girl Earned Success

She is Miss Kathleen Wright, of Massachusetts, now teaching the violin, and appearing in concert.

MISS WRIGHT was ambitious to master the violin, but was without the money to pay for the necessary instruction. Through an advertisement similar to this, she learned of the Educational Division of The Curtis Publishing Company, which for the last twenty years has been helping ambitious young men and women to procure scholarships.

She wrote for particulars of our plan, and started work looking after local new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. She found the work easy, dignified and pleasant. Today she says:

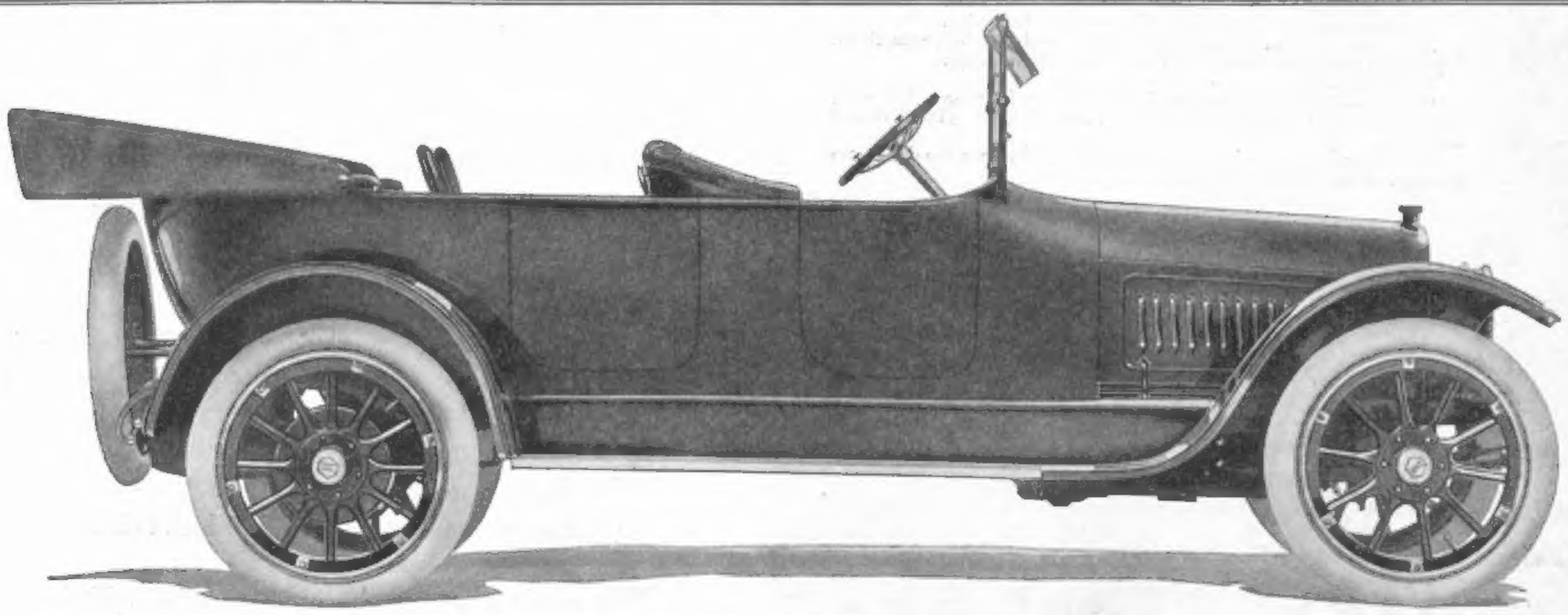
"I am very busy now, teaching the violin, doing concert work, and continuing my studies. I am still taking lessons with one of Boston's best teachers, paying for them from my Curtis profits."

Any girl who wants to study music can secure a Curtis scholarship in exchange for a little pleasant work in her spare time. Scholarships are offered to any conservatory, college or business college in the country, or, if you prefer, we will arrange to pay for private lessons in your own home town.

Educational Division, Box 944

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

646% Increase Tells the Story of Nation-wide Chandler Demand



The Pioneer Light-Weight Six

CHANDLER SIX $1295

Now With 7-Passenger Body

Chandler History and Convincing Increases

Chandler Light-Weight Six, the first high-grade six-cylinder car weighing less than 3,000 lbs. and selling for less than $2000, introduced to the public during the Chicago Automobile Show, January, 1913.

Ground broken for Chandler factory, April 6th, 1913.

Delivery of Chandlers in quantities began July 30th, 1913. Selling price, $1785.

The year 1914 brought very general recognition to the Chandler car. Leading dealers sought the Chandler sales-agency and sales leaped forward. Selling price $1595. The Chandler Light-Six Idea was now thoroughly established.

Official tests by Chicago and New York Automobile Clubs proved Chandler economy beyond shadow of doubt.

Year 1915 opened with the announcement of the new Chandler price, $1295, a record-making low price for a high-grade six. Such a car at such a price stampeded the trade toward the Chandler.

Two new factory buildings and a large addition to the main factory completed by March 1st to take care of added production.

Chandler production increases rapidly. By April 1st we were shipping 40 cars per day, by May 5th 50 cars per day, by May 20th 60 cars per day.

April shipments showed 233% increase over April, 1914.

May shipments showed 493% increase over May, 1914.

June shipments showed 646% increase over June, 1914.

These Figures Tell the Story of Chandler Success

THE demand for the new seven-passenger Chandler is sweeping the whole country. It's not a question of how many cars we can ***sell,*** but how many cars we can ***build.*** And we have reached a high mark attained by few manufacturers. We will supply seven-passenger Chandlers to ***ten thousand*** new owners this year, and even then thousands of men who place their orders late will have to be disappointed.

What is the reason for this tremendous growth in Chandler demand? Just ask yourself this question. The answer is obvious when you know the Chandler car.

It's simply because, regardless of price reductions, regardless of new models, there is no other car of superior character selling at a similar price.

By all means, go see your Chandler dealer and get thoroughly posted on the Chandler. Go and see what a wonderful car this is, that sells for $1295.

Bear in mind, too, that there isn't anything experimental about the Chandler. Bear in mind that thousands of Chandlers are on the road giving the most satisfying service to Chandler owners.

Remember, too, that no other car selling for less than $2000 possesses all these high-grade features of design, construction and equipment found on the Chandler:

- The marvelous Chandler motor, of Chandler design and built in the Chandler factory. A powerful, quiet, economical, beautifully finished motor any man may well be proud of.
- Bosch Magneto, and Bosch Spark Plugs.
- Gray & Davis Electric Starting Motor.
- Gray & Davis Electric Generator.
- Rayfield Double-jet Carburetor.
- Mayo Genuine Mercedes Type Radiator.
- Worm-bevel Rear Axle, smooth-running and silent.
- Cast Aluminum Motor Base extending from frame to frame.
- Three Silent Chains, enclosed and running in bath of oil, for driving motor shafts.
- Genuine Hand-buffed Leather Upholstery.
- Auxiliary seats in tonneau of touring car are instantly adjustable, folding away entirely out of sight into the back of the front seats. The greatest improvement in seven-passenger construction.
- Firestone Demountable Rims.
- Stewart Vacuum Gasoline Feed.
- Imported annular ball bearings.
- Golde Patent One-man Top, covered with genuine Neverleek.
- Jiffy Curtains.
- Bair Patent Top Holders.
- Motor-driven Horn.
- Stewart-Warner Magnetic Speedometer.
- Instantly Adjustable Tire Carrier (no straps) at rear of tonneau.
- All the usual incidental equipment.

Roadster or Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1295

See Your Dealer Now or Write for New Catalog

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 507-537 East 131st St., CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

New York City Office, 1890 Broadway **Cable Address, "Chanmotor"**

Look Below the Surface

When You Buy a Tire

Otherwise you see but half—the half that's made to see.

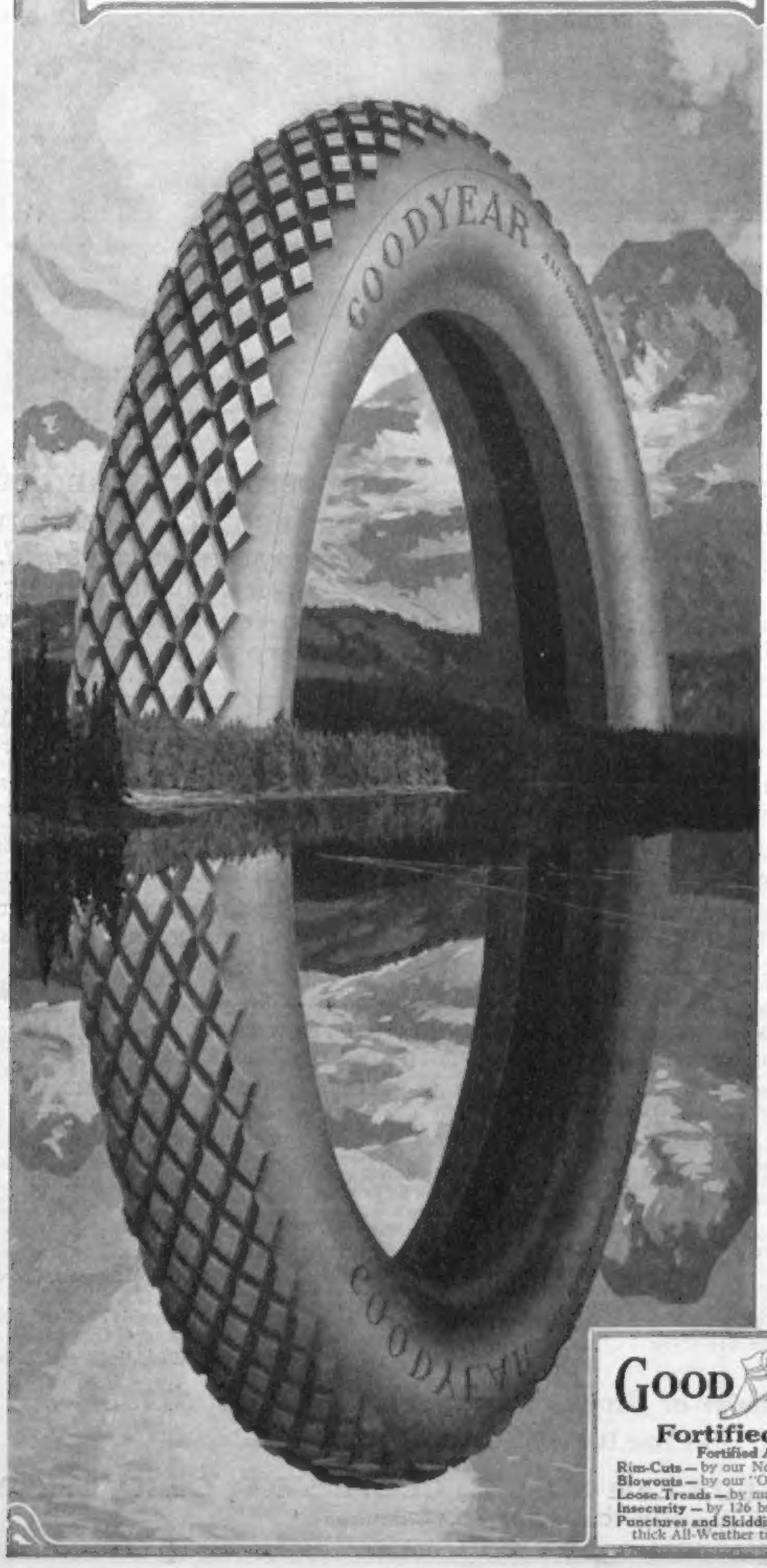
Tires good and bad look about alike to casual inspection.

And every tire has friends. Sometimes good luck has won them. Sometimes belief that every tire has similar shortcomings.

But remember this:

One tire—the Goodyear—has held top place for years. And now, after tire users in large part have passed on it, it is gaining friends faster than ever.

You know there must be some great reasons when one tire dominates like that. Won't you let us help you find them?



The Hidden Millions

Fortifiers, Costly but Unseen Used by GOODYEAR Only

Cost, $5450 Daily

What we call "extras" in Goodyear Fortified tires cost us $5450 daily. This year they will cost us—based on current output—$1,635,000.

By "extras" we mean—

(1) Features no one else employs.

(2) Features often omitted, and which affect service only—not looks.

This year's betterments only—"extras" added this year—will cost us $500,000. And our research costs us $100,000 yearly, to find out new improvements.

These Don't Show

These things are mostly hidden. Tires which lack them look like tires which have them. The millions they cost us are staked on the future—on the verdict of Time and Use.

The place Goodyear holds after 15 years of this policy shows what that verdict will be.

One costly extra is our "On-Air" cure. Each Fortified tire is final-cured on air bags, under actual road conditions. This saves millions in needless blowouts.

Another is our No-Rim-Cut feature. Another is rubber rivets, formed to combat loose treads. Another is the band of 126 braided piano wires vulcanized into each tire base.

One is our All-Weather tread. That is very thick and very tough, to give maximum endurance. Its grips are deep and sharp. This is not an anti-skid designed on a tread of ordinary thickness.

Cost to Users $5,000,000 Less

Yet note how increased output, year by year, has brought Goodyear prices down. Our last big reduction—on February 1st—made the third in two years, totaling 45 per cent.

Our last reduction will save Goodyear users some $5,000,000 this year.

Goodyear tires are handy. Any dealer will supply you. The number of dealers who carry stocks has doubled in a year. This favorite tire has now become the easiest tire to get.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

(2471)

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Fortified Tires

Fortified Against

Rim-Cuts—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.
Blowouts—by our "On-Air" cure.
Loose Treads—by many rubber rivets.
Insecurity—by 126 braided piano wires.
Punctures and Skidding—by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

JOHN G. CAPERS
Prominent Washington Attorney, formerly Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

"The Best Tobacco Made"

Emphatic Statement by an Eminent Authority—Pipe-smokers, Read what John G. Capers Has to Say

"When I was Commissioner of Internal Revenue under Presidents Roosevelt's and Taft's Administrations, I had a great deal to do with tobacco. In the collection of millions of dollars of tax I came intimately into contact with the whole business. Tuxedo I consider the best tobacco made. I smoke it myself and find it soothing and restful, mild, fragrant and non-irritating to the throat."

John G. Capers

Don't quarrel with your pipe and don't quarrel with your tongue. Take your tobacco troubles to good old Tuxedo!

Your pipe'll be sweet and your tongue'll be sound if you smoke Tuxedo. Tuxedo can't bite or blister. That's all taken out by the famous "Tuxedo Process"—the *original* process which the other brands like so well that they try to imitate it.

And you'll find the Internal Revenue Commissioner absolutely right as to Tuxedo's quality.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Mr. Smoker, that's evidence *straight from an authority* that Tuxedo is the top-notch smoke of them all. The tobacco that a famous Internal Revenue Commissioner chooses for *his own* smoke because he considers it the *best* tobacco made.

And remember this, men:—that's picking Tuxedo from a mighty big field; for between you and us and the account sheet, the Government collects $100,000,000 a year in revenues from tobaccos.

Mr. Capers is now a prominent and successful practising lawyer in Washington, D. C., and we are glad to include his name in Tuxedo's great list of friends. It's the same old story everywhere Tuxedo is tried: *Quality tells.*

Try Tuxedo for a week, and you'll know why Mr. Capers and thousands of other distinguished smokers say that it is "the best tobacco made."

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped moisture-proof pouch . . . 5c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Write it on the film—
at the time.

Make your Kodak story of the children doubly valuable, by dating every negative, by making brief notes that will help, in after years, to recall happily to memory the incident that led to the taking of the picture.

Dressed for her first party. The first school day. Bob's first skates. Mary's fourth birthday. A thousand such important events should be titled *on the negatives*. It's a simple process with an

Autographic Kodak

Autographic Kodaks from $6.00 up. Autographic films at the same price as other Kodak films.
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